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To E. B. Nicholson

From

S. A. D. Sheppard

Sept 17th
1883

'Waiting'

AN AUTUMN DREAM:
 ON THE
 INTERMEDIATE STATE OF HAPPY SPIRITS:
 WITH COLLECTIONS
 ON THE
 "SEPARATE STATE,"
 AND ON THE IMMATERIALITY OF MIND;
 TO WHICH IS APPENDED,
 A DISSERTATION CONCERNING THE MIND OF THE
 LOWER ANIMALS.

BY JOHN SHEPPARD,

AUTHOR OF "THOUGHTS ON DEVOTION," &c. &c.

Done October 16. 1785
The power you endow as life
April

"O death, for all thy darkness, grand unvelier
 Of lights on lights above life's shadowy place,
 Just as the night that makes our small world paler,
 Shows us the star-sown amplitudes of space!"

"O strange discovery, land that knows no bounding,
 Isles far off hall'd, bright seas without a breath,
 What time the white sail of the soul is rounding
 The misty cape—the promontory death."

DR. ALEXANDER, Bishop of Derry.

Third Edition, Enlarged.

LONDON:
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 1867.



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INSCRIPTION
TO THE
MEMORY OF MY SISTER.

PLAYMATE of infant hours,—associate still
Through giddy childhood,—but in thoughtful youth
Much more belov'd,—thenceforth unswerving friend,
Still faithful, tender, patiently sincere
As my youth rose to manhood ; in its hopes
And pleasures fond partaker ; in its pains
And cares—some real, some by fancy wak'd
Or heighten'd, through that period of unrest
And anxious passions,—a kind sharer too !

In life's most vex'd conjunctures, where its stream
Boil'd midst the rocks, or by the quicksand whirl'd,
And where the' untried, unpractis'd voyager
Rais'd his slight sails incautious to the breeze,
Or waver'd at the helm, or dropt the oar,—
Thine eye, thy heart, were near, to animate,
Or moderate, the faint or rash resolve ;
And soothe when conscious error pain'd the breast,
Or conscious evil fix'd its deeper sting.

More than the third part of a century's flight,
Loving and much-lov'd sister, wert thou mine
To cheer, to solace, and to aid me still.
For even when thy true love own'd new claims,
New toils, new comforts,—when a parent's joy
Was given, and all the new devotedness
Of that fond heart, fix'd on each other self,
Its tenderest strength still to the feeblest gave,
Yet was it far too constant, far too large
Long to forget a brother :—ever prompt
Still to console with helpful sympathy
Midst disappointment's and bereavement's wounds ;
Nor scorn'd the lesser helps which haste or pride
Refuse to life's quotidian *malady*

Of lesser ills ; those frequent nameless griefs
 For the great catalogue of woes too small ;
 And yet so prevalent, by weight combin'd,
 Or by their throng'd importunate access,
 To chafe the weary spirit.

But thy soul,
 My sister, was too fervent and awake,
 Midst all its lowly quietude, to move
 Solely within that circlet still most dear
 Of home and kindred. This it ne'er forsook
 Or lightly overpass'd, but yet would glance
 As if by stealth beyond ; through all the range
 Where love expatiates, and compassion roams :
 Stoop to the weakest, grasp the most remote ;
 Sigh for the poor, the hopeless, the oppress'd ;
 E'en to the little slave whom our warm hearths
 Have blacken'd, branded, jeopard'd, condemn'd.
 Nor didst thou merely sigh, but plead and toil,
 For these, and *less* than these : the thousand slaves
 That cannot *tell* their wrongs ; the patient brutes
 Who labour or expire in mute distress
 For their refin'd luxurious torturer man,
 And gentle woman, lovelier torturer ;
 Each undefended race, whom lust or gain,
 Or hurrying pride, or reckless appetite,
 Scorn or forget ; and casual pity leaves
 With rare and slight compunction, to their doom.

While thus, towards all thy own, affection reign'd
 Pure, practical, and true,—not childish
 Lavish of honied words, nor yielding much
 To soft emotions,—while the suffering beast,
 The yet more injur'd and degraded boy,
 The untaught street-roving infant at our doors,
 And the young Ethiop victim, basely sold
 In Cairo's hateful slave-mart,—all engag'd
 Thy busy kindness,—(kindness unalloy'd
 By tinsel show or sentimental dross)—
 There was a nobler and ascendant warmth
 Still inly glowing, waken'd by the Breath
 Divine ; and, as thy years increas'd and wan'd,
 Fann'd by the rude blasts of the ungenial world ;
 Nurs'd e'en by sickness' self, with all her train
 Of untold languors.

Thus in silence grew
Love to thy Saviour God ; and to the word

Which tells us of *His* love ; that fount of hope
And treasury of inestimable grace !

In silence still it grew,—nor e'er grew loud ;
Never effus'd in slight loquacious strain
And superficial phrase, but much evinc'd
In deeds, of goodness, peace, and uprightness,
And self-renouncement : never "tied and bound"
By party manacles ; still hasting forth
Where'er God's image dwelt, and mortal grief
Invok'd sweet pity.

But thy Saviour call'd,
And thou art gone, my sister ; chasten'd first
By years of feebleness ere age declin'd,
Then by keen pangs of a few evil days
Torn from us : meekly patient through them all ;
Never once asking 'mid the last assaults
Of anguish—*why* this bitterness,—oh ! *why*
So great, so unremitting, so severe ?—

As if, by nature's martyrdom, His grace
Who makes the tenderest 'out of weakness strong,'
Was to 'have 'its perfect work,' and reach its goal
Beneath the sternest load and stress of pain
Unmurmuring :—for when nature, sleepless, frail,
And fainting, cried in her extremity,
All, all is grievous,—grace still bore her part,
In the 'great fight' a lowly victor still ;
Oft uttering midst that conflict—"all is right"—
And—"all is mercy."

In thy latest hour
Of earthward consciousness,—when the death-pang
Had pass'd and was assuag'd,—how wonderously,
How awfully, those lips (so soon to close
And till thy Lord's own advent speak no more,)
Entreated us to love the Holy Book
Of God, and on His precious words to "live ;"
While with those deep requests of piety
The tenderest yearnings of affection flow'd
Concurrent,—as some 'higher' and 'nether springs'
With happy confluence pour their mingled urn
Of health and joint refreshing through the vale :
Devotion hallowing all thy warmest love,
And that love softening for devotion's touch
Our earthly hearts.

Ah were those sacred words
Never defac'd by the quick-dropping wear
So vain, so chilling, and so soon to fail,

Of worldly moments ; but indelible
Through the brief residue of mortal days,
Until our chasten'd spirits rise to Thee !

Yes, thou art gone ! The untiring gentle hand,
Which wrought so oft with blameless artifice
Its skilful tasks, 'ready to each good work'
In the great cause of various charity,—
Which press'd my own with numberless farewells
And cordial welcomings,—which penn'd to me
Uncounted lines of sisterly regard
And kind solicitude,—which search'd and trac'd
The holy texts that sickness loves to grasp
As its "companion,"—that beloved hand
Sank cold and still.* No more thy brother's lips
Can press it, and his own receive no more
Its answering pressure !

Yet consent, my soul :
Resign that form which fierce disease brought low,
That hand long tremulous, that heart too swift
In beatings ! Be content that each awhile
Should rest, and e'en should moulder !—Own'st thou not
That His parental and fraternal power
Which 'like the small dust of the balance' weighs
And counts 'the nations,' will divinely guard
The dissoluble relics of His saints,
Treasuring their dust for whom the hands of Love
Were once transfix'd and torn ? Dost thou suspect
That arm is shorten'd, or that love now quench'd,
Grown weary, listless, "impotent to save,"
Reckless to guard, or faithless to redeem ?

Gone, our belov'd ;—and we remain to mourn
The vanish'd one ! yet may we mourn in peace :
Grateful to muse upon thy hidden rest ;
To view thee, as in that most bitter hour
Of earthly parting welcom'd by thy Lord,
Encircled instant by that shield, that smile,
Which were so precious to thee : then upborne
Into the saints' repose, and communing there
With pious kindred that have pass'd away
From earth's dark confine while our years have fled ;
Pass'd, one by one, before us—to the bourne
Of waiting souls.

* *Companion for the Afflicted.* Nisbet: 32nd thousand.

Perhaps e'en now thou smil'st
 Benignly at the poor and earthly "dream"
 Of this low sphere, and sighest in gentleness,
 —Alas, my brother,—in what faint essays
 And weak terrestrial types hath he portray'd
 His fancies of this pure exalted rest !
 But grace can bear him hither, here to learn
 (Though still 'in part,') immeasurably more ;
 And though aspiring still towards loftier heavens,
 To feel, as we feel, "happier than he knows."—

Yes, thou art gone ;—but that all-gracious Hand,
 Profuse of pardons, measureless in power,
 Can hold us on, and waft us up to thee ;—
 There to behold, in the pure beam divine,
 Whate'er hath been conceiv'd—or *misconceiv'd*—
 So faintly here !

Ev'n these poor guesses—fram'd
 Of darkling truths, and sparkling fallacies—
 Are aim'd devoutly ; with some loyal thoughts
 Towards Him that shall ennoble 'all who love
 His bright appearing,' for those courts of light ;
 For blissful oneness with His mystic self ;
 For social rapture with His ransom'd fold !

Therefore my heart inscribes these dreams to thee ;
 Enlarg'd since first by those dear eyes perus'd
 Which death has veil'd : though thine illumin'd soul
 May now with clear and heavenly knowledge scan
 Their dim defects.

Yea more, I lay them still
 In lowly worship at His feet, to whom
Thy heavenly light is darkness : whose right arm
 Can lift us exiles to the Fount of day ;
 Whose love can guide our reassembling steps
 Up all the ascents of immortality,
 Make our associate spirits one with Him,
 And bind us—midst 'the nations of the sav'd'—
 Within that starry zone of His immense
 Infolding Mercy ; never to be loos'd
 Though worlds shall be dissolv'd, and ages fail.

INSCRIPTION, THIRD EDITION,

To S. A. D. S.

MY DEAREST,

The Second Edition of this volume was inscribed to the memory of my very dear and only sister. It might have been as fitly inscribed also to you; since the kind interest which you had taken in the work, conduced very much to prompt the enlargements made in that edition, particularly by the episode of Gaston or Simplicio. Thus the production, whatever its worth, owes not a little to the influence of your warm approval. Accept it, dearest, in its present form, now somewhat enriched by reference to one who was dear to each of us;* and regard the whole as a legacy of unalterable affection, from your loving husband,

J. S.

* *Junia*, p. 101.

PREFACE TO THIRD EDITION.



I AM requested by friends to republish this work. The dream of life's autumn is thus again offered in the winter of old age ; chiefly from the motive that it can be best revised by the writer's own mind and hand, which may both ere long be less equal to the task. In Note xxiv. a key is given to some characters introduced. Lines are added, at pp. 101, 102, relating to friends who have quitted our earthly scenes since the volume was last published, the notice of whom may interest those who still cherish the memory of departed worth. It is obvious that the whole attempt is suited for readers who love to dwell on pensive recollections and on Christian prospects ; not for the many who seem engrossed by the novelties and rapid movements of our inventive enterprising age. Doubtless in these pages there are conjectures and mistakes which may appear even ludicrous, when we shall "know as we are known." But, amidst all fallacies, those grand truths and hopes are mainly dwelt on, which become more precious as life's winter deepens towards its close ; and some, it is hoped, may welcome these, although wishing them, perhaps, in some respects, otherwise presented or conveyed.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following piece was meditated, and after more than one suspension, brought to a close, from feeling the topic to be of deep and ever-augmenting interest. We are fast going out of this world, and it would be marvellous if thoughtful minds were not often and earnestly inquiring about the *next*.

Failure, indeed, more or less, is in such an attempt inevitable: but it may be better to contemplate the great subject, and assist others to contemplate it, even thus imperfectly, than not all.

These thoughts are expressed in verse, because it seemed not appropriate, and indeed not very practicable, to express them otherwise; as a lower style would ill accord with the scene and the society in which they are supposed to have been uttered or conceived. This, if they be worthy of utterance, affords the best excuse for producing them in the poetic dress, even with a thorough consciousness of *mediocrity*;—a term which, notwithstanding the ancient poet's exclusion of it, seems in many modern instances the most applicable. It is fully felt, nevertheless, that not a few of these pages may exemplify the danger of "sinking" beneath that position;—a danger obviously increased by the elevation and difficulty of the subject.

That subject is in several respects open to controversy, —and the treatment of it to satire. But, if the object be good and important, these liabilities should not be much regarded; and cheering testimonies received since the first appearance of this work, as to the comfort afforded by some passages to several Christian readers, have diminished the hesitation originally felt on the question of offering it to the public.

In a piece which is essentially meditative or didactic, and in many parts devotional, there cannot justly be expected (notwithstanding the introduction of characters and incidents), that kind of complex and progressive interest which is termed dramatic.

The notes may be thought too extended, and sometimes superfluous. But illustration or explanation may on different points be acceptable to different readers respectively; while some of the notes, like the appendices, are chiefly designed to justify the statements or opinions advanced. It is of course not wished that any should be read till *after* the piece to which they are annexed. As the subjects of them are various, and as miscellanies, periodical or otherwise, engage in our day so much of time and favour, this portion of the volume may perhaps plead for acceptance under such a character.

Whatever be the faults and defects of the pages in metre, or the redundancies of the notes, something worth possessing, it is hoped, must be found in the appendices. Collections of the judgments of wise and good men on the state of "separate spirits," and on the great general question of the *immateriality of mind*, cannot be without value for those who care about futurity. Nor would some of those which are here presented be likely to come under every reader's eye.

It will probably be asked, by some confirmed and devout believers in Christianity,—why collect arguments for an immaterial nature in man, on grounds of reason? Our faith in the immateriality and immortality of man rests on the Scripture; our faith in his identity and accountableness on the Scripture jointly with intuition.—But such must be reminded, that there are meanwhile, those who, professing to receive the Scripture, yet maintain the theory of materialism: which they affirm to be compatible with religion and moral responsibility; and this opinion, sometimes very confidently expressed, may lead many to think that it involves no great danger to these principles. It has, however, been usually, at the least, accompanied by a renouncement of doctrines, which a great majority of professed Christians hold to be of the essence of their holy faith;—especially the cardinal doctrine of 'atonement' and 'sacrifice.' Indeed the theory

seems to have been welcomed, if not expressly adopted, by some, *on account* of its tendency to extirpate what they deem "corruptions," in Christian theology.

But other minds, and of a high order, have not so viewed materialism. They have judged it, not merely to be absurd in itself, but the open gateway to Atheism, Fatalism, and the subversion of all moral distinctions.*

Not to speak at present of its bearing on the first and greatest of these points, it appears to me that a consistent materialist must hold his own consciousness of personal identity, and his own consciousness of moral obligation, to be 'strong delusions.' So strong, no doubt, that they will be often mastering him in spite of himself (or rather in spite of that which is really affirmed to be *no* self), and teaching him intuitively that 'there is a spirit in man.' For although we may quite well and rightly conceive of spirit which has *not* self-consciousness or accountableness, it appears impossible steadily to conceive of mere matter which in *itself* has either; and equally impossible to root out the intuitive sense of *these* qualities from the human mind.—But yet so far as, by a subtle philosophizing, the materialist *can* hold to his system, it will ever be warring against those intuitions; as well as against the concurrent testimony of revealed truth, regarding both God and man; which, in order to be at all adapted to such view, must in various and most weighty respects be forced to yield.

On the contrary, if we adhere to what reason and Scripture demand,—the truth that the mind of man is an immaterial agent, having self-consciousness, volition, and real accountableness,—then is the true foundation laid for our feeling the real need of Divine forgiveness, and welcoming earnestly the best and greatest discoveries of the Gospel. Nothing, therefore, in the whole compass of human investigation, is in my view so important as the argument against materialism: inasmuch as it lies at the very foundation of all moral truth. My motive for going so largely (by the last Appendix) into that fundamental part of it which regards the *lower animals*, will be best appreciated by reading the passages cited (more

* See Dr. H. More, Lord Brougham, Cudworth, in Appendix III., and Cudworth in Appendix IV.

especially from Howe, Prichard, Bentley, Sir Matthew Hale, Warburton, Cudworth, &c.), which relate to the principle of life in sentient creatures.

The mention of these names, together with those of Clarke, Butler, Leibnitz, and Wesley, who have all more or less differed from the vague and common notions on this subject, will have far more weight than any request from myself, in checking a hasty condemnation of peculiar views concerning it, and of their being here introduced.

But it may be objected that these philosophical and theological collections are injudiciously combined with a poetical attempt; the latter and the former being adapted for dissimilar classes.

It is answered, that the collections are, in great part, desirable, if not requisite, to vindicate or more fully develop opinions which have been offered, but sometimes only glanced at, in the piece that precedes. Those also who will be most interested by *such* a kind of poetical attempt, must possess that turn of thought with regard to 'the invisible,' which I think will induce a willing attention to *some* at least of the discussions annexed.

Should any, on the other hand, examine these last *only*, passing over the piece to which they are appended, the writer will not be at all dissatisfied with *that* sort of partial perusal. It is his hope and prayer, that the collections may contribute to preserve or recall some minds from theories which destroy every permanent and exalted hope; and that the piece with which they stand connected may both conduce to that end, and to the solace and incitement of Christians under the loss of friends and kindred, or in the experience of other trials, and the anticipation of the last.

AN AUTUMN DREAM.



PART I.

THE STAR—THE GUIDE—THE MATRON—
THE POET—THE NIGHT.

Introduction—Scene in which these thoughts took rise—Writer's reverie—Approach to another orb—Interview with one of its inhabitants, Sophanio, who explains the writer's privilege and the mode of his trance—Reveals his own character and name—They ascend a glen—The locomotion and apparel of those inhabitants described—They meet three others—One of these, a native of France, guides the writer towards a lake—Sweet music is heard—A train of children appear who utter it—A matron, one of the three, finds her own among them—The writer is joined by the matron's guide, once a Christian poet of Germany—He speaks of the languages, climate, and diurnal changes of that orb—The writer witnesses the brilliancy of the night—The poet refers him for other teachings to those whom they shall meet.

AN AUTUMN DREAM.

READER,—is youth still yours ? or have you seen,
Like me, life's waning autumn ?

I forespeak
Your pause and comment, at those ominous words ;
Boding my failure, if not your distaste.
—The spring of life (you deem) is poesy's reign :
With you, too surely, her most vivid fires
Have faded, past rekindling. And I see
Your manly lips compress'd with smile severe,
Or rosy ones with playful smile disjoin'd,
That I should wake this thought.

For who but knows
Youth the poetic season ; vernal youth
In all its dew-bright freshness, with new hopes,
Quick fancies—loves—affections—all awake
And ardent ?

True ; for passionate lays,—or soft
And jocund cadence of the madrigal,
While cowslips ope, or "loves in idleness"
Empurpled blush—true, for the strophe fir'd
With patriot zeal, or when the epic muse
Quickens the stirring breath of enterprise,

War, or discovery—youth perchance for these
Is the sole time,

But yet, if the true Heavens
Be harmony's true home ;—if poetry
Sit there as in her natal palace thron'd,
While this trite jangling world hath prose enough
For her own rugged dowry,—then, I ween,
As toward those other holier worlds we move,
With noiseless but accelerated speed,—
When youth is vanish'd, and autumnal years
Grow brief and briefer, meted by the past
That lengthens still,—when earth seems half detach'd,
Or sinking from the long-accustom'd foot
Whose step now wavers,—when the western suns
Preach of our own near setting,—and soft clouds,
Gilded and melting at the horizon's verge,
Look more than erst like avenues to the hall
And Father-land of love,—

is this no time

For poesy ?—for meditations calm,
That float or sail, not on strong wing or swift,
Yet with a broader and more tranquil sweep
Through the pure vault, owning a spirit there,
Whose blest inbreathings wait for chasten'd hearts
And humbled ?

Must poetic fervours die,
Quench'd as we' approach that moment, strange, yet
near,

When earthly dreams all perish,—and the immense,
The eternal, ' the not seen,' the ne'er conceiv'd,
Bursts on the unprison'd spirit ?

Not for us,

O Christians ! is that thought.

Nor will ye scorn
One that would try, with hallow'd fancy's glass,
To roam the unvoyag'd deep ; albeit his harp
Yield its dark saying faintly, and his touch

Presage the feebler and the colder hour.
Nay, tho' sometimes unskilful, wild, or false
The tones, forgive them,—if inculpable
His aim.

But rather Thou, sole Judge, forgive
The stains to mortals viewless, each distinct
In Thy pure sight whose aid my soul implores :
Nor suffer these poor day-dreams to instil
One error that shall warp the reader's heart,
Or e'en delude his reason !

Three swift years
(How precious, how irrevocable each,)
Are stolen away, since at the evening hour,
On a gray fragment, by the topmost bend
Of sheer and ivied cliffs, beside whose front
Deep Avon winds, in pensiveness I lean'd,
Watching the' opponent steep of wood-crown'd heights
And their still foliage. Not a faded leaf
Dropp'd—nor the yellow poplar's lightest spray
Shook in the quiet air.—One rocky dell,
Down which night's minstrel trills her frequent song,
Was rich with summer verdure, all unting'd.

Yet was it autumn : and each twisted shrub
That cloth'd the summits or the southward brow
Of those fair heights, told autumn's saddening tale.
So did eve's early shadows, calmly dusk
At the quick sun-set.

Then was seen a star,
A lonely star, of pale yet lucid beam,
Which o'er the darken'd outline of those woods
Hung glimmering.

I admir'd its silent light,
And mus'd on the departed : but the while,
Some lulling influences of that mild hour
Wrapt me in gradual slumber ; and a scene

Of blest though strange enchantment straight possess'd
My wakeful spirit.

Seem'd the lonely star
Grown vast in the dark firmament ; while I,
By some mysterious but auspicious power,
Was wafted towards it : till at length appear'd
(As aeronauts discern our native world
At their descending) its wide hemisphere,
Like a new earth beneath me ; where the vales,
Precipitous peaks, broad forests, far-spread lakes,
Slept as in clearest moonlight.

Or as when
A traveller,—by that deep rock-girdled lake,
Where gleam'd erewhile the spears of Winkelried,
And flew the shafts of Tell,—upwinding slow,
All the still hours of a soft July night,
Hath reach'd some castle in the mountain air,
Stateliest of Lucerne's unhewn fortresses,
Far frowning ; and hath watch'd the gentle flood
Of day, which, from his heaven-ascending urn,
The giant sun upon five hundred alps
Pours sudden, kindling with a magic touch
The dim gray chaos to a roseate wild
Of heights, that cast their glowing homage back
To greet his re-appearance ;—so I saw,
In that sweet eve-tide dream, the star's expanse,
Her heavenly alps, and vales, and slumbering lakes,
Stretched in calm lustre 'neath my wondering eye ;
Only that softer and less florid light,
Paly, not roseate, tinctur'd them.

Erelong,
Seem'd I to alight upon the shining soil
Of that unearthly region, and to stand
Midst open glades with verdurous groves embower'd :
When a bright shape, swift-gliding as the foot
Athletic darts o'er firm and brilliant ice

Of Elbe or Neva, towards me flew, then stopp'd
In gentle greeting.

I had felt as yet
Less terror than amazement ; and now spake
Confidingly, though in respectful sort,
Saying ;—O friendly spirit, (for I bode
Nought adverse from thy gesture thus benign,)
Tell whither am I brought ; what happy realm
Receives me ?—Mortal stranger, (he replied,)
Thou art come to the departed ; to that blest
Sojourn, where souls that lav'd their ev'ry stain
In Love's redeeming crimson, now repose
In tranquil joy ; expectants of a sphere
Holier, and forms more heavenly, where that Lord,
Whose presence here delights them, shall be more
Perceptibly' and inseparably theirs.*

I heard ; and gladdening thoughts,—like the quick
streams
Of that aurora which the mariners watch
Northward, swift-dancing thwart the midnight sea,—
Rush'd all diffusive through my buoyant soul.
Meseem'd, that exaltation to the seats
Of spirits blest, e'en should it transient prove
And unsubstantial, might betoken yet
A heavenly grace, a clemency supreme,
Prelude of boundless blessings,—e'en to me—
Inconstant, dubious, half-despondent me !

So, in the luxury of that hope, I stood
Some instants mute ; but with my brow uprais'd,
And lips parted, in the lowly act
Of grateful invocation ; as of yore
The cup-bearer in Shushan, ere he made
His suit to Persia's Lord, inaudibly
' Pray'd to the God of heav'n.'

* See Watts, in Appendix I., and a Note there referred to.

For none, save Him,
My soul invok'd : no "genius of the place";
No ministering angel ; none beside
The omnific Spirit who pervades all place
And time ; creates and renovates all forms
Of borrow'd being ; gives all bliss ; unrolls
The ceaseless poem of the universe,—
And stirs all hallowing thoughts and ardent words
In those that feel its glories and His own.
Him I invok'd that hour. Him may I still
Invoke, with the same vesper orison,
Feeble, yet not devoid of earnest awe,
And trembling gratitude, and hope divine.

O Thou that gav'st my spirit, and forgav'st
Its wanderings ; Thou who giv'st a heavenly life
Through thy dear Son,—uphold and bless me now !
Whether in real or ideal scenes,
Still my sole guardian : be it on thine earth,
Or in the' untravell'd maze of thy wide heavens,
O Sovran Spirit, lead me : superintend
All fancy's flights, "all memory's fond records" :
Give light, grace, love ! Be my eternal Sun,
My Shield, and my Restorer, and my all !

That prayer was all voiceless ; even as now,
When my soul proffers it for this new task,
And my pen notes it.

But the countenance
Of that good welcomer, ere again mine eye
Had well met his, intelligently smiled ;
And, Think not, mortal visitant, said he,
Thy thought, thy prayer, unknown. Thou' art privi-
leg'd
To assume awhile our form, through which the soul
Speaks visibly, though audible sign be none ;
Nor need, nor ask we here, a veil to hide

Thoughts and emotions of the social hour
From mutual introspection.—Thy glad hope,
Stranger, was not presumptuous. If thou walk
In lowly watchfulness and fervent prayer,
Even unto death, still humbly 'holding fast ;
Thy 'confidence,'—then surely shalt thou come
With us to wait, with us to ascend, with us
To dwell in mansions of our Father's home.
For thou rever'st the Holy One ; thou plead'st
The mighty sacrifice which Grace devis'd,
With self-accusing penitence : thou seek'st
The Perfect : inly thirsting for his pure
And sinless joy ; though vex'd by many a feud
And deadly, till He break thy "mortal coil."
But now (for a space only) art thou made
Percipient of the later scenes, vouchsaf'd
To him that first was 'rapt to the third heaven' ;
And then, from loftiest, briefest glimpses there,
Was borne within this lowlier 'paradise'
To hear the 'unspeakable.'*

Nor be perplex'd
(Much less with despicable pride elate)
At this small portion in the lot of one
Immeasurably thy greater. Visions, such
As his, ideally, to many are given :
To few, perchance, in sleep, as now to thee ;
Or, if given, seldom are their forms retrac'd
By waking memory : but not to few
In death's embrace, who witness the new joy
Ecstatic, when of vocal power bereft,
With heaven-lit glance, and holy smile that floats
On their seal'd lips, while all the mortal dies.†

As he so spake, "I was all ear :"—intense
Desire to learn, amazement, gladness, awe,

* See, in Appendix I., Bishops Bull and Taylor, and Dr. Campbell.

† See Note 1.

Met in my aspect ;—scann'd at once by him,
Who thus resum'd :—

I mark the questionings
Which thy voice uttereth not : thou dost inquire
'Abide I in the flesh ?'—or of that garb
Is my free spirit uncloth'd ?—Nor can we solve
Thy doubt so clearly, but thou still shalt feel
As Paul did, that 'he knew not.'—In the phrase
Of mortals, I might tell thee, here thou art
'Out of the body' ; since its visible mould
Terrestrial, on that far earth whence 't was form'd,
Sleeps, lull'd by' autumnal airs, a tranced sleep.
Yet,—to profounder and more accurate sense,
Still art thou '*in* the body' ; for that rare
Vitality, divinely interfus'd,
Like fluent tissue exquisitely wrought,—
And, though it radiate from the seat of mind,
Yet permeating all the grosser frame
With subtile co-extension,—the' inner form,
Which seldom aught but the chill touch of death
May extricate,—is now in this thy trance
Awhile set free, and doth thy spirit invest,
Even as when soon thou tak'st thy happier way
To join us deathless, and to part no more.*

Nor marvel at its tenuity. The shape
Which thy soul actuates here, resembles most
Those substances which chemic art evolves
Or else explores ; elastic, agile, pure,
Impassible ; and only less refin'd
Than when, at length, transmuted and sublim'd
Above all earthly likeness, it shall be
'A spiritual body,' glorious as its Lord's.
But of that theme, hereafter, other tongues
Perchance shall more unfold. Meantime this frame
Which thou scarce feel'st, midst all its subtilty

* See Appendix II.

Attenuate, half-ethereal, is no shade
Intangible ; as to thy doubting sense
Let my warm greeting prove.

With that he clasp'd
And held my hand in cordial amity,
While my pleas'd touch the gentle pressure own'd : *
Till with new calmness, and a mood where fear
And admiration yielded to delight,
I thus replied :—O my celestial friend,
For thine informing words I thank thee much ;
For thy kind greeting most. But more I crave
To know ; where so much is as yet unknown,
And all so wondrous. Tell me therefore, first,
How shall I deem of this thy converse, held
In Britain's purest accent, as if my
Maternal tongue were thine ; and thou could still
With native ease its various cadence frame.
Say, can it be, that in thine angel form
I commune but with one of Adam's race ;
And more, with one that own'd my parent isle
His birth-place ; trod fair England's breezy hills.
And lov'd her noiseless glens, her sounding shore ?

It is even so ; (he answer'd) thou dost speak
With one, appointed thus to greet thee here,
Whose rural thoughts, in desultory verse
Given to his much-lov'd country and thy own,
Were (as I learn from those that knew thee best)
To thy first years familiar ;—one who long,
From the tumultuous stage of public toil
And din of halls seceding, tun'd his reed
“Fast by the banks of the slow winding Ouse” ;
And at Heaven's prompting, midst incumbent woes,
Now by its glorious grace annull'd for aye,
Did utter lays which, though in feebleness
Indited, somewhat serv'd (as was their aim)
Heaven's philanthropic cause.

* See Note II.

For thy first guide

In this our domicile of sacred rest,
Accept then me ; whom here our countrymen
Sophanio fondly name ; with whom thy youth
Held mental converse : if thou wilt, thy friend.

He paus'd ; while I the kind announcement own'd
With eye delighted ; and, in sooth, before
His words, some pre-emotion of my heart,
Some instinct indefinable, but deep,
Spake him not alien from me.

For with minds,
Whose winged thoughts exalted, fervent, pure,
(Bright self-biography which none can forge,)
Excite our love,—we do acquire, unseen,
A virtual kindred ; and, not seldom, shape,
Of such, ideal portraits ; fain to see,
To hear, to commune with the spirits, whose life
Hath warm'd, elated, solac'd, purified
Our own.—And if my wakeful heart may trust
Those best presentiments which most accord
With these her airy visions, Heaven shall not
That hallow'd yearning frustrate, but fulfil.
—For me, it *was*, or *seem'd*, fulfill'd. I mark'd
The changeful lights on his expansive brow,
Those living traits of individual mind
And deep poetic feeling ; that quick stream
Of fine discursive fancy, which had flow'd
In playful windings through his devious “ Task ” ;
Which sparkled in his most unstudious page
Of friendship, and his converse oft adorn'd.
But on that brow, with nobler beam impress'd,
Shone holy Truth, and heaven-born Charity,
And Hope, on earth obscur'd, now all serene,
And ever-glancing towards her upper skies ;
While the dim traces of all suffering past,
Shaded, but yet to' enhance, those lights of joy.—
I look'd on him, and spake, as it was meet,

Reverent and tender words ; but which not here
Behoves me to record.

Meanwhile we mov'd,
Scarce conscious of ascending, up the ascent
Of that steep glen, border'd with leafy wealth,
Till near its out-gate.

There Sophanio stopp'd,
And smiling said,—Not such the toil as when
I reach'd the “peasant's nest,”* Thou feel'st that here
We climb unpanting : these aerial forms
The will propels as easily, as on earth
It moves the first quick footstep unfatigued,
Or hand once rais'd.† Thou shalt be witness soon
That the light steps which scarce impress the blade
Of our luxuriant greensward, can achieve
The graceful fiction of a Maro's verse ;
Flit, like his Volscian, o'er “the unbending ears,”
And on the limpid waves up-buoyant, sweep
Our glassy lakes.

Nor let it move dispute,
That in these realms of truth we realize
What seem'd all fabulous in heathen song,
But was full often from the ‘sons of God’
Deduc'd, by communings with angels erst
In Eden : given to Adam's progeny
In legendary words, which soon assum'd
A mythologic guise, by priest and bard
Embellish'd.‡

Even now dost thou behold
One of those classic limnings verified,
By the unwrought vestments, which envelope all,
In this our Eden. For the fleecy dews
Exhaling from our streams and verdant plains,
By some conceal'd affinity, involve
Us with their rarest particles ; which wreathe—
To mock the luxury of India's looms—

* Task, Book I.

† See Note III.

‡ See Note XIX.

In folded gossamer round us : each new morn
Lending the pearled vest which Nature wears,
Fresh from her secret treasury.—Thus they feign'd
Apollo's tunic of the snow-white cloud ;
And Pallas' purple garb.

The while he spake,
I mark'd the flowing grace of his attire,
Till then scarce seen. Within that shining stole,
Impalpable and yet opaque, his form
Was veil'd decorously ; the head alone
And hand discover'd ; while that gleaming light
Play'd on the drapery. As in those fair groves
Where gushes from his urn the crystal Stour,
A sculptur'd Livia stands, round whom of yore
Some Attic hand the yielding marble threw
In simulated pliancy,—so stood
The poet in his unbought robes ; so mov'd
Toward the near summit.

Nor till then I cast
A downward glance upon my own array,
And found the same strange mantle's falling folds
About my unincumber'd steps ; which now
Had reach'd a level, screen'd by mossy rocks.—
Here met two verdant paths, receding each
Into the fragrant forest's deeper shade ;
And from the nearer, three slow-moving forms
Advanc'd. On one of these an ampler fold
Of vapoury raimen:—gather'd gracefully
E'en o'er her thoughtful brows—bespake her sex ;
And fear upon her cheek (as late perchance
On mine) the astonish'd stranger. With her walk'd
One whose benignant words seem'd bent to soothe
That palpitating bosom. The other mov'd
Somewhat apart ; a slender shape, with mien
Of innate unassum'd nobility ;
And the pale pensive bliss that dwelt on it
Told of long griefs and vigils : yet the eye

Quick lightening there, needed to quench its fire,
And did so oft, in radiant drops of love.
The polish'd air of courts in him was join'd
Not with their wiles, but with the cloister's meek
And erudite sadness.

As he slowly approach'd,
The view recall'd his portrait ; and I felt
'T was Cambrai came.* With him Sophanio spoke,
And then to me,—I leave thee now awhile
To nobler conduct.—So beneath the copse
Which edg'd our winding way, the bard retir'd.
When,—in his own more flexible speech of France,—
As some good hermit charitably greets
A pilgrim, errant amid pathless woods,
The great and good address'd me.

Come, my son,
And mark a scene which shall acquaint thy soul
With him that gave thee being. Hast thou look'd
Upon that matron's tender earnestness
Who doth precede us ? Thou shalt quickly share
In her access of joy.—No more he spoke ;
But them we follow'd silent, where a flight
Of natural steps, scaling the massive rock,
Wound upward ; and encounter'd speedily
Upon the crown of that romantic ledge
A group of white-rob'd strangers.

One of these
The matron knew ; and with rejoicing gaze
And gentle query for a moment's space
Each own'd the other : then that new-found friend
Show'd her a new descent : whom, silent still,
Following, we mov'd with unimpeded pace
Down a like rugged vista, but more deep,
More lengthen'd, more magnificent, inclos'd
With vast catalapas and the cedar's shade ;
Till from that screen emerging, op'd at once

* See Note IV.

On us a narrow plain of velvet green,
Starr'd with all Flora's treasures ; and beyond,
A little lake, as tranquil, clear, and smooth
As Grasmere, when inverted mountains dip
Their towering heads from her opposing marge.

Here paus'd the matron ; and her eye quick glanc'd
Around that stilly scene ; when lo, sweet notes
Of heavenly music touch'd her ear and mine,—
More sweet and joyous than if all the soul
Of vernal harmony were centring there,—
While words like these (yet unlike, marr'd, alas !
In my poor version) floated with the strain.

Happy,—all happy ones,—here, in His paradise,
Bless we the Prince of all kindness anew ;
Praise ' the good Shepherd ' who tenderly carried us
Lambs, through the desert, and brought us to you.
Praise Him each floweret wild,—
Praise Him each holy child—
Sweetly that blooms in this day-light so pale ;
While o'er the sleeping lake
Anthems responsive wake ;
Hail to our Shepherd King ! Hail Him, all hail !

Happy,—soon happier ; since to our paradise
Wend other happy ones, seeking for you :
'Scap'd from earth's desert, which homeless and arid is,
Eager to clasp you—and bow to Him too !
Join then our infant lays ;
Lend your parental praise,
Walk by our fountains that never can fail :
Still o'er the wave shall fly
Voices as blest, that cry,
Hail to the Prince of Peace ! Hail Him, all hail !*

* See Note V.

At the first audience of these notes, we saw
No utterer ; and their sweetness stole on us
Like wood-notes of the bulbul, warbled deep
Within the bosky sides of Libanus ;
Warbled at spring-tide. But the secret long
Endur'd not ; for as now that chorus rose,
A glittering train beneath the dark green arch
Of solemn cedars issued ; and we watch'd
Their airy steps, harmonious as their song.
One 'little maid,' of alabaster brow,
Led forth a fairy thousand of her sex ;
Some in tall childhood, more in the first bud
Of infant loveliness. Promiscuous thus,
And hand in hand, the gladsome thousand came,
And those to these as if 'their angels' seem'd ;
Though elder guardians mov'd the troop beside,
Rejoicing in their joy : and still that strain
Mellifluous rose, as o'er the sward they glid,—

Aid ye our infant lays,
Blend your parental praise,
Roam by our sacred founts, never to fail :
Hark, to our minstrelsy
Voices as blest reply,
Hail to the Shepherd Prince ! Hail Him, all hail !

The matron stood entranc'd—then gradual sank
Kneeling, and forward stretch'd her hands—and scann'd
With swift intensity of searching love,
That lengthen'd train. No guardian of the train
Had proffer'd guidance ; and no signal met
Her eager eye ; but soon I mark'd it fix
On a fond pair in that sweet company
Close-link'd. The one of them methought had told
Six winters ere she left our wintry world ;
Her sister-likeness could not more have seen
Than two brief summers. Scarce the matron's eye

Had seiz'd them,—or their fluttering bosoms own'd
The blissful fascination,—when she flash'd,
Like a bright arrow from a Parthian string,
And three were clasp'd in oneness.

Nor saw I

More of that rapture ; for the shining band,
Matron and infants, and angelic guards,
Were sudden gliding o'er the silver flood,
Which in their wake scarce rippled ; as when wings
Of swallows glance upon a sun-bright rill :
While from the forests of its yonder shore
Still undulated back their softer lay,—

Praise Him each floweret wild—

Love Him each faultless child—

Sweetly that wakes in our daylight so pale ;

Hence o'er the wave we pour

Strains that last evermore ;

Hail to the infant's Friend ! 'Hail Him, all hail !

Judge then, O parents, with what sympathies,
Earnest, yet mute, I hearken'd, till that song
Died on the dying breeze.*

Nor until then

Thus spake the saint :—

O, how that choir, my son,
Should raise and waft thy languid love to Him,
Donor, for these and us, of all things : Fount,
Daily, of new salvations and new joys ;
Him that creates, conjoins, redeems, renews,
And re-unites for ever ! Seek, my son,
And feel in each new scene of this fair land
More of His primal loveliness !—I go ;
But we shall meet ere long, in nobler sort,
Again to praise Him.—Thus he kindly spake ;
Then 'twixt the cedars' mingling pyramids

* See Note VI.

Mov'd slowly from me :—but the gentle guide
From whom that matron parted at the sight
Of her two blessed infants, now drew near,
And in that Teuton speech by untaught ears
Deem'd harsh, but which his free Germanic lyre
Could boldly modulate, and softly frame
To many a classic rhythmus,—hail'd me thus :—
My friend, the voice which greets you, is the voice
Of Meta's spouse : the heart which welcomes you,
Is that which thrill'd at "Midnight Thoughts" of
Young ;*

Is that which sang Messias ; and which now
Exults to serve Him, where those faint essays
Of earthly hymning would be but as weak
And broken babblings of a childish song.

I joy'd to own that bard of lofty zeal
Who sang of the Redeemer ; nor delay'd
To speak my veneration and my love :
Then added,—Honour'd Klopstock, it hath mov'd
A pleasurable wonder thus to hear
Each whom I meet in this enchanted land
Uttering his natal tongue ; that severa tongue
Which, from the soul's best monument and shrine,—
The silent, eloquent page,—hath reach'd mine eye,
But spoken charms mine ear. And yet the words
Of those fair infant choristers were more sweet
Than thine, and e'en than Cambrai's mild farewell.
Such words as theirs, I ween, to earthly lips
Were ne'er vernacular ; whom yet I heard
With promptest understanding, and the thrill
Of one who, though no poet, owns a heart
For poesy and song ; heard tremblingly ;
And marvell'd that this earth-born ear could drink
The tones and meanings of celestials so.
To this he smiling,—Marvel not, my friend,

* See Note VII.

If much be here intuitive, which once
Might foil the midnight student.

Here each speaks,
And loves the best, his own maternal tongue ;
Yet all each other's know, and welcome most
From all ; nor less though unacquir'd on earth.
For how should vocal signs (though yet unheard)
Be foreign, when the utterer's speaking eye
At every glance interprets ? And we love
The exotic varied melodies, of voice,
And intonation, which no human speech—
Not e'en the speech of man unciviliz'd—
Is found to lack, enrich'd and soften'd here.
So in our frequent happy colloquies
Alternate or successive,—and in hours
When one delights the many,—each employs
His native language ; with a choice so prompt,
A flow so sweet, an emphasis so just,
Not one would change it for what all will choose
If *he* in turn shall speak.

But when we join,
Many or few, in strains of choral praise
Making high harmony, then must we needs
And “nothing loth,” in loftier speech combine,
Heard erst in paradise ; nobler than aught
Breath'd in earth's turbid air, since flaming swords
Wav'd on the gate of Eden. That blest speech
—Where sound, obsequious to seraphic lips,
Gives a pure magic symbol of the sense,
Nor asks the aid of vision, nor the toil
Of gradual apprehension,—thou didst hear
And learn, and feel on the' instant, as the choir
Of those fair infants greeted us. They too
Have learn'd with us to utter it, in strains
For them prepar'd. But still my friend, the free
Spontaneous shaping of that heavenly speech,
Is of no swift attainment. They that long

Have reach'd our high abodes, and they that rise
In purest flights of all-inspiring zeal,
With unpremeditative warmth at times
Conceive it—and we raptur'd listeners learn ;
As Paul, who once but heard, though now he speaks,
Their angel tongue ; a glowing denizen
Of that blest temple where the wondering saints
Hang on his accents.

While he thus discours'd,
Oft toward the east he turn'd : then said,—Albeit
A welcome friend, thou art a stranger yet :
For not one day hath clos'd on us, since first
Thou didst admire with unaccustom'd eye
The soft effulgence of these day-light hours,
Perchance by thee deem'd moonlight ; but in truth
Liker to that nocturnal summer-day,
Which the scarce couchant sun at midnight casts
On Iceland's mountains, or Lapponia's wilds.*
Now, while its beams are waning, let me tell
Why such their aspect. Dream not our fair orb
Is sunless, though its skies no sun reveal.
Round your own dazzling solar light it rolls
Betwixt Mercurius and the beauteous star
Phosphor by turns and Hesper : but eludes
The eagle gaze of science : for that Power
Almighty, who unveils remoter worlds,
With equal ease the nearer can conceal
From man's unwearied search.† This lesser orb,
Like your own moon, with axis scarce inclin'd,‡
In its diurnal revolution meets
A *changeless* radiance. But that radiance, e'en
From the first dawn till sun-set, still attracts
O'er all its zones a light and luminous mist,
Which, in our upper air suspended,—like
Some half-translucent vitreous canopy
O'ershades us,—yet permits the gentle beam,

* See Note VIII.

† See Note IX.

‡ See Note X.

Fit daylight for this region of repose
 Contemplative, in which the pious dead
 'Rest from their labours.' That same lofty veil,
 Which intercepts yet not bedims his rays,
 Tempers their torrid glow :—thus all our clime
 Is equable and genial : but when sinks
 His unseen splendour, then the aerial screen
 Sinks also, by the cooler hour condens'd ;
 And night succeeds.* Thou hast not seen our night,
 But, while I speak, it comes. Watch now i' the east
 Where yonder woodlands, of light foliage, fringe
 The pale horizon. There shall night begin.
 —I turn'd me as he bade : but deem'd the while
 Night *had* begun ; for the soft shadows fail'd,
 And swift-wing'd darkness hovering o'er the sphere
 Sail'd gloomily : when sudden, through that screen
 Of birchen boughs, a queenly satellite
 —'Clear as our sun, fair as our moon,'—more broad
 Than Luna rises with faint reddening brow
 Melting through haze of autumn,—like a fire,
 A beacon-fire, upsprang, and straight effus'd
 Its level streams, which chequer'd all the plain
 With endless mingling shadows.†

Scarce that disk

Shone full,—surmounting all the feathery grove,—
 When now a sister, as majestic, rose
 Betwixt its pensile branches ; then a third,
 Another,—yet another,—each diverse
 In amplitude, and tint, and brilliancy,
 As Mars from Cynthia, or mild Hesper's gleam.
 —Nor ceas'd that glorious retinue of Night,
 Till twelve were number'd ; climbing their bright way
 In "mystic dance" up the dark steep of heaven,
 Illuming all that visionary land
 With new profusion.‡ Daylight it was not ;

* See Note XI.

† See Linnaeus, in Note VIII.

‡ See Note XII.

But (though comparison from mortal art
Degrade the splendour,) it sometimes recall'd,
Winandermere, thine hills and fair expanse
When summer morn is on the glowing flood,
Seen through an amber tint-glass, mellowing all
The zenith's glory.

Thus I watch'd the train
Of lunar lights ; and thus the landscape's gold ;
Till Klopstock, smiling at that orient spell,
With friendly whisper ask'd—What of the night ?
How deem'st thou, watchman, of a night like ours ?
True, in that region—'far above all heavens'—
Which light and love's commingling majesty
With orbless, boundless plenitude illumines,
There can be 'no night' ; but with this our first
And shadowy sojourn, where the blessed cease
From life's and death's sharp conflicts, ere they take
The brighter vest, and meet the' eternal day,
Night well doth harmonize ; celestial night,
Clear night alternating with shady noon ;
More bland and lovely than the inspiring eve
At Baia, on those mild Campanian shores ;
Night in her brilliant soft tranquility,
Night without darkness.—'T is a night, (I cried,)
O Poet, 'better than a thousand' days,
In our dim dusty world. Each spectacle—
Each moment—of my wondrous visit here,
Infuses more the' inestimable sense
Of Power and Love around me.

What on earth
Was scarce accorded to my worthless prayer
For some dear instants, here abiding seems ;
And most since this most heavenly Night began.
Your shaded noon was as a mystic type
Of what, in the bright stillness of this hour,
My spirit owns : for then the potent orb
That all but pierc'd that soft involving cloud,

Pour'd brightness,—and his temper'd glow reviv'd
My soul.

E'en thus, but doubly, since the night
Developes her new wonders, have I felt
The' unutterable nearness of that Lord,
Who,—if invisible still,—divinely breathes
Around us, and almost discernibly
Through the frail curtain of creation shines.
It is not only that yon gorgeous lights
Do mirror His perfections—that His power,
Truth, purity, and grace unchangeable,
Beam on us thence ; most eloquent I grant
That visual speech to soothe and to assure ;
Proclaiming Heaven's own empire to our sense !
But there is more than this. For this, though bright,
Is but reflected. There 's a Sun the while
Scarce latent, whose warm efflux, through the heart
Doth pour an intimate and awful joy,
For which no names are made. 'To be with Christ'
Thus sensibly,—although 'not seen as yet,'—
'This is far better' : thus my Heaven begins.
Yet this forbids no thought,—quells no desire
Of knowledge or of action ; nor confounds
My admiration of the works divine :
But,—like a vital quickening element,—
Conspires with all my soul's activities
By new ethereal impulse. Much I long
To' imbibe from thee the various lore sublime
Of the great Author's works and ways : for thou
Hast longer read them.

Rather ask (he said)

Whom, if I err not, we may meet forthwith :
Friends that on earth were both inquisitors
Of nature ; both reverers of the Power
That rules it ; both adorers of the grace
That stoop'd to save. The one thy countryman,
The other was my own. A hundred years,

Beside, disjoin'd them. But this deathless realm,
And their accordant tastes, consociate now
Your Boyle, our Haller, in fraternal bonds,
While high devotion and "seraphic love"
To the great Parent of the bliss they share,
Bind them in holier brotherhood.

Observe

This jutting rock before us ; in whose clefts
The aspens droop and light mimosas wave ;
Conceal'd behind it is a deep recess
Whither, at eventide, they oft resort,—
First, on these cliffs admiring night's ascent
With her twelve-jewell'd crown, then at their foot
In social wisdom her uncounted hours
Expend.

Courtesy unfeign'd from each
Awaits thee, with philosophy unblam'd ;
Aspiring science ministrant to love.

AN AUTUMN DREAM.



PART II.

THE TEACHERS—THE DELL—LUCILIA—THE
MARTYRS' ISLE—THE DAWNING.

Thought on heavenly reunion—The poet and the writer join two Christian sages, of England and of Switzerland—The one discourses of creation and redemption, matter and spirit: the other of materialism, the immaterial life of all sentient creatures, and transmigration of the inferior spirits—His English friend of gradation—The Swiss of the pre-eminence of human spirits, and of man's resurrection—The writer is conducted towards other scenes—Expresses a wish to see departed kindred, but may not—Is led to a dell where he sees some once known to him—They reach mountains, opposite to which is the Martyrs' Isle—That scene and place described—The writer is left alone; and at the dawning a glorious cloud discloses to him a vision—Impression received from this.

AN AUTUMN DREAM.



AH, what were friendship,—what the dearer bonds
Of conjugal, parental, filial love,
What but frail bonds heart-wounding more than dear,—
Tenderly torturing ; if this span of days
Precarious, sad, unequal, brake them all !
If no sweet hope of reuniting joys
Beyond this deathful sphere, illum'd the path
By which we journey toward our several tombs ;
While they that toil'd the furthest, saw engulf'd
Loves, comforts, aids, along the closing way !
—Blest be his grace, who lit the torch of hope
For our benighted world ; whose living truth
Disclos'd and seal'd a heaven of social bliss ;
And bade his ' brethren ' wait that festal day
Within his ' Father's house ' ; where saints convok'd
' Rejoice with ' the immortal ' that rejoice ' ;
There in each other's glowing eyes to read
Undying life, and all the fathomless cup
Of circling immortalities to share.
Scarce had the poet our approach announc'd
To that recess where his illustrious friends
Were wont to meet,—when round the rock's steep base

We turn'd, and saw within their grassy cove
That pair recumbent.

Flow'd a rivulet
Fast by, where shining fish quiescent lay
Or darted ; while bright insect families
Bent the slight waving herbs, or mov'd the wing,
And humm'd soft carols in the silent air.

Now rose the friends to' accost us ; and some word
Of lighter question and of due response
—With some apart betwixt my guide and them—
Pass'd mutual.

Then the Saxon bard withdrew ;
When Boyle, with winning suavity, began
To speak of wonders natural and divine.
And, as in some resounding Gothic pile
Where the full organ rears its fluted front,
A votaress of Cecilia runs through all
Her amplest diapason,—from the peal
Of solemn thunders to the linnet's note,—
—So, with a reverent eloquence, he spoke
Of wisdom in its true primordial source
And effluence multiform : illustrious most
In the lov'd mystery of spirits redeem'd,
And that more awful, their redemption's price !
Radiant in suns upborne and worlds propell'd,
But radiant also in the fluttering lives
And dewy flowers around him. Even of these
Expatiated the heavenly naturalist,
With pleas'd research, devoutly. Long I heard
In silent gladness ; but when now the sage
As if for comment stay'd, my words were these :
I feel, in thy discourse, that soars so high
And stoops so gracefully, the fit reproof
(Unmeant perhaps) of my own vagrant doubts,
Which till I reach'd this sphere of purer light
Would oft obtrude ; fomented by the bold
And wilful scoffs of unbelieving men

Against the record of God's holy love :
Men that do vaunt their mental narrowness
For breadth and height of soul.

—And mark, (he cried,)

Thou canst not 'scape their chosen metaphors :
Which even the word of sacred truth employs,—
And *we* too must,—or earthly speech forego,—
Since diction spiritual your earth hath none.

Yet know,—for thy weak thought, I deem, can bear
Thus much abstraction,—know that space doth not,
In its dimensions, true relation hold
With spirit. Spirit is incommensurable
With matter and extent. The One Supreme
Eternal Essence, before matter was,
Subsisted ; the true Monad, increate,
Power, Wisdom, Love : then great and small were not.
And when the universe of matter sprang
Forth at the fiat of Power, Wisdom, Love,
It rose but as a 'figure of the true'
Existence ; insubstantial. When we' ascribe
To God's most holy purposes and acts
A "grandeur," and a "loftiness,"—we draw
Terms from material types : and the mind's eye
(Save when by just reflection disabus'd)
Illusively and dimly speculates
In the stupendous mirror of His works ;
As 'searching' from extension's shadowy range
—With fruitless though sublime analogies—
The illocal Omnipresent.* Stranger, muse
Profoundly—for it doth concern thee much—
Upon the glorious dis-similitude
Of thy Creator, to these suns, these worlds,
And this unmeasur'd concave where they roll.
He 'filleth heaven' ; but with an undiffus'd
And unextended energy. He "lives,"

* See Note XIII.

And "through all life." He is, but not "extends,
Through all extent." For e'en were all extent
Annihilate, the annihilating Mind
Would *be*,—with all the minds which He upholds,—
Himself immutable, they immortal still,
Till He should quench them.

Say, have we aught less

Of life, of happiness, than if this orb
Were broad as the terrene, or even more vast,
Than yon stupendous wanderers, whom ye name
Jove and Saturnus?—is our wisdom less
Than were our forms colossal,—to such worlds,
Proportion'd? Had the sovereign Will conjoin'd
Spirits with atoms only, and nought else
Of matter call'd to being—there had lack'd
Indeed that wide and wondrous scenery
Which we so fitly admire: yet what the less
Of vital essence, self-caus'd or deriv'd,
Had been existent?

This immensity

(To creature sight and finite measurement)
Of God's material works, comports indeed,
—And on a scale which overwhelms our thought,—
With His perfection: it hath multiplied,
Beyond the compass of archangel's ken,
Variety and beauty. It hath shown
The one Designer's inexhausted power,
Profuse of wonder still. But, in itself,
Great is it not.—For what is magnitude?
—A relative.—Ey'd from infinity,
And 'meted' by the Architect divine,
This universal fabric is a 'span.'

And yet yon proud objector, self-elect
To fathom all things, and replete with scorn
Of littleness, though his own lofty brow
Stands not one fathom o'er the subject clay,

Pronounces Earth too small for Love to seek
And dearly ransom ; as if 't were the *dust*
Of that small earth which ask'd a Saviour's hand.
—Were it in literal bulk, what bards have dar'd
To name it, but a "mole-hill,"—yet, could tribes
As numerous people it, of spirits, form'd
For an undying, glorious, forfeit joy,
—Say, would these need or prize redemption less,
Or their redemption be less worthy of Heaven's
Supernal grace, than if they tenanted
(Each in his vast and solitary sphere
Like lonely potentates) the mightiest orbs
Of mighty systems? What can here import
Circumference or altitude? Thy task
Is to compute the worth of conscious minds,
Discursive ; spirits who themselves compute
The mass and distance, orbit, and eclipse,
Of worlds not theirs : spirits who *think on God* ;
Adore the Self-Existent ; and conceive
With deep presentiments His gift immense,
Aspiring to coeval blessedness
With Him that bade them live.

Canst thou sum up,
Sublime geometry ! the worth of these—
And of these numberless ?

Or, were it so,
That but one spirit of all the countless host
Whom God made capable of perfect good,
Had fall'n ;—and that this hapless one were doom'd
Only to dark extinction's mute abyss,
Instead of holding that exhaustless boon
In the bright vision of the' Eternal ; who
Shall prove to us, that for this one unblest
Expectant of an 'everlasting' death,
It would degrade the Sovran Love to bow,
Dismantling all the glories of his throne ?
—That hapless One, redeem'd and rescued back

To immortality, should count more hours,
More joys, than there are grains within the mass
Of all the worlds, and rays from all the lights
That sprinkle heaven's high cope.

Yea, all those grains,
Or sun-beams, multiplied by millions more,
Were a poor fraction to the infinitude
Of his immortal gain.

He ceas'd ; like one
Absorb'd, if not o'er-pressed, by boundless thought.

To me, with fitting pause, next Haller spoke.*
—Not *only* so, thou know'st, O stranger friend,
Hath matter, in yon darken'd world, become
The insidious snare of many an erring mind.
—Fearful in sooth it is, that sophisms, built
On bare extension, or with atoms rear'd,
Should prepossess and bar the heart of man
Against reception of celestial grace :
Making his spirit darkly incredulous
Of Heaven's best interposal.

But, alas !
Perverted views of matter can delude
Yet more yet worse. The dusty paradox
(Whose substance none discern, whose presence all)
Blinds its ten thousands to the glorious truth
If not of God's own being, yet, be sure,
Of God's just rule—His witness in our souls—
And all the sacred high capacities
And destinations of His spirit-world.

Not thus it was ere the disastrous lapse
Of our first parents,—when the seraphim
With welcome frequency to Eden's bowers
Repair'd, and oft in versatile array,—
The' aerial body like a changeful vest

* See Note XIV.

Themselves transfiguring ;—when the Spirit Supreme
Himself oft visited those holy shades,
And if ' with light as with a garment ' clad,
Yet in high converse taught the listening pair
His incorporeal glory.

But their sons,
—By that defection's woeful penalty
From those inspiring interviews cut off,
—Seeing dense matter as the ' exclusive guise
Which *life* assumes, and all external acts
Of living mind by its sole ministry
Fulfill'd,—too often are seduc'd to deem
That senseless instrument the vital source
Of voluntary motion, thought, and deed ;
As if its manifold atoms, lifeless each,
Had, by mere concourse, strangely inspirited
Themselves with thinking power ; as if the self
Of consciousness, the identity of mind
In all its actings, were divisible ;
Nay but a compound product, from inert
Materials group'd.*

There doth subsist, beside,
A fantasy—which reason should repel
Still fostering that delusion. 'T is the vague
Conception or opinion undefined,
That all the inferior forms of sentient life
Are without spirit.—

Reason could not brook
(What every shepherd-boy might laugh to scorn)
That most incredible Cartesian dream †
Which made such life all fiction : made the fond
Sagacious dog, ‡ the thoughtful elephant, §
The bird which shudders at her air-pois'd foe,
The bee that culls its sweets and frames its cells,
The politic and social emmet,—each
A pure machine, insensate.—Yet his creed

* See Appendix III.

† See Note XV.

‡ See Note XVI.

§ See Note XVII.

Is, though less startling,—scarce so tenable,
And far less harmless—who, while prompt to own
(What no discerning witness may refuse)
All these with sense, design, and choice endow'd,
—Some with tenacious memory, faithful love,
And powers that seem reflective,—yet can deem
Their life corporeal only.*

But, my friend,
Behold that fantasy's disproof.

Rejoice
With grateful love that Sovereign Wisdom reigns,
A wisdom full of goodness,—circumscrib'd
By no conceits of mortals : here admire
The gladdening refutation and rebuke
Of that vague fallacy.—It moves and breathes
Within the streamlet winding at thy feet
And on the flowers beside it.—

—Then he rose,
And from a pendent willow-branch took down
His pastoral reed, (like that whose slender notes
The Mantuan shepherds loved to modulate,)
And a clear chime of liquid music breath'd
Across the gliding brook.

Its inmates turn'd
At the sweet notes, and round his tuneful charm
Stay'd—on their light oars balanc'd—or upleapt,
Glittering with carmine spots and argent scales
O'er the smooth wavy circlets, which their sport
Rais'd on the unruffled rill.

But soon resum'd
That mild philosopher.

—All these which speed
In mute enjoyment, but (thou seest) with fine
And quick perception, through their fluid path—
And they which on its brink, not silently,
Nor yet with intellection less acute,

* See Appendix IV.

Disport, have come like us from earth's domain.*
Some there in similar forms embodied dwelt
To what each owns ; but in less perfect kinds
Of their own tribes ;—others in forms diverse
Less perfect still : and when the law of death
Seiz'd them, then went each spirit—still conjunct
With its aerial vehicle, and still
With the corporeal life's atomic germs—
'Downward to the' earth,' and there was straight indued
With kindred particles : then, by that Power
Without whose all-controlling Providence
No winged songster falls, no angel soars,
'Caus'd to fly swiftly,'—through your midnight shades
Was wafted hither ; destin'd to its own
Appropriate element and livelier joy.

The noxious and repulsive have acquir'd
New shapes, new natures : violence and pain
Exist not.—Thus that ancient Samian's fam'd
Metempsychosis was not all romance,
But like much more that bards and sages taught,—
Perversions fanciful, ornate, corrupt,
Of patriarchal lore.†

And thou hast seen
Full oft below, those beauteous miracles
Of insect metamorphosis presage
The wonders which thou seest develop'd here.‡
Here is no increase but the living tide
Of welcome immigration : here the law
Of death has ceas'd ; and in these new abodes
No nutriment is needed, save from airs
And odours that refresh our happy clime.§

The spirits of some nobler animals,
—And so of these, hereafter,—by the boon

* See Note XVIII.

† See Note XIX.

‡ See in Appendix IV. Cudworth ; (and Barclay as there referred to).

§ See Note XX.

Of transformation, not the mortal stroke,
Are borne to other spheres ; where new degrees
Of thought and of attainment, not reveal'd
To us, exalt them.

Nor be much surpris'd
That thus, from world to world, the life which dwelt
In oft minute and oft despis'd forms,
Should safely migrate.

Who that first descried
The living cloud of feather'd voyagers
Swiftly steer northward with the gales of spring,
Or, when autumnal blasts have warn'd them south,
Marshall'd for new departure, would believe
Their ocean passage, or their due return ?
Yet narrow is that transit. Worlds the while,
Nay, separate star-beams, traverse all the deeps
Of trackless and immensurable space :

And is it much for *life* to own a flight
And locomotion swift and vast as theirs ?

Bethink thee, whether each particular ray
Which from the sun achieves its linear course
Without deflection, to your rolling orb,
Nay which from Sirius or Arcturus streams,
(Through lengths where potent triangles are foil'd
And fancy drops her wing,) hath not its Guide—
The Guide unerring ?—And shall spirits lack
Their Father's hand—or is an insect *life*
Less worthy of that transit, and less meet
For the sure guidance of the' Omniscient Power,
Than every lifeless sun-beam ? Mark, my friend,
This blest renew'd vitality which springs
From death ; this various happiness which shines
Around us ; and confess the Lord of life
To be its guide and Saviour. He is Good,
Yea, ' none is good save One, and that is, God.'

So Haller :—then did our compatriot take

The word, and said ;—O wondering learner, note
 These beautiful gradations. Thou hast reach'd
 A world all transitive—a step to heaven ;
 And in this aspect, as in all its frame
 And garniture, not far unlike thy own.

The great Opificer hath never wrought,
 Far as we know His works, save by a scale
 Of near degrees unnumber'd ; and that thought
 Of Eden's venturous poet—"what if earth
 Be but the shadow of heaven ?"—*—is verified,
 At least in this first heaven, to which his hand
 Hath gently brought us.†—

—When he paus'd, I look'd
 On both, and anxious thought perchance betray'd,
 As thus I question'd.—

Tell me, heavenly friends,
 Since thus all-liberating death translates
 Those lowlier spirits from that world of war
 Where the 'creation groaneth,' and exalts
 To this pacific realm,—and since the change
 And exaltation of their state, with yours
 Hath some similitude, or bears at least
 That semblance,—tell, I pray you, what defines
 The vast distinction ? what 'preëminence,'
 As his peculiar, is reserv'd to man ?——
 —Say likewise, how shall that triumphant change
 Be wrought, which yet awaits you ;—how fulfill'd
 That bodily resurrection which our Lord,
 And most divine Redeemer, hath foreshown
 By His precursive rising ; and hath pledg'd
 To all the ransom'd 'spirits of the just'
 As their complete redemption, and the crown
 Of human hope.—

* "What if earth
 Be but the shadow' of heaven, and things therein
 Each to' other like, more than on earth is thought ?"
Parad. Lost, v. 574.

† See Note XXI.

Then Haller, with a touch
Where gentlest censure with indulgence mix'd,
Thus caution'd me.

Beware lest thou distrust,
Amid the new disclosures here vouchsaf'd,
His faithfulness divine.—Thou hast been told,
That spirits of inferior creatures, soon
As death unbinds them from the outward frame,
'Descend to earth,' and thence derive new forms,
Material,—but more subtile and more fair,—
With which, (some unknown interval elaps'd,)
Like second embryos to this orb they rise.

But when we speak of human souls,—we speak,
With reverent gratitude, of creatures made
In their Creator's image ; we discourse,
With conscious exultation, but with awe,
Of natures far distinguish'd from all else
Beneath, and all above them ;—fearfully
By guilt and dark defilement ;—gloriously
By His amazing purchase, and its fruit
Of godlike renovation.

—From the doom
Of those that sport with ruin, and reject
The boon of bliss,—I dare not lift the veil.—
But when the ransom'd 'spirits of the just,'
Drop tremblingly their tenement of clay,—
These no 'descent,' no bonds of 'earth' can know ;
But wafted in our Paradise, and fill'd
With sweet anticipations full of peace,
'Return to God who gave them :—not 'un-
cloth'd'
Of matter wholly, but, as thou perceiv'st,
'Cloth'd'* with a lucid and ethereal garb ;

* *ἡμετέρας σαῖται*. 2 Cor. v. 4. See comments from Dr. Gale,
&c. in Appendix II.

Their first inseparable vehicle,
To earthly sense unknown.

Yet the true germ
Of future bodily 'glory,' the occult
Atomic body, 'downward to the earth'
Went, with the grosser perishable frame ;
And, at the place of death repositd,
(Be it on land or in the ocean caves,)
Sleeps, in safe keeping of Omnipotence,
Till the great waking hour.*

Not thus with tribes
Inferior. *Their* sole resurrection day
(If mere resuscitation might pretend
Without irreverence to that holier name)
'Is past already : ' their descending germs
From the descending spirit not disjoin'd,
At once assum'd 'the body that shall be,'
While ours—in deeply guarded secrecy,
Like relics in the sacristies of Him
Whose temple is creation,—dormant, wait
The final and discovering day ; that thus
The gracious power of God be manifest
In their long treasur'd sameness, and their rise
(When the great mandate of redemption peals
With trumpet tones through the creation's depths)
To simultaneous life.

So in the hand
Of an embalm'd Egyptian relic, slept
Two thousand years a vegetable bulb
Unvisited by light ; slept but not died.
The sun's new beam reviv'd it, and a blade
That might have bloom'd in Cleopatra's groves,
Sprang forth.†

We too, my friend, 'at the last trump,'
Downward to earth return ; each parted soul
Shall seek the latent germ which earth reserves,

* See Note XXII.

† See Note XXIII.

—A congenite and wondrous particle,—
 And that, like a fine spark, which quick explodes
 The sulphurous grain, shall kindle up this form
 To full intensity of heavenly life
 And ardour unsuppress'd.

It shall burst forth
 Into celestial brightness, like a flame,
 Which slumber'd faintly in its globular cell,
 By some new touch relumin'd.

Yet not this
 The chiefest accessory glory then
 Conferr'd ; for many an attribute unknown,
 —Nor in this first and intervening state
 Conceivable—must for the high behests
 Of that true Heaven prepare us.

Thus, 'in part'
 Alone, *we* 'know' the 'perfect' yet to come ;
 The full redemption of the sons of God—
 The glorious resurrection of the just.
 And thus I warn thee, ne'er miscalculate
 Our knowledge of God's ways ; as if 't were grown
 Unlimited : the cloud which still involves
 Those 'secret things' which all 'belong to Him,'
 If oft dispell'd—is oft impervious here ;
 And angel teachers oft with smiles postpone
 The lessons which too curious learners crave.
 —We know not (nor does reason so conclude)
 That these inferior natures aught possess
 Of *conscious* sameness with the' existence passed,
 Or reminiscence of the' anterior world.
 We deem that their first life was unendow'd
 With true self-consciousness, the personal sense
 Of their own being :—so this after state
 Is as the first to them,—albeit in fact
 A sequel.—And, if so, thou canst discern,
 In his unwavering consciousness of self,
 The root of man's 'preëminence ;' who knows

Himself to be, and with interior search
(Faint semblance of self-knowledge increate)
His entity explores.

Yet may that Will
Which form'd, sustains, and guides those tribes
below,
(While in His wide creation's boundless scheme
Up through the mystic scale of life they rise,)
At length perchance reflective powers impart ;
Wakening their spirits—from the dubious trance
Of an existence felt but not conceiv'd—
Into acquaintance with their joyful selves ;
Yea into blest adoring thoughts of Him,
The fountain of all life, the sovereign Lord
And guardian of its changes and its joys.*—

So far he spoke, when the "seraphic" Boyle
Thus interpos'd :—"T is time that we conduct
Our stranger-friend to yonder mountain ridge ;
Where to his view some hallow'd wonders soon
Will not be wanting.—

Then we onward mov'd
In paths diversely beautiful : but now
My thoughts and deep affections, less engross'd,
As hours went on, by these unearthly scenes,—
Turn'd inward as scarce cognizant of their charm ;
And ask'd in secret for those long-lost friends
Whom most on earth I lov'd,—but whom Heaven took
Before me from their pilgrimage of cares,
And left a void which Heaven alone can fill.
—Nor either of my saintly guides disturb'd
That pensive silence. But my burden'd heart
Was soon constrain'd to break it : and I said,
—Ye know perchance full well, celestial friends,
How my heart yearns, amidst your paradise
(And half forgets its beauties in the thought)

* See Bonnet, Wesley, and the Author's Dissertation, in Appendix IV.

For those belov'd whom death has sever'd long
From my terrestrial hopes.

 Say, can you not
Beneficently meet that warm desire
Which Heaven cannot condemn, and lead my steps
Where I may find those dearest, and enfold
With nameless rapture whom I lov'd so well,—
Then resting with them from the' excess of joy,
Still witness and participate awhile
Their peaceful blessedness?—

 My friend, let not
Thy soul with rash repinings be o'ercast,
(The generous Boyle replied,) when now I say
—That must not be.

 Thine unpermitted joy
And theirs, would bring sharp anguish in its train
From second separation.

 Only few
And fleeting years shall run their chequer'd round
Ere (if I rightly deem thy soul sincere)
Thou too wilt come, no passing traveller,
—No swiftly transient visionary guest,—
But death shall wreck thee on our deathless strand
To dwell with us indeed : expect ere then
The trump of our Redeemer's advent sound,
Calling us hence to earth to greet thee there,
And thence together to the loftier bliss
Of His own heavens.—

 I heard him, and was sad.
Yet soon that sadness yielded to the calm
Of acquiescent hope ; and every scene
Around me cheer'd and rous'd my waiting soul,
Still waiting revelations full of grace
To burst on it.

 But he that had repress'd
Unwillingly, with motive most benign,
My pure affection's longings, now was fain

To grant what bounteous Heaven would not forbid—
A prelude dear to friendship.

From our path
He presently diverg'd ; and beckoned me
Tow'rd a deep bowery dell, where myrtles, twin'd
With orange blossoms and dark jasmine, shed
Their mingling odours, and secluded there
A paradise within the paradise.—
Then, undiscern'd, amid that fragrant fence,
We stood, and by a knot of pale-eyed flow'rs
Saw, gracefully reclin'd, a sylph-like maid,
With tresses dark, and darkly pencill'd brow,
And olive tint, and kindness-speaking glance
Which my soul own'd.—It was the glance of one
Whom I had seen elsewhere on her last couch,
Struck by the stern Consumption's with'ring frost,
Smiling in death. But now, that radiant smile
Was centred in her mother's joyful eyes,
Whose calmer fondness answer'd it.—I felt
That joy was hovering through their tranquil bower,
And yet joy missing there.

Awhile we watch'd
That happy daughter.—Her light fingers rov'd
Upon a golden lute ; and now her voice
Enhanc'd its melody with words like these :—

Not yet—not yet,—but soon they come,
Celestial hours flow swiftly by :
E'en now by joys we count their sum—
Yet sweeter shall these joys become,
When all the lov'd are nigh.

Not yet,—not yet,—but one by one,
Ere long they greet us here ;
—Our Saviour Prince their crowns hath won,
Their mortal race is brief to run,
New transport must be near !

Not yet ?—be hush'd, my voice, my lute !
 This throbbing heart beats high—
 Its mystic pulse can well compute—
 It tells me, though the grove be mute,
 Some kindred heart is nigh !—

Lucilia paus'd,—and tow'rd the myrtle copse
 Turn'd wistfully, casting her lute aside,—
 Then sudden rais'd—now dropt—her slender hands,
 As with ecstatic self-abandonment,
 Upon her mother's neck : when straight I saw
 Two venerable guides, in whose approach
 Beneficent and holy calmness reign'd,—
 Yet one, in their advancing, stoop'd to pluck
 A tiny flower.*—

With these advanc'd a youth
 Of martial step sedate : while Boyle to me
 Thus, softly, spoke ;—That venerated pair
 Are Schwartz and Carey ; who, with quenchless zeal,
 Midst myriads yok'd by foul idolatry
 For untold ages to her murderous car,—
 Spread heaven's 'glad tidings.'

Whom they bring, thou know'st,
 Even if on earth unseen ; for well thy glad
 Remembrances of these, whose eager love
 Invites him, hath that glistening eye proclaim'd.
 —The soldier look'd on both—'soldier of Christ,'—
 And felt his Lord was crowning "the short war"
 Achiev'd "below," with tenderest meed full soon.
 Then rais'd his eyes in prayer—as of that Lord
 And Leader asking fortitude, to stem
 The tide of rapture,—while Lucilia came
 Guiding their parent. So the blessed three
 Met—gaz'd—embrac'd—exulted—wept—ador'd :
 Own'd the "new transport"—and await the rest.
 That joy I shar'd :—but my soul half retracts

* Botany was Dr. Carey's chosen recreation.

The feeble portraiture,—till now forborne,—
Lest some surviving heart detect too well
Its touch less faithful, or its faded hues,
Which coldly sink beneath the beauteous truth ;
And so affection, with unown'd regret,
Weep at the falterings e'en of friendship's hand.*

Thence now we journey'd, with ethereal ease
And swiftness, tow'rd's the mountain range sublime
Which shone before us,—not in snowy vest
Like Cotopaxi, white-rob'd monarch, thron'd
Midst rival Andes and midst subject clouds,
O'er Quito's verdant equinoctial plian,†
But softly brightening in the various beam
Of those fair satellites. At length we gain'd
Their summit, and new grandeurs op'd on us
Beyond ;—for at our feet a sudden slope
From all the compass of the far-spread heights
Descended, in vast curves of smoothest green ;
Save where some thickets or lone flow'ring shrubs
Were interspers'd. Those curves continuous seem'd ;
Yet, as I after learnt, by many a gorge
Or forest pass were sever'd ; and behind
The outmost range, where with delight I stood,
Rose other heights, midst which our path had wound,
Receding far.

A river's ample sweep
Of dancing azure—so the Limmat's wave
Rushes from Zurich by her Gesner's tomb—
Edg'd all the verdurous amphitheatre.
On its far shore magnificently rose
What seem'd an island mountain ; one huge cone,
About whose base a "region nemorose,"
Like that round Etna, cloth'd its rising bulk
With vegetable treasures. Every tree
Of every hue was there. The tropic leaf

* See Note XXIV.

† See Note XXV.

Broad, dark, umbrageous ; and the slighter forms
 And paler tints of all our native North ;
 But chiefly forests where the laurel spread
 Its polish'd covert like a mighty shield
 Of undeciduous green ; yet not unpierc'd ;
 For here and there a young aspiring palm
 Through that smooth mass shot up his plummy tufts
 Ambitiously ; while both alike seem'd meet—
 —For beauty, and in emblematic sense—
 To deck a land where none but victors dwell.
 Then cliffs, columnar as the wall'd basalt
 Of that fam'd islet in the Hebrid main,—
 And rocky needles as in Savoy's vales,
 Burst from the foliage ; while one regent peak,
 Like Uniana, by the western whirl
 Of Orinoco's foaming cataracts,*
 Surmounted all ; and frequent mid the groves
 Their bright way threading, silvery waterfalls
 Shone with soft murmur. Nor that magic isle
 (As well indeed its aspect might avouch)
 Was tenantless : for ever and anon
 Upon some battlement of scarp'd rock
 Celestial inmates walk'd.

I held my peace,

To marvels half enur'd.

When thus my Guide.

—Thou seest the palaces, not built by art,
 Where prophets, martyrs, and apostles rest—
 Environing that inmost sanctuary
 Which echoes to their anthems. In the space
 Within yon high recesses stands that fane,—
 'Made without hands' by artifice divine ;
 Its every arch and fretted pinnacle
 Shap'd in the unhewn and ever-during mass
 Of virgin marble ; there full oft convok'd
 They worship : ministering angels there

* See Note XXVI.

Are wont to join them in the rapturous song ;
And oft the Lord of angels at those rites
Is intimately near ; as once reveal'd
On Tabor to the chosen awe-struck three,
Or later to the most belov'd of those
In his heaven-honour'd exile.

Dost thou ask

If we have there access ?—I answer,—No.
—Expectance, progress, never-ending hope,
Are Heaven's benignant laws for creature minds.
In grateful lowliness we wait, till more
Divinely perfect made ; nor crave till then
Our station yonder : not denied the while
Some prelibation from their fount of bliss,
As thou ere long mayst own.—For I perceive
Night speeds away.—Her train of gorgeous lamps
Sink tow'rd the dark horizon. Therefore now
I bid thee, favour'd sojourner, farewell.
'Watch thou for morning.'—Tow'rd the dawning light
Of this our sabbath, our Lord's rising-hour,
It is our wont in solitude to wait

His pleasure who unseals the springs of joy.—

So spoke the sage ; then wav'd a kind adieu :
Nor long had he departed, when I mark'd
The setting of those cluster'd satellites.
And all was wrapt in dimness,—soon, methought,
To yield to sunless daylight as before.

Not such the' appointment :—first was the true day,
Sabbatic, on my trembling soul to dawn.

For now, upon the margin of that peak,
—As if translated from the' empyreal heaven,—
Rested a splendid cloud ; which seem'd itself
To veil mysterious splendours ; not illum'd
As from without, but as the covering shrine
Of stars or cherubim.

From 'this great sight'
I turn'd a moment with reverted gaze,

As if appealing to my absent friend
So lately near. Him could I not recall;
But mark'd, along the lofty curvature
Of all those mountains and their waving slopes,
Myriads of shining watchers—each apart—
Waiting in stillness that suspended cloud
With solemn expectation.

At the view

My soul was hush'd, yet mov'd to' intenser thought.
Again I turn'd,—and, like those waiting ones,
'Watch'd for the morn.'—When lo—that splendent cl
On either side unfolding—we beheld
No orb—no meteor—no cherubic choir,—
But that unveil'd Humanity Divine,
'The Sun of righteousness,' the Sun of grace,
'Forth shining in His strength.'

His glory eclips'd

All nature, and the splendent cloud was dark
Before that true effulgence.

Ask me not

To paint it forth.—The symbols of His love
Were glistening there. The high immortal joy
For love's best triumph, like a halo gleam'd
Around Him. Tenderness ineffable
Was pour'd on each, on all, who watch'd and lov'd
His bright 'appearing.' Thus the Deity
Grew manifest : each instant ray of grace
Discovering more the Uncreated Fair,
The Source and Donor of unfading good.

The Eye which gladden'd all those multitudes
Seem'd fix'd on me alone. There was no voice,
No gesture :—but the meanings of that Eye
Were infinite :—scarce utter'd it so much
To the fall'n saint within the High Priest's hall
Who answer'd it with tears, It told of love
Unspeakable, of spotless purity :

It overflow'd with awful gentleness
Of mild expostulation :—while my soul
(Might words depict the' emotion of that hour)
Decipher'd thus the voiceless eloquence
Of looks divine.

—Ungrateful one, behold
Him that hath lov'd thee : whom thou hast not lov'd,
Believ'd in, or relied on, as thou oughtst ;
But hath requited Him with cold regards :
Yea, oft amidst the snares of a base world,
And deeper treacheries of the' inconstant heart,
Hast 'turn'd again to folly.' Now *behold*
Him that put off His glories, 'became poor,'
Bow'd to the thorns, the scourge, the cross, for thee ;
See who He was, and what His grace resign'd ;
Muse *here* upon the mystery of His love,
—That life assum'd that sacrifice ;—that thirst—
That ignominious pain—that unconceiv'd
Appalling dereliction—and that death
Chosen,—to expiate with almighty zeal
'The sins of the whole world.'

Hast thou well done
To slight this love, or sometimes to mistrust
Its fervour—nay, to question secretly
Its verity divine, as if the word
Which vouch'd it were incredible ?

Now *see*
Him whom thou half believedst. I forget,
Or, what is more, remember and absolve,
Thy base and wretched wanderings : I revive
Thy darken'd, fearful, vacillating faith :
I cleanse thy stains ; and My refulgent wounds
Plead with continual prevalence in heaven,
—Forgive him, for he knew not what he did.—
Go, when these Sabbath hours are past,—descend
Back for a season to the toiling world,
And 'fight thy fight of faith.' Bear up awhile

In vexing conflict with its surge of cares
And sorrows—occupy thy little sphere—
Stand at thy desolate or troublous post,
A few more years, or days, as I thy lot
Shall order : but henceforth forget not Me.
Grieve not thy Lord—who gave His life for thine,
And fought, and toil'd, and bled, and languish'd, more
Than all His martyrs : how much more than thou !
Wait all His holy pleasure ; welcome Death,
Who comes with silent footstep but not slow—
Who, if thou shalt 'be faithful' till he come,
Comes as a friend, to smite thy fetters off,
And loose thee for the' inheritance on high.

It may be, I prevent him—and instead
Of his keen dart, My gracious sceptre wave
To touch and change thee ; for behold I come
In 'clouds' of glory ; and at such an hour
As man thinks not,—My full redemption dawns
Upon the slumbering world.

'Be watchful' thou,
And 'ready' for Death's advent, and for Mine.
If he precede, as thy own heart forebodes,
And as his daily nearness warns thee,—still
He bears thee to My presence.

'Watch and pray.'
To meet Me with thy lamp of grace unquench'd !
Art thou now happy ?—is the Sabbath here
A rest indeed ? Couldst thou be watching thus
And scarce believe or ask a heavenlier home ?
Then hither gaze henceforward—hither tend—
Press on for this first prize of thy divine
Vocation, this first vision of My grace ;
To this—then more than this ; My heaven, My throne,
My presence, unsuspended, absolute,
My full and free communion, most endear'd.*

* See Note XXVII.

—Such were the meanings—O, how faintly here
Recited!—which that elevating glimpse
Of the Redeemer's peerless majesty,
Gave to my spirit: till the gathering cloud
Gently around that visible presence clos'd,
Pavilioning the 'Sun of righteousness,'
And I beheld Him not. But still the form
And image of that glory full of grace
Dwelt in my mental sight: still soothing me
As with the light of His own countenance,
Who shrouded it, o'er ruin'd man to weep,—
Who softens it, on ransom'd man to smile!

AN AUTUMN DREAM.



PART III.

THE MUSINGS—THE SOLITARY—THE MONI-
TIONS—THE CONVERTS—LYDIA—SILAS.

Musings on earthly pursuits—of traffic—of science—of greatness—on eloquence—on affliction—A saint is heard in solitary worship, and then seen; who kindly admonishes the writer—discoursing of divine love—of spiritual happiness, and its diversities—He invites the writer to a grove; and as they proceed thither, speaks on Christian exaltation, and errors concerning it—They meet a convert of the saint—The latter relates the occasion of that conversion—Lydia, formerly known to himself, accosts the writer, and speaks of his mother and of Dorcas—Then points out Silas and relates his story—On which the saint comments.

AN AUTUMN DREAM.



EARTH, rolling earth, (our birth-place, not our home,)
On which we rove awhile, and feel thee vast
And firm beneath us ;—how doth man forget
That, with his moments, still thou glidest on,
Thyself a little mass of moving dust,
Like thy frail inmate !

Midst the solitudes
Of that yet smaller, but far happier orb,—
With what a confluence of emotions, nurs'd
By the sublime seclusion of those hills,
I mus'd on thee, maternal earth, and thine :
All thence invisible, but by memory there,
Or telescopic fancy, vividly,
And, for the more part, painfully, brought nigh.

I mus'd upon thy traffic and sore toil
Within that throng'd emporium, sleepless, huge,
The mighty London where this line is penn'd ;
Where eager commerce at the sea-ward wharf
Or close exchange, intent on glittering clay

And hot with competition, can exclude
The glittering heavens, yea Him 'above all heavens,'
Who 'fillet all things ;' and with clangour of wheels,
Or more discordant voices, be content
To quell the whispers of eternity,
Severe or joyous.

—Then on you I mus'd,
Flamens of plum'd Athena ; who, like Boyle,
Boerhaave, Linnæus, Ray,—with search acute
And ardent,—traverse many a chosen field
Or province of things made ; detecting still
In all the recondite, minute, remote,
Law, purpose, adaptation ; but unlike
Those minds—who thro' all nature trac'd her Lord
And theirs,*—neglect the Glorious Cause : or while
Ye someway own Him, yet disclaim His rule
As Guide, Judge, Saviour of immortal man.

Let not the truer and far happier sons
Of science,—who would be the sons of God,—
Account me to their nobler aims unjust.
To you I speak, who no true worship yield
Or credence, to the 'God of peace' and 'hope,'
Our Guardian, our Redeemer, and our All.
—Ye coldly grant us,—some Primæval Power
Each atom once adjusted, moved each mass,
Impress'd each chemic and mechanic law,
Each blade hath organiz'd, each tide controls ;
But while ye prove this counsel and this care
Incessant and exact, all Nature's frame
Pervading, can push by with sapient scorn
And sceptic lightness,—e'en as things of nought,
Or 'idle tales' of superstition's school,—
God's counsel and His love reveal'd for *you* ;
Put forth to pluck your thinking suffering selves
From pain and ghastly ruin.

* See Note XXVIII.

Ye forsooth
Can trust old Fate and Hazard ; ye are wise,
And lack not Heaven's tuition : rich with all
The noblest boons that genial Nature gives,—
' Rich and have need of nothing : ' therefore bold
To spurn, unstudied, what our weakness deems
A costly and elaborate work divine—
God's work of love : unparallel'd as yet
And unrefuted, for Heaven's masterpiece
Of sanctity and kindness.

That ye leave
To rustics—unenlighten'd artisans—
Women and theologues,—who blindly dote
On fantasies, prone to trust they know not what,
Unblest with access to the lightsome shrine
Where Pallas crowns her sons.

E'en could ye brook
What in our vulgar creeds is harsh and stern,
—Yet how might philosophic spirits bend
To trust, to crave, to worship, to obey,
With the weak herd.—True ;—how is it ye deign
To drink with these of the cheap stream ; to break
The bread which coarseness kneads and ignorance eats :
How to achieve your most abstruse research,
With scalpel, lens, or sextant—by that beam,
That vulgar beam, which lights their rudest toils !
O self-illumin'd !—wherefore stoop to share
Heaven's sunshine with the rustic and the child ?
But—till in this ye can refuse to be
Coparceners with the meanest—is it well
To scorn that other sunshine, yet unfelt,
Of love and holiness,—because the mean
And the unlearn'd are warn'd in it, and tell
How much they prize the uncreated beam,
In strains, it may be, from which taste revolts ?
Bethink you,—if they yield heaven-nurtur'd fruits,—
Whether these weak ones have not grop'd within

Your most expert analysis, and reach'd
A new caloric worth your skill to evolve ?
Most true,—alike of seen and unseen rays,
Whether they emanate, undulate, impinge,
These poor disciples know not ; nor have learnt
To class the virtue or define the grace
That blooms and ripens 'neath their lowly thatch,—
No more than to unweave the sunny light,
Or class the mountain flower.

These things ye know,
And these it is right well that ye pursue ;
But if the radiance which those dreamers feel,
Though undefin'd, can cheer their failing hearts
In the chill hour when outer sunlight dies,
And science leaves them hopeless on the couch
Where nature sinks forlorn,—then who hath seiz'd
The dearest wisdom ?—yet of whom (forgive
The query) were this pearl most justly claim'd ?
Once more forgive,—if in that hallow'd realm
Where knowledge turns to love, I breath'd one prayer,
Idolaters of science, one for you !

Nor ceas'd my musings thus : they roam'd, O earth,
Amid thy pomps ; thy gold-emblazon'd halls,
Thy loftiest rivalries ; the' ambitious zeal,
Or assentation and obsequious art,
With which men court, or conquer, or "besiege,"
"Court-favour" from thy lordly favourites,
And access to thy conclaves ; where perchance
Myself and thousands more, if Providence
Had op'd those 'slippery places' to our feet,
Were lur'd to wretchedness.

But from yon sphere,
And with the vision of that recent dawn,
Which had uncurtain'd Heaven, unfaded yet
Within my soul,—O what, poor earth, could seem
Thy gauds, thy prizes, more than scenic shows,

Fading, fallacious, based on emptiness,
With low device ill mask'd !

Nay, when I weigh'd
Thy vaunted eloquence ; and chiefly that
Which should be noblest, since it hath the deeds
Of heaven to build on,—how much more was felt
From that high station, what e'en here we feel,
—How coarse sometimes, or crude, how weak at best,
Too oft how weakly daring—are the thoughts
Vain man propounds ; and how all symbols fail
To utter what the entrancèd eye hath seen,
Or e'en what in their sacred loneliness
Some fervid hearts conceive.

Nor least, O Earth,
Realm of imprisoning griefs,—on those I thought,
Who from thy freshening airs secluded, pine
On beds of languor ; with the vexèd frame
'Toss'd to and fro till dawning,' while fierce pain
Or helplessness—this with its viewless bonds,
That with its iron crush of galling links—
Racks or exhausts the weary captive still.
I mourn'd for those, so fetter'd, that had scorn'd,
In youth and health, the Gospel's embassy ;
But most for such as in that darkest hour
Contemn it still ; for whom no sacred hope
—Or none but of most baseless sort and vague—
Softens the direful gloom.

O'er some besides
I mourn'd, who though in uprightness they trod
The narrow path,—and oftimes with the smile
Or voice of Christian kindness other hearts
Had solac'd,—now, through faintness of their own,
Or 'flesh' that 'faileth,' or damp chilling dews
Cast on the darken'd mirror of the soul,
Blotting its dearest prospects,—cannot read
Their "title to a treasure in the skies."
O'er such I griev'd a moment : yet, for them,

Short was my sorrow ; gladness chas'd it soon.
I thought,—O rolling earth ! how brief for these
And transient is thine office ; which dost serve
But as a ponderous chariot to transport
Those weary ones “ a little onward,”—still
In their rough path “ a little further on,”—
And then dismiss them to this land of light
And to their Lord, who is ‘the light thereof,’
Far from thy cloudy wheel.

O yes, for such,
How sweet to’ anticipate the glad surprise,—
When they shall reach their heavenly resting-place,
And meet, in verity, that ‘ Prince of life ’
Whom I beheld in vision.

Yet my soul
Sank at the’ invading doubt—wilt *thou* be there ?
Nor dar’d an answer : but those words of grace
Which that unveil’d Redeemer late had seem’d
To radiate in His peace-inspiring glance—
“ I cleanse thy stains ”—and—“ My refulgent wounds ”—
Came welling through my heart.

O let it ne’er
Belie, with wrongful proud despondencies,
His mightiness and earnestness to save !

Thus, wrapt in various musings, had I roam’d
Upon the mountain slopes, scarce conscious oft
Whether I stood or wander’d : such my path
As fleecy wanderers trace at summer eve
On the green hill-side—browsing as they stray,
And whiter than the chalky cliffs beneath—
By Vecta’s smiling shore.

Still Nature kept,
In holy calm, her silent festival,
And Sabbath hours roll’d on.

Pausing at length
Where rocks and shrubs oppos’d my devious way,

ar me a mild sonorous voice uprose
 recitation. 'T was again our own
 uch honour'd tongue—the tongue that Milton spake,
 id with consummate masterdom could wield ;
 ere with deep feeling utter'd,—with that pure
 nstrain'd refinement which enunciates still
 each expressive tone the speaker's thought :
 And thus, so far as weak remembrance now
 ollects it, flow'd the Solitary's hymn.

—O Thou that ever art,
 From whom creation sprang ;

he worlds of matter, omniform, immense,
 re but one psaltery of countless chords
 To hymn Thine attributes,
 Unsearchably divine !

pirts redeem'd,—seraphic,—or whoe'er
 f yet more kingly superangelic powers,
 Thy wisdom bids to be,—
 The choral chords awake.

ithout that spiritual adoring host
 fade and attun'd Thy glorious work to' admire,
 Vain were the gorgeous wealth
 Of heaven and circling orbs.

et are these minds themselves harmonious still
 nd inly vocal, should the visible frame
 Of matter's universe
 In formless Lethe sink.

hus to be vocal was my thirst below,
 y spirit's sacred thirst ; but ne'er allay'd,
 Save in those ever-blest
 And still remember'd hours,

When, twice, Thine own effulgence half o'erwhelm'd
My fainting nature. But that glorious tide
Is full and frequent now,
Nor less replete with joy

For its blest frequency. No more I feel
Of dull infirmity,—as when beneath
The cumbersome night-veil,
This exil'd spirit groan'd.

O Thou, the Wise and Just, the Kind and True,
In whom all loveliness and glory meet
As in a luminous sphere
Of grace immutable ;

Being intensely good, immensely great,
From whom alone created power and love
Their life and bliss derive,—
Thy power, Thy love, are mine.

Thy thoughts pervade my spirit ; grasp the
worlds ;
Pierce every atom, span the void abyss ;
Yet Thou, Creation's Lord,
Art Love,—yea Love to me !

The Love that cast eternal splendours by
And cloth'd itself in feebleness to save,—
How shall its boundless strength
Or tenderness decline ?

The hidden nearness of that Glorious Guest
With whom my heart in lonely bliss retires,
Sheds through my opening breast
Its beatific fires.*

* See Note XXIX.

—Then,—as if caught up to still heavenlier mood
Demanding heavenlier phrase,—the lonely saint
Made high variation of his lyric strain
In heaven's own speech ; and last, as if with thoughts
Or intuitions e'en for that too deep,—
Spake 'inwardly.' But I the while had mov'd
As by a sacred incantation drawn,
(And conscious of that more unmingled love
To God's elect, which banishes all fear)
Within the ken of that blest orator
Kneeling beneath a cavern's spacious arch,
Fretted with azure stalactites.* He knelt
Fix'd, with clos'd eyes ; as if an archetype
For Chantrey's or Canova's living busts,
Which, mute and eyeless, seem to speak and look.

So, in deep moveless rapture, knelt perhaps
Our sightless poet, when his soul conceiv'd
The morning hymn of paradise.

At length,
—As if, from Sion's dazzling heights, the mind
Of him I watch'd had sunk awhile to rest,—
Those eyelids were unclos'd to the fair scene
All tranquil round us.

But my own approach
Thus suddenly discern'd, no movement caus'd
Betokening discomposure or surprise :
Yet I drew gently back ; for now the sense
Of half intrusive bearing cast a cloud
On my new confidence : when straight he said,
—Hail, stranger : nor suspect it grieves us here,
To have a partner in our orisons,—
An auditor or witness unawares
Of our delight in God ; in whom ourselves
Most happy, are we fain to have each soul
Of a lost race consociate in the joy.
Hast thou on earth enough essay'd, my son,

* See Note XXX.

To be 'delighting' in that Fount of life
All-glorious and unfathomable still?
I fear thou hast not : for I heard of thee,
What Fénelon late told his saintly peer,
Our blessed Leighton ;—thou art poor as yet
In the best wealth and wisdom, that is, love :
Love to the sovereign Good ;—contemplative,
Profound and fervent, intimate and pure.
—So thou art come up hither more to learn
What still thou lackest ; that thy soul may
crave

The 'chiefest' unction from the Holy One
For thine interior sight ; and thus attain
To commune with the all-transcending Fair
In true delight, unmixt, unutterable—
When the frail entrances of sense are shut ;
Or when no outward sight or sound divine
Enamoureth these. To-day thou hast enjoy'd
Like us (the denizens of this fair land)
A vision of thy Lord.

My son, 't is well
For us, for thee, to' imbibe these bright dis-
plays
External, of His essence who hath deign'd
To' assume our nature : who doth robe Himself
—In bright mutations of exhaustless skill—
' With light as with a vesture.'

Thus His grace
Elates, renews, and multiplies our joy
Within this Eden ; thus, by modes 'unseen
As yet,' the bliss of seraphs ; who behold
His central glory amid the 'heaven of heavens.'
But O forget not,—their true heaven,—and thine,—
Is in nought visible, palpable, extern,
Nought audible ; 't is in the sacred deep
Of inmost love, made one with the Divine ;
Where holy souls, recluse from all things seen,

Bathe in the waveless ocean of the First
And Perfect Beauty.*

O to this aspire ;
Invoke the' Eternal Fount, the shoreless sea,
Its hidden springs, its silent amplitude !

So, when recall'd from thy brief glimpses here
Of 'open vision,' thou shalt newly tread
Thy pilgrim path,—then, though it e'en should point
Through the scorch'd deserts whence our Martyn rose,
Or the dank dungeons where our Howard wept,
Climbing "His open unfrequented path
To immortality ;"†—or when it shall
Conduct thee, as it must do, (soon perhaps,)
To thy own couch of deadly lassitude,
Where all the lovely 'handiwork' of God,
Sunshine, and stream, and verdure, can refresh
The dying eyes no more,—nay, when thy Lord,
'To humble or to prove thee,'—may withhold
From the dimm'd intellect and failing sense
All vision of things heavenly,—yet e'en then
Mayst thou, by patient and adherent faith,
And love, surviving through the damps of Death's
Tremendous shadow, own a present God
'About thy bed,' and know that Heaven is near ;
The' essential Heaven which only sense can hide.

So spake the Saint in soul-awakening tones,
And words than these far nobler.

But while I
In mute discouragement His words revolv'd,
Feeling their scope how arduous,—thus again
He spoke,—take courage ! true thou' art 'slow of heart'
To grasp the' invisible with faith's strong hand,—
And fancy much ensnares thee.

Those from whom
I learn'd thy weakness, are themselves adept

* See Note XXXI.

† See Note XXXII.

In faithful watching, and in love's repulse
 And conquest ; yet of them thou needst not ask
 For aid : nor couldst perchance ; for I foresee
 This day thy sojourn ends : its evening hour
 Will bear thee to the sphere of earthly toils
 And 'fears' and 'fightings.'

Ask thy Lord and ours ;
 The' Omniscient Helper ; Him no place or change
 Can sever from thy spirit : and 'who' else
 'Teacheth like Him ?' not the most 'taught of God'
 On earth, in Eden, or beside His throne.

Yet think not I rebuke thy pure desire
 Of visible glories, or of social joys :
 For both are good and holy :—mind was form'd
 Not to be bodiless, but with living force
 To inspirit bodies. Ev'n seraphic mind
 Doth wed with subtle æther, or the spark
 Of transcendental and innocuous fire,—
 And lends it all that bright vitality,
 Which the mere beam of heaven's most rubied star
 Or the mere flash of heaven's most vivid bolt
 Itself could never own.

And man was form'd—
 Ev'n perfected and heaven-indwelling man—
 For frequency of outward impulses
 And blissful alternations.

'The third heaven'
 (So angels witness) is replete with these ;
 Of which e'en the most godlike—though from sense
 And matter all occult—beatitudes
 Intrinsic to the spirit—yet acquire
 New augments by alternating with less
 And differing joys. Nay, thou hast yet to find,
 Much in our Eden (as thou hast discern'd
 In part already) like earth's fairest scenes
 And happiest works and holiest services,
 "More than on earth is thought."

Of this, one proof
Which may at once instruct thee and delight,
Is here not far to seek.

For seest thou not
Yon 'bush' of antique oaks, a stately group
Of oval outline on the mountain's side?—
Now wend we thither! Thou shalt find, I trust,
'T was pleasant to be there.—

—Rejoicingly
I heard that summons; not less from desire
Of such prolong'd companionship, than hope
Of those new pleasures which his words presag'd—
His words, whose name I had not to inquire;
For, though untold, some characters of thought
And phrase (by faithless memory ill retain'd)
Announc'd the lofty and the catholic Howe;
Lofty of intellect and large of heart.

So we mov'd on: I the glad listener most,
As it behov'd me; but when now my looks
Or some significant words, appris'd the saint
That I divin'd my' associate, thus he spoke
With smile half-playful;—Think not thou shall find,
In this our blest reunion, none save those
Who once were drest in brief publicity,—
Whom court and city knew, or whom dumb types,
Thought's magic scribes and heralds for your world,
Help, 'being dead, to speak,' through many days
And many regions.

For in this same hour
Mayst thou meet some who trod the' obscurest paths;
And whom protracted sickness long forbade
Ev'n in those paths to move; unseen, unknown,
Save to some feeble helper, or at most
To the lone search or casual visits rare
Of humble charity: such wilt thou meet
With gladness, if such own thy friendship here;

And shalt feel more profoundly, what long since
Thou 'know'st in part ; —that not the popular gaze,
Not strength of reason, not conception's power,
Not learning's narrow stores which fools count great
(Still less the idolizing looks of worms
On fellow-worms with these bright loans endow'd,)
No, not when all is dedicate to God,—
Can show ' who shall be greatest,' or foredate
The first, most blissful, or sublimest lot
In Christ's eternal empire.

That shall be
' For whom it is prepared ; ' whom His will
Doth for it most prepare : the most intent
In ' singleness of heart ' to please their Lord
By action or by suffering : sufferers long
Perhaps, who 'neath some poor and lonely roof,
With 'love unfeigned,' and triumphant meek
Endurance,—preach'd to angels, if not men,
The silent miracle of conquering grace.
Ah, ponder it, my son ; some that were ' last '
In the vain world's false reckoning,—that were held
But very ciphers there,—nay, some ' the least '
Esteem'd' it may be ' in the Church ' below, .
Shall in their Lord's divine Epiphany
Be yet the ' first.'

He paus'd ; and his first words
Had wak'd some pleas'd anticipation, midst
The sequent warning : for I had not fail'd,
Though brief was my experience, to perceive
Some spirits there inscrutably endow'd
With strange presension ; (such as many' have deem'd
Not ev'n to mortal history all unknown :)
So that I sent inquiring looks around
The unobstructed circuit of those plains :
And mark'd that some, on either hand, were near,
Singly or group'd, whose bent appear'd like ours
Tow'rds the tall oaken shade : whom, while by turn

I view'd—at sight of my conductor, one
Rush'd to our path ; then with that temper'd warmth
Which mingling love and veneration prompt,
Exclaim'd—O father and deliverer, hail !
Hail to thy Lord and mine, 'the First and Last !'
'The Author and the Finisher of faith !'
From each of us all praise and love to Him ;
But next from me to thee, who didst proclaim,
And, as the channel of His grace, convey,
Pardon and life celestial to my soul !
Hail, father ; be thy Lord's own joy still thine,
For, like thy Lord, it was thy joy to save.
—So spake he fervently. The noble Howe
Benignly look'd, dropp'd a paternal tear,
And said—'T is well ; I bless that bounteous Lord,
If thou to me canst give rejoicing thanks
As His weak messenger ; but, O, how much,
How all incomparably more, to Him,
We have to learn for ever !

Weigh thou this,
My brother, and adore Him for us both,
As I will also : for thyself adore
Whom sovereign grace hath rescued ; then for me
Whom for thy rescue that same grace detain'd.—

Then to his happy convert motioning
A kind adieu,—This saint (pursued my guide)
Was a poor Cambrian herdsman ; his abode,
Where Mona's western cliffs the Atlantic sun
Empurples, streaming over Erin's hills ;
Cliffs where the ruthless Druid tyranniz'd
With rites of blood, till scarce less ruthless Rome's
Sea-cleaving eagles chas'd him from his prey.*

Once by those cliffs, a destin'd voyager
To Ireland's coast, but held by adverse winds,
It was my lot to tarry. There I preach'd

* See *Tactus*, *Annal.* xiv. c. 29, 30.

'The glorious Gospel of the blessed God ;'
On those sequestered shores, alas, too rare,
And therefore 'precious.'

So that incident
Was nois'd on Mona's hills ; and many, thence
Observing still our wind-imprison'd bark,
Flock'd to the port when Sabbath-hours return'd,
Intent to hear the stranger. Me meanwhile
Had illness through that second holy morn
Kept on my couch ; but when appris'd of this,
I felt the concourse as my Master's call ;
Rose, in reliance on the 'Strong' for 'strength,'
And, 'as a dying man to dying men,'
Spake words of life. The herdsman's heart was mov'd ;
Nor his alone. That day the hand of God
Had touch'd the speaker's lip, the listener's ear ;
And not a few among those simple men
Have blest, and still bless, the propitious gale
Which, to my progress adverse, help'd to waft
Them to the port of peace.

O God of Love,
Unsearchable ! 'Thy way is in the sea,'
And 'on the wings of all the winds' Thy throne,
Girt with unpierced clouds ; yet 'Thy delight'
Is 'loving-kindness ;' and in this alone
Thy saints shall 'glory.'*

Thus of sacred themes
Discoursing, my instructor drew me on
Almost absorb'd ; but now again our steps
Met welcome hindrance ;—one approaching us
With haste, whose eye inquisitively fix'd
On me : while mine obscurely seem'd to trace
Some likeness ill-remember'd. But by her
More prompt the recognition ; for, not long
Forbearing speech, she ask'd with accent mild,
—Dost thou forget poor Lydia ?—Lydia ?—no ;

* See Note XXXIII.

Not *now*, good Lydia, when your voice I hear.
This suddenly brings back the tone, the look,
With which, in vanish'd years, you still would cite
God's words of comfort ; and from that low bed
Where chronic anguish bound you, all those years
Would teach by blest example ; sealing all
Your ready texts by "confirmations strong"
From your own cheerful patience.

—Hast thou seen

(Abruptly came her query, as 't were meant
To break my praises off)—say, hast thou seen
Thy blessed mother ?—canst thou have to learn
Her sojourn is so near us ? 'T is but now
I left her bower, which sainted friends (and most
Of all perhaps, thy sainted friend and mine,
Dorcas—the mother of 'the distress'd,) frequent
With placid joy and holy.

Midst the glade

Where violets cluster, and the woodbine asks
Her unreluctant hand,—a gentle guide
To climb with through "the leafy labyrinth,"—
Rests thy fond parent ; while upon the turf
Close round her, many a plummy flutterer lights
Familiar, asking now her crumbs no more ;
Still—where no snow-flake chills the ruffled wing—
In vernal gladness twittering.

Doubt not I

Full oft am there, who felt her kindness more
'Than many sparrows.'

Oft that kindness brought

Her aged steps, lov'd visitant, to me—
Poor prisoner of God's providence below.
But now, poor Lydia, with a facile step,
Like Lazarus at his Lord's behest unbound,
Or rather with a buoyancy unlike
All movements made on earth, can visit too ;
Visit indeed without a woe to seek,—

But, though no griefs be here to mitigate,
Perchance my grateful love some drops instils
Into her cup of joy.—Can I forget
Her former kindness? Ev'n thine earthly mind.
Used to forgettings, would not judge me so.
But little know'st thou, how tenacious grown,
How prompt, and fresh, and circumstantial here.
“The memory of the heart.”—

—As Lydia spoke,
Noting the while with kindly scrutiny
On my sad brow tokens of ‘hope deferr'd,’
And somewhat of ‘heart-sickness,’—her quick thou:
Divin'd the interdict; and mildly said
—I see it may not be:—but murmur not—
Whom thou lov'st best are happy: wait for Him
Who ordereth all things well: His times be thine:
And, may not one be wanting when He brings
The parted families of earth and heaven,
The first, the dearest, and the latest home;
Home, e'en from paradise, to complete their bliss,
To bind them up in love's immortal band,
Entwining hearts where death no heart-strings tear
—But now, observe one present, who, albeit,
Through inadvertence, or the doubtful plea
Of manifold occupation, and new claims
For busy, social, studious moments still,—
Thou knew'st him not, dwelt but a little space
From thy own threshold.—

That her mild reproach
Was just, I question'd not; then look'd on him
—A youth of delicate and thoughtful cast—
Who stood beside her, watching as she spoke
With filial love.

This child of early grief,
—Continued the good Lydia,—from his dawn
Of thought, still languish'd; nor had ever known
Exhilarating freedom, nor glad hours

Or heedless pastime in the pebbly rill
Or dewy fern-brake ; e'en the blessed sun
—From that low pallet in a street-built nook—
Was undiscern'd.

Lanes thou hast often trod
—Not knowing, or forgetting, if thou knew'st,
This child of sorrow and of mercy there—
Form'd 'twixt his little chamber and my own
The unromantic way.

His days were spent
(Still wearier else) in tasks of needlework ;
The paralytic limbs and posture forc'd
Refusing other toil. We vainly wish'd
To meet ; since the poor Silas had been told
Of my strict bondage, I of his : for oft
With others' ills compassion tries to soothe
The afflicted,—who may some faint solace find
Even in a distant fellowship of woe.

I lov'd the helpless youth unseen ; and long'd
That he might taste the soul-reviving stream
Of hope in Christ. Just then to me was brought,
By thy kind parent's ministering hand, a page
On which the Saviour's words of grace and peace,
Were with the simple narrative inwoven
Of one—a sufferer like ourselves—that learn'd
From those sustaining truths, the load of life
To' endure in calm assurance.

This I lent
To Silas ; and an orphan child—herself
Train'd in that honied hive of charities
Where mirthful infants gather in their sports
The rudiments of knowledge—first became
His reader—then his tutoress ; till the youth,
Won by her smiling aid, soon conn'd with ease
The lines else undecipher'd.

My small loan
Prov'd more a treasure than those hoarded leaves—

The strange equivalents for 'much fine gold ;'
Or mystic representatives of all
The flocks and harvests of 'a thousand hills.'
Those may the 'princely' merchant take, and seem
To lift a province in his willing palm.
But—though more slight than the papyrus scroll
Which Egypt sometimes buried with her dead,—
None 'carries' these from earth's low confines 'out,'
Nor on their graven superscription finds
One promissory cipher for the skies.

Mine was a note of ampler promise far,
Yea boundless. Silas trusted and rejoic'd ;
Through the long sameness of his following years
In meekness waited ; then in peace expir'd,
And came his fellow captive first to greet
Where sickness comes to none.—

She ceas'd ; but Howe
Exclaim'd with fervour,—Go, my son ; persuade
Your suffering saints that they may *do* God's work
While bearing all His will.

Not only hath
Their passive meekness a 'still voice' of power,
But ev'n their feeblest words or speechless signs
Have active might.

Thou hast known indeed, and taught
These things ; but to repeat them still 'is safe'
For all—for no one 'grievous.' Lay them up
In thy own heart for days when 'flesh shall fail,'
And write them with new certainty.—The sick ;
The paralys'd ; the fetter'd ; may be still
—Not less than angels in their flight sublime—
God's messengers ; and reap the sweetest meed
Of heaven-taught charity.

He sends, heals, saves,
'By whom He will send.'—

To that charge I gave
My best assent ; and we advanc'd awhile
In meditative silence tow'ards the grove.

AN AUTUMN DREAM.



PART IV.

THE GROVE—THE ASSEMBLY—THE HOMILY—
LUCIA—THE SAINTS—TIMANTHES—THOMAS.

Address to our Saviour—The writer inquires concerning the change of Lydia ; and is answered by his guide—who announces that he shall see another known to him—They reach the Grove ; which, with the assembly in it, is described—One appears who addresses the assembly—Sketch of his address—Its effect on the auditory—Lucia begins their hymn—Her story is given by the saint ; who also points out Wilberforce, Corbet, and others—Timanthes, as he approaches, is described ; and himself relates an incident—Lydia speaks of Thomas, the companion of Timanthes—The writer is exhorted by her and by the saint ; who shows him in vision the meeting of Junia with Dorcas.

AN AUTUMN DREAM.

‘FORERUNNER,’—whom the ransom’d hosts adore,—
Thyself ‘the Resurrection and the Life ;’
Once self-abas’d, now reigning, to redeem
Our spirits from the vassalage of hell,
And our ‘vile bodies’ from the bands of death,—
How wonderful ‘the counsels’ of Thy power,
‘And excellent’ Thy ‘working’ ! how divine
That energy which will erelong conform
All Thine to Thee !—omnipotently raise
Meanness to beauty, helplessness to strength ;
‘Dishonour’ to the splendours of Thy home,
And destitution to the wealth of Heaven !
If lowly minds and forms, a change so blest
In this their shadowy waiting-time disclose,
How shall they ‘shine forth’ in the ‘unclouded morn
Of Thy triumphal advent ; when the sav’d
Receive their full adoption,—and assume
The ‘glorious body,’ fashion’d like Thy own !
—Such were my thoughts, as o’er that tranquil plain,
In meditative silence, we pass’d on :
But soon I felt that silence culpable,
Which sought not more to’ elicit and to learn

From such associate ;—and then said,—How strange
That features of so coarse and homely mould
As once were the good Lydia's, should be thus
Expressive, fair, refin'd—but still her own ;
Chang'd, without losing their original type,—
The same, yet other.—

Ah, thou knowst not yet,
Said he, the plastic power of spirits renew'd,
When the "clay cottage" drops,—and they put on
The flexile vest ethereal.

True, there are
Ev'n of the fall'n, in that fall'n dwelling, some,
Whose mien may teach us—and God meant it so—
What once the unfallen were. If these attain
His inward image also, comeliness
Delights indeed ; while if, within, yet rules
The serpent Foe, then outward beauty shines
—Ev'n though Herodias wear it with a crown—
But as a stained 'jewel' in the head
Of the herd's leader, where from Gádara's steep
Their dizzy madness rush'd into the flood.

Those, who, on earth, by designation rare,
And apt consension of the mind and form,
Were made not only beautiful without,
But 'glorious within,' have here assum'd
An aspect which exalts, yet alters not,
The grace and nobleness they own'd below.*

Others, like Lydia, need more obvious change :
Yet these, when most transfigur'd, still retain
Some lineament or some expression here,
Which to our glad remembrance oft presents
The former self ; and wakes our wondering thought ;
Linking, in diverse strange identity,
The now so graceful with the once uncouth :
Or the worn face which care and age deform'd,
With that whence holy peace and rapture gleam.

* See Note XXXIV.

Think not, my son, in yonder grove to meet
Patriarchs or prophets, or the illustrious host
Of apostolic martyrs ; to discern
(As once on earth Christ's chosen did) the face
Of Moses or Elias,—shining more,
Than when the first from Sinai's trembling peak
Descended ; or that fiery chariot soar'd
From parted Jordan's vale.—But thou mayst find
Within the precinct of yon solemn oaks,
What, though far less exalted, will revive
Much that the Martyrs' Isle would fail to raise ;
Pure recollections, gladdening to thy heart.
One face, at least, shalt thou contemplate, known
On earth ; which, even there,—when lifted up
In strong aspiring thought, and ignited
As with the ' altar coal,'—(they tell that saw)
Was ne'er to be forgotten ; and if it were,
Ill have I judg'd its tokens, as at first
Configur'd so, that mortal eyes obtuse
Might read the' expansion, and revere the mind.—

Thus, in beguiling converse,—while the youth
And Lydia had preceded,—we approach'd
That grove ; and enter'd slowly' as by an aisle
Of Nature's arching. Thence an oval space
Op'd in our front,—whose green acclivity
By frequent natural steps in wavy lines
Was travers'd. On its borders, but within
The circuit of the venerable oaks,
Pillars of stone their gray and massive heads
At intervals uprear'd : a few lay prone,
And some aslant, as in the roofless fane
Of Sorbiodunum,* dedicate by those
Who 'hasted after idols'—ignorant
Of Him that asks and gives the contrite heart ;

* The name of the Roman station at Sarum, in ages when the superstitious and cruel rites at Stonehenge had perhaps not altogether ceased.

Pouring, with hands inur'd to cruelty,
Relentless as their sacrificial stone,
'Drink offerings of blood.'

But this retreat,
Rear'd on the plains which violence ne'er invades,
Seem'd destin'd for celestial bloodless rites ;
A true 'high place' and unpolluted 'grove,'
To shame the accursed groves of Baalim
And the red stones of Woden.

Here each rock
Was garlanded by Nature's peaceful hand
With climbing green ; and the soft sacring air
Breath'd gently in the dark and rustling tops
Of those unfading interarched trees
Its freshest incense.

On a spot like this
The Son of Man, methought, by crowds pursued
Amidst the woodlands of the desert, rang'd
Those fainting thousands : and in pity gave
At once the loaves His power had multiplied,
And His own manna, the 'true bread from heaven.'

Thus, on each terrac'd seat, a white-rob'd band
Was tranquilly convening ; and the most
In stillness sat,—while some with under tone
Or speaking looks held converse.

But on each
Whom I beheld, there dwelt amidst the smiles
Of holy peace and thankfulness elate,
A trace, that seemed as if indelible,
Of "corporal sufferance" past.—Pain once had drawn
Her graphic touches round the lips—though now
The deepest gravings of her sterner hand
Seem'd half effac'd by joy.

As still I look'd,
Each bank receiv'd new occupants : while some,
For order not for ease reclining, lean'd
By the dark forest trunks : a massy foil

To their bright flowing vesture. Soon there rose
A whisper as of gladness round,—and then
The hush of pleas'd expectance : nor its cause
Was long conceal'd ; for near a giant stone
Which lay transversely at the lowermost end
Of that elliptic area,—I perceiv'd
One newly enter'd : one on whom these eyes
And this enchain'd mind have often hung,
Drinking in truth. Ne'er had he worn indeed
Rank's rich-insignia, nor the violet vest
Of office ; ne'er, like Massillon, had aw'd
Monarch and court, or made the stately roofs
Of regal minsters echo to his lore.
Yet, well I ween, not with more majesty
The saintly and intrepid Ambrose stood,
In that square pulpit of unsculptur'd stone
At Mediolanum,—when his dauntless word
Had stopp'd the blood-stain'd sovereign of the west
From unrepentant prayer.*

But he on whom
We gaz'd, had now more heavenly gentleness,
Though not of firmness less.

The' imperial brow
And ample bust, wrapt in the lucid fold
Of that celestial raiment, spake the soul
Which erst on earth they shadow'd ; blending here
In high and venerable affinity,
Softness and strength. He, reverently, lean'd
Upon that uncarv'd tribune, mossy clad,
Nor ask'd for other velvet ; look'd a prayer,
Inwrought, intense ; then with quick tone subdued
And utterance almost hesitant, pronounced
The few divine apocalyptic words—
'There shall be no more pain.'

But of what more
He spake, with that blest promise for his theme,

* See Note XXXV.

—How dare I broken relics to present,
Poor fragments from that edifice sublime
Of lowly praise and lofty argument,
Of faith and reason's pillar'd heights compact,
By this 'wise master builder's' mind uprais'd
On the firm base of evangelic truth
And of that bright prediction.—'T was a pile
Of massive thought ; a votive obelisk
To the creation's rescue and his own.*

He told of pain's dark influx, in the wake
Of sin's infernal torrent, o'er our world :
Sculptur'd its writhing spasm,—its restless doze,
Gathering from dire exhaustion strength for woe :
And direr yet, its conscience-venom'd dart
Rankling and barb'd ;—the very pain of pain,—
That cuts and graves its lineage all from guilt ;
Or worse, that brands its recent parentage,
Secret or undisguis'd—' presumptuous sin,'
In some sharp stigma on the tortur'd frame.

Then, as if half recoiling at the group
Which thought had form'd,—his own Laocoon,—
The sainted teacher paus'd : and I the while
—With eye quick glancing at his auditors—
Saw the chill wave of reimagined pangs
Which shuddering recollection heav'd athwart
The silent throng. But instant he pursued,
Chasing that billowy sadness from his front
And theirs.—For now his milder voice extoll'd
Pain, the predestin'd healer of the soul ;
Whose wormwood chalice and whose briery wand
Dispel earth's base illusions ; at whose touch
Ev'n hearts of flint, if grace have breath'd on
them,

Their depths of hardness and demerit own,—
And owning, like the smitten rock flow forth ;

* See Note XXXVI.

First in the stream of lowly penitence,
Then of diffusive kindness.

Somewhat thence
Digressing, now with raptur'd smile he spake
Of pain's delightful intervals ; oft more
Enjoy'd and priz'd by dull forgetful man
Than the long wonders of continuous ease.

Last, of its true and blest cessation ; where
No weak oblivious habitude, no chill
Of base unthankfulness, can mar the boon ;
Where memory with strong tints and outlines paints
Each roughness of the "straight and thorny way,"
Each "sharpness overcome," each woe long past :
Where rest is luxury ; and undrooping Hope
Still journeys up through all the painless spheres,
Evn to His throne whose own beatitude
Attracts and binds the holy.

Thus—by new
And swift degrees upkindling with his theme—
Still flashed new ardours forth : * the poet eye,
"Glancing from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven ;"
Now at the fearful retrospect of pains
Intense, long-during, by himself endur'd,
Then the bright Now of his sublime repose,
And then the immortal Future.

Hard it was
From his rapt eye to turn ; yet was I fain
To look once more on them that gaz'd on it,
—A breathless company.

The living flush
Came on each cheek : the warm consentient tear
Hung trembling—the same passion wrought around
Each quivering lip—yet held by the strong curb
Of deep attention.

But now once again
The flood of that o'ermastering eloquence

* See Note XXXVII.

Some moments pass'd.—I felt the total hush
Of those enchanted listeners ; as if nought
Were round me but mute oaks, and Zephyrus* self
Had stopt his gentlest breathing.

Thus within

The dome where Chrysostom his lofty strains
Once pour'd—that dome by Islam long usurp'd
In proud Stamboul—the turban'd multitude
With such deep noiseless veneration bow,*
A dropt pin (travellers tell) might well nigh praise
Their silence audibly ; and whisper shame
On those light Greeks, call'd Christian, who of yore,
Alternate to the maddening Hippodrome
And to the House of God, would giddily bring
Murmurings and plaudits ; whom the golden lips
Of their fam'd prelate now rebuk'd, now charm'd.†
—O that the reverent silence of the mosque
Disgrac'd the' old Greeks alone !

Short now the pause

Of him who in that holier area spake,
And in whose auditory no false guise
The wandering heart or indevout conceal'd.

Then,—with new gather'd energy,—as when
A stately galliot ploughs the silent sea
Right onward, with accelerated course
At dead of night,—what time the risen gale
Swell's every topsail, and about each dark
And massy side, and at her foamy prow,
Quick phosphorescent gleams like lambent fire
Coruscate,‡—so the impassion'd man of God,
With mightier impetus his high career
Accomplish'd. Ah, for his own burning words,
Not these cold embers ?

—Brethren, endless praise

To Him, whose love ineffable redeem'd,
And heal'd, and brought you hither ; here ye need

* See Note XXXVIII.

† See Note XXXIX.

‡ See Note XL.

No more incitement to invoke His grace
That mortal pains may yield immortal fruits
Of holy gladness : for ye taste and see
Their conscious ripening. Unto Him be praise
Whose cross annihilates yours,—we need no more
Forearm you to expect its awful weight,
And with meek faith to welcome and endure,
As in yon vale of sorrows. Ye' had not ask'd
Words on the Sabbath from this feeble tongue,
Nor in their turn from nobler tongues than mine,
Save as faint organs of the heaven-taught whole ;
Weak but glad echoes of that innermost voice
Which through each soul in stillness vibrated
Around me, long ere thus my own invites
Your glowing praises.—I behold each eye
With quick and hallow'd eloquence respond.—
Extol we then with deathless ardours Him
Our lov'd Deliverer ; Him that vanquish'd Pain,
Bore her chief load, and bow'd with it for us ;
Yea bow'd to court the monster Evil's coil,
And agoniz'd within it ; but who reft
In that fell hour the dragon of his 'sting ;'
Nay, bade the fierce constriction of His grasp
Extort the willing wonder-working streams
That stanch'd our deadliest wound ; till we can call
To the dark grave, 'where now thy victory !'
To death, 'where now thy sting !'—till we can praise,
With the glad shout of captives disenthral'd,
That Victor who prepar'd our paradise,
Who is Himself our Heaven ! Ye too can teach
Me, in your turn, to praise Him. Ye have felt
The glorious, tranquil, yet o'erwhelming joy,
Of full redemption from all grief and guilt,
From sin's base earthliness, and earth's cold tombs.
Ye feel the blessedness of honouring Him
'Who freely gave you all things' at the cost
Of measureless griefs ;—Him in whom still the pulse

Of God's own love beats palpably ; who here
Upholds you as 'a spectacle to worlds
And angels,'—spoils from outer darkness borne
To glory by Omnipotent desire ;
Round whom He dwells as your eternal Shield ;
For whom, made faultness, there is pain no more.—

Throughout that utterance, His "excursive" eye
Darted, in swift succession, with a flight
More meteor-like than e'en His winged words,
On many of that blest audience ; questionless
Heroic sufferers, whose sublimer faith
His kindred heart embrac'd.—These too had long
Uprisen ; attracted from their grassy seats
Unconsciously ; and the last ardent links
Of thought's magnetic chain, with swift constraint
Seiz'd e'en the lingering ; so that now not one
On the green area rested.

Flowing robes
Veil'd all its wavy verdure with a clond
Of lucid whiteness ; and on that there beam'd
The bright mosaic fram'd of living gems,
The pavement of the human face divine
Lit up with ecstasy.*

He watch'd the scene
An instant,—drawing back in conscious might,
Yet feeling but a harp-string in His hand
Who wakes and tunes the harmonists of heaven—
Then with a sudden transport, unrepress'd,
Exclaim'd—come, *let us praise Him !*—and outpour'd
A tide of adorations which my soul
Despairs to summon back, despairs again
To hear,—till in that 'undefiled' grove,
If sovereign grace entitle and 'make meet,'
(Grace infinite—which can all weakness heal,
All sinfulness expel, all guilt erase,

* See Note XLI.

and triumph o'er the 'impossible with man,')
 'e shall adore together.

At its close
 once more he cried, with earnest emphasis,
 -Come, let *us* praise Him! and those raptur'd
 bands
 seem'd all o'erflowing with incipient song,
 'et none the song began.

None fail'd in zeal,
 Or skill, or compass : none could there complain
 Not e'en the visitant, who here may grieve
 For such default,) of less discerning ear,
 Or voice less tunable. Yet each was held
 In mute delay, as shrinking from the reach
 Of their transcendent theme : till suddenly
 One—midst the oaken foliage half conceal'd,
 And diffident as the rest, but unawares
 Master'd by strong emotion—burst the bond
 Of that suspense.—On her once sable hue
 -Still dark, but soften'd—gleams vivacious play'd
 As if from Afric's noon-day ; for her cheek
 Had glow'd and laugh'd in volatile infancy
 Under that tropic blaze.

'T was Lucia's voice,
 Soft, simple, unambitious ; but it thrill'd
 All hearts, because the fulness of her own
 Was in it : most unwittingly she gave
 The key-note for their chorus : at whose touch
 Forth every rill of secret music flow'd
 Melodious, and the vocal stream swell'd high.

—Let us praise Him ! Yes, for ever

Love's immortal triumph swell !

Blissful, endless, vain endeavour !

Who Thy victories, Love, can tell ?

Yet, O praise Him, Love was slain ;—

Therefore, therefore, 'no more pain !'

Praise Him ?—Mark those eyes that languish.—

Hark—that pleading faltering breath !

Sav'd by Love's once dying anguish

Ye could never 'taste of death !'

He had quaff'd its inmost pain—

Brethren,—sisters,—Love was slain ;

Drank our poison-cup of sorrow,

' Bore our sins upon the tree !'

Therefore, through the' eternal morrow,

From sin's direful bondage free,

Tell the Heavens,—your Love was slain,

And 'there shall be—no more pain !'

List, where earth's 'creation groaneth'

In its guilt and toil unblest ;

Tell the earth,—That Love enthroneth

Ransom'd souls in glorious rest.

Tell all worlds,—"our Love was slain,"*

Therefore, therefore, 'no more pain.'

Plains by Nile and Niger brighten'd—

World of the great western sea—

Rocks by polar snow-storm whiten'd—

'Give' your lost, your sav'd, your free ;

Yield the captive, burst each chain,

Shout 'whole earth,'—our Love was slain,

And 'there shall be—no more pain.'

They ceas'd ; and I stood motionless ; enrapt

In that high strain ;—till the benignant Howe

'Touch'd me' (so Gabriel once the' adoring seer)

And by the touch my charmed thought recall'd ;

Then told me Lucia's story of her bonds

And of her soul's best liberty ; which mine

Rejoic'd to treasure ;—told how robber hands

* See Note XLII.

Snatch'd the scar'd infant, sitting by the palm
That screen'd her mother's hut, and forc'd afar,
Pent in their sea-girt prison, to the shore
Where sons of Mammon rack'd her frame with toil.
But, midst those pangs and slowly wasting years,
The Son of God to Lucia's cabin sent
His heavenly truth, to 'make' her spirit 'free,'—
And it *was* free. Nor tyranny nor guile
Prevail'd to bind it, or seduce from Him
Whose word of loving-kindness was more dear
Than Gambia's waters to her fainting soul.
Meekly she yielded to the torturing scourge
Rather than yield to sin, or cease to' exalt
Him that had travers'd the deep seas of grief
To meet the scourge for her.

And did that Lord
Whose mission was 'to heal the broken heart,'
Forsake the faithful bondswoman?

His grace
Reviv'd her, through captivity's long gloom,
With sweetest hope. His holiest comforts breath'd
Around her sinking and scarce pillowed head,
Till Death, the true emancipator, Death
That warns the tyrant as he claims the slave,
—Arm'd with no scourge, and with no robber-
hand—

Unlock'd the spirit from its shattered cell,
The unpriz'd jewel from the Egyptian's hold,
That it might sparkle here.

And now (he ask'd)
Observ'st thou, near to Lucia, one that goes
With joyous haste to greet her? Didst thou ne'er
Gaze on that eye where Mercy's call adjur'd
Her tardy sons,—or where the senate lent
Its more fastidious ear, and ev'n the stern
Of mood, or scornful of his holiest aim,
Confess'd he, 'charm'd them wisely'?

So my guide
Announc'd—with welcome though superfluous words
Him whom without that aid I promptly knew.
'Little of stature,' but his countenance cast
A genial spark of pure philanthropy,
That flew like morning to the cloudy west,
And gilded all the densest shades of woe.
'T was He whose name the negro-mother sings
To lull her darling ; and thy every shore,
World of the West, must shout the blessing back,
When all thy freemen learn to make man free !
For learn they must ; though Europe's bitter laugh,
Too just, too poignant, now may sting, and rouse
A proud repugnance,—shall not self-respect,
Plain equity, and true religion, wake
To feel the right,—and home-taught Freedom then
(Avowing nobly her delusion past)
Pluck the strange brandmark from her blushin
brows

As the curst heir-loom of a servile age ?
—Bright jubilee—to light yet holier fires
Of grateful gladness in his eye serene
Who strove for injur'd Afric not in vain,
Who lov'd her children where he wrought below,
And loves them where he rests.

——But now the voice
Of Howe withdrew me.—Ere these bands disperse
'T will vary and increase thy joy to look
On other saints, whom I with gladness too
Shall indicate ; whom thou couldst ne'er behold
On earth, for they departed ere thy course
Had yet begun ; but were embalm'd for thee
And for the militant church—like victors laid
In funeral chambers with their arms around—
Or in biography's memorial page,
Or in their own bequests of sacred thought,
More precious.

The good Lydia still thou seest ;
And close to her the young Silvanus stands
As with a second parent, meekly glad :
Before those twain walks holy Corbet : erst
By the slow martyrdom of sharp disease
Rack'd, but still blessing Him that urg'd the thorn.*

Upon his left,—as in strict friendship join'd,—
The earnest presbyter of Wintringham ;
Who shar'd that anguish later, when the first
Had ceas'd, with us, from his hard warfare long ;
But, like him, learn'd to note down cordial thanks
For keenest, deepest wounds,—confiding still
That love must guide the lance which mercy made.†
See yonder, now retiring midst the grove,
Our venerated Baxter ; who through youth
And manhood sicken'd ; but his spirit's fire
From forth its fragile lamp the brightlier shone.
And here Susanna ; 'mid whose wearisome months,
And from her pain'd but unrepining heart,
'Songs in the night' ascended, (like those heard
Within Philippi's dungeon) which have sooth'd
With their unlearn'd and artless minstrelsy
Full many an humble sufferer.‡

Near her, look
Where Theodosia comes ;—whose lot below
Far differ'd ; nurtur'd in the happier walks
Of rural ease ; whose sacred verse was fram'd,
Though simple, for the cultur'd and refin'd ;
But who the same "immortal Saviour" lov'd,
And like Susanna bore His daily cross
In lengthen'd anguish, through the darkening vale,
Still by His own immortal grace sustain'd.§
See how she meets her lowlier sister here,
(With the warm glance which true affection wakes,
And the deep fellowship of souls akin ;)

* See Note XLIII.

‡ See Note XLV.

† See Note XLIV.

‡ See Note XLVI.

Sister in Christ, sweet psalmodist for Him
And for His Church ; nor scorns the memory
Of her less tuneful lyre.—

While thus he spake
I mark'd two saints advancing ; one of these
With courteous gesture, though yet distant, hail'd
My guide ; who now resum'd ;—I pray thee, note
Yon elder, that salutes me as he comes,—
The loftier and more gladsome of the twain ;—
How his eye sparkles, and his “cheerful look”
Hath healing in it ! Him they here surname
Timanthes ; long on earth my friend, ‘esteem’d
Highly in love ;’ and who departing thence,
Left me such stores as Plato never own’d
Nor Æsculapius ; treasures of God’s Word,
Imprinted rarely, criticis’d with skill,
And costly ; which himself had lov’d to seek,
And studied much ; and made his daily ‘lamp’
To walk by, till upborne to sun-light here.
He was, in wisdom, as in learning, rich ;
Student of nature—‘follower’ of her Lord ;
A man of science, but a child of God,—
Who, skilful in the strife with mortal woes,
And vigilant most in his own office, yet,
Like the Divine Physician whom he serv’d,
Cared for the immortal also ; and instill’d,
When art was frustrate, thro’ the fainting soul
Of earth’s last hope bereft, that surer word
Which heals the ‘wounded spirit.’

So he mov’d
In placid promptness, like “a spirit of health ;”
‘A son of consolation ;’ who rejoic’d
To yield, for pining want, his patient aid
Gratuitous. And so, ‘being dead,’ he liv’d
In poor men’s hearts an age.—His latest years
Had nought of insubmissive and morose,

• See Note XLVII.

But "pleasant patient expectation" still
Of that pure bliss for which with silver'd head
He waited calmly, and here amply shares,
Nor thinks it "came too late."—

Amidst these words

From my blest teacher, the companions now
Had join'd us ; when in cordial sprightly tone
Thus good Timanthes :—And *thou* here to-day,
Belov'd Johannes ! Truly this 'high-place'
And holy' assembling *two* unlook'd for joys
Have yielded me.—On yonder wood-capt knoll
Where balsams edge the track, and many an
herb

Or flowering plant, on earth medicinal,
Here only beautiful—their hues unfold,
We twain spent holily this holy morn ;
For 'our hearts burn'd within us,' talking there
Of Jesus and "the honours of His name,"
'The antidote of death.'—But while we thus
Went to and fro rejoicing, I descried
Upon the plain beneath us, some that mov'd
From every side as to this sacred grove
By preappointment ; and we thence divin'd
Your Sabbath convocation, where some saint
Would, in his turn, to fellow-saints, enhance
By happier flights of heaven-aspiring thought,
That Saviour's praise.

So in glad haste we came

To join the concourse ; and, for us, their theme
Hath prov'd yet more appropriate than I knew ;
For us—who both have dealt with pain, in all
Her direst apparitions : mourning oft-
Our impotence of art and zeal, to quell
The 'cruel one,' nay, reach her secret holds.
We therefore, with peculiar feelings, heard
The eloquent saint, and watch'd the sympathies
Of those whom sharp remembrance urg'd to seek

A fellow-sufferer's words ; and who perhaps
His theme solicited.

But my own eye dwelt
Soon, upon one alone. He saw not me,
Nor sees me yet : and to thyself, my friend,
On earth he ne'er was known ; but here I trust
Will be.

——To him the sovereign Arbiter
' Committed much :—rank, wealth, wit, learning,—
all—

(Poor, precious, glittering, perilous, transient, all)
That earth calls best.—He ' fared sumptuously,'
And every loan misus'd. His Lord was ' not
In all ' the proud man's ' thoughts : ' till stern disease,
That waits no ushering e'en to " regal towers,"
Came, with rebukes despotic, " sharp and long."
Then,—like sick Julius in the fever-fit,—
This minion of the hollow world " did shake : "
His joyous glance had sunken ; and his brow
Peer'd dizzily—humid with starting dew—
Over the leap of death.

In that dark day
It chanc'd (not chanc'd—his unsought Saviour will'd)
My aid was summon'd ; and I minister'd
With all solicitude and half success
To pressing ills : then seiz'd " the softer hour "
To tell my grateful sufferer of that balm
Unvalued,—the pure medicament divine
Shed once for wounds unseen ; the balm which fell
In slow cold drops by moaning Kedron's brink.
In quick warm streams from Calvary's awful tree :
The one, though not " oblivious antidote,"
" To cleanse full bosoms of that perilous stuff,
Which weighs upon the heart."

He heard me' at first
With doubt ; (so Wilmot the good prelate heard ;)*

* See Note XLVIII.

But yet with candour ; holding my poor skill,
 Plain sense, and unbrib'd honesty, perchance,
 As pledges both for 'soberness and truth ;'
 And for a 'sound mind' e'en tow'rd 'things unseen.'
 —He search'd the record ; ponder'd, pray'd, believ'd ;
 Receiv'd God's glorious message to the 'lost ;'
 And was thenceforth the faithful happy 'steward'
 Of his Lord's many loans ; supremely now
 Treasuring, with earnest holy covetousness,
 What by diffusion no subtraction fears,
 But—with true love dispens'd—augments at heart
 The more ! 'God's gift unspeakable.'

My cure

—As Heaven's weak minister his frame to heal—
 Was naught. The frame long languish'd—till its fall.
 But *God's* cure, 'the renewing of the mind,'
 The 'spirit lifted up,' the 'heart transform'd,'
 The creature re-made by his Maker's touch,
 The 'workmanship' 'in Christ' 'unto good works,'
 Grew all complete.—The old and corrupt will
 Hung 'crucified : ' till death, with heathenish blow.
 Brake the twin strength of anguish and of sin,
 And smote him home, before me.

Yet till now

We met not here : but this day I beheld
 His ecstasy ;—so deep, so meek, so pure,—
 That I could look upon my patient's face,
 All radiant with the likeness of his Lord,
 Through many a sabbath ; still unweariedly
 Offering mute benisons—to Him that made
 Such feeble art and scanty zeal of mine,
 The conduits of His own exhaustless grace.—

—So good Timanthes. With a still delight
 I h'ad listen'd ;—nor my sainted guide replied
 Except in that unheard but ocular speech
 Which pictur'd answering joy.

Then, as the twai
 Pass'd from us onward, Lydia near me came,
 And said—That blessed elder was to me
 Unknown ; but his associate oft I find
 With one rever'd of many ; once herself
 His faithful consort ;—in that changeful world
 Where happiest bands are knit but to be loos'd,
 Soon parted ; yet in spiritual bands still one,—
 As thy dear parents are.

His humbler name
 Was spotless ; and though ne'er enregister'd
 Upon celebrity's stain'd perishing book,
 —Nor covetous of honour save from God,—
 He too could heal :—through many an active day
 Did Thomas, like Timanthes, 'work the work'
 Of his lov'd Master ; watching sedulously
 To prop the spirit's doom'd 'tent,' and bless,
 —With solace, or monition gently wise,
 The deathless inmate. In that kind pursuit
 He rode, as was his wont, through nightly storm,
 Reckless of winter, to a lonely house
 Where fever rag'd ;—and there (for so decreed
 Mysterious Love—nor faith mistook the voice)
 That parching spectre with the fiery wing
 Was bidden on *him* to breathe.—He gain'd his ho
 —Say rather, place, whence to this home to soar—
 Look'd out to bid the moonlight earth adieu,
 Then laid him down ; and to the ear that bent
 O'er his death-couch, exclaim'd—I muse in peace
 Amid God's angels and His myriad saints,
 Whom I shall shortly join.—Lo thou hast seen
 Himself among them.

Thou canst not see yet
 The greatest Thomas—him that doubted long,
 Then reverently exclaim'd 'My Lord, my God !'
 Next witness'd unto 'blood ;'—who singly bore
 The cross, through that far east where Timour si

(Girt with his locust ravagers) advanc'd
 The paly crescent by the thirsty sword.
 —But 'fret not' that 'the chief' are yet conceal'd ;
 Mindful, while looking on the lowliest here,
 —Ev'n on my poor Silvanus,—ev'n on me ;—
 That thou dost look on whom their Lord forespake
 The 'blessed ;' who, on earth, had never 'seen,'
 'And yet' (through graee) 'believed.'
 Soon thou goest
 Where tears are rife.

Go—'weep with them that weep ;'
 Weep with the sick ; the tempted ; the bereav'd ;
 And for the serfs of Moloch, who can jeer
 At holiest hope, and 'make their mock at sin,'
 Weep bitterest tears : such thy Redeemer wept :—
 But weep not—weep not—for the' unprison'd 'just' ;
 Or—if thou must weep—then be every drop
 That stays and glistens on thy joyous cheek,
 A symbol of the priceless pearl they won,
 The stainless pearls they wear.

So, warmly, spoke
 That humble monitress : then turn'd to meet
 Silvanus ; while to me, thus rose afresh
 The welcome voice of Howe.—

All those, and such
 As those, in that high chorus, (who can doubt,)
 Sang sweetest, if not loudest.

Theirs the notes
 Of tenderest and most thrilling joyfulness,
 In that immortal burden which resounds
 Love's costliest triumph—'Pain shall be no more !'
 —Among such martyrs few more prominent,
 Than he whose recent homily of praise
 New wak'd their souls to song. He learn'd his theme
 Under the flinty edge of torture ; felt
 The latent many-pointed pang,—but bow'd
 In acquiescent stillness, and, confess'd

Its probing, healing, soul-maturing power.
 Few verily with holier transports came
 To welcome rest than he.*

My son, if pain

Await thee, as it must do—or await
 Whom best thou lov'st, when from our Sabbath eve
 Thou wend'st a pilgrim to earth's weary noon,
 O think of these—the burden of their song—
 The burst of their exultance—the deep love
 That swells their every lay.

Then ask thy Lord

To arm thee with the all-sufficient strength
 In which they conquer'd.—

Keep their path to rest

Mindful that rest is nigh ; seraphic rest ;—
 Zeal without toil,—and fervour without sighs,—
 Love without parting,—bliss without a dream,—
 And life all life,—where 'pain can be no more.'

Yet—albeit Lydia fitting counsel gave
 Not, in thy transient glimpses of our home,
 To pine for actual joyous interviews
 With the most dear, but wait *His* time, content
 That whom thou lov'st are happy—

Yet, (since heaven

The boon denies not) to thy longing soul
 Some visionary prelude may I bring
 Of those delights : for we, the dwellers here,
 Not seldom reach that lucid perfectness
 Of second or anticipative sight,
 Which e'en to mortals (say they) hath at times
 In fainter rudiments been given ; more oft
 I ween, by illusion dreamt, or guile assum'd.
 Here, all is truth : and if the Allwise Supreme
 Permit, we can evoke, and, e'en to you,
 In vivid hues unveil some future scene

* See Note XLIX.

Of social gladness.—Clasp this friendly palm, •
To knit thy soul in contact with my own
Mystic yet real.—Now, intently gaze
On yonder fount : where the bright Iris gleams
Athwart the dark brow'd rock :

—Whom seest thou there ?

—I look'd, and as I gaz'd, amid the spray
Tinted with wavering brilliants, slowly outbeam'd
The ideal picture.—'T was the embowering glade
Which Lydia told me of : those ancient friends
My parent and the loving Dorcas sat
In happy communings.

Then, as they talk'd,

I mark'd one swiftly nearing, whom at first
The sudden inquisition of mine eye
Scarce recognis'd. Yet (said the saint) I know
Thy love for Junia. True her prime of youth
Below, albeit in infancy thy smile
Its fond caresses met, hath vanish'd long
From thy remembrance, and the recent form
Portray'd upon thy mental sight, is that
Of venerable age.—But see her here
Like thy departed parent and her own,
Rejuvenescent.—Thou canst surely trace
Both in their Junia's aspect and in theirs,
The gentleness so long belov'd, and now
To immortal youth transfigur'd. See besides
That sister who in youth's fair dawn declin'd ;
Nipp'd like a floweret in the frosts of May ;
And thy own sister, who from later woes
Pass'd to this realm of rest : each fondly leans
Complacent on a tender parent's arm.
All,—e'en the venerated Dorcas, wear
The living freshness of their Junia's bloom
Renew'd and still reviving as they haste
To bid her welcome, and thou seest the form
So bent in weakness once, and the eyes so dim,

Now radiant ; and their melting glance benign
Wafted as on a seraph's plume of fire
To meet the lov'd ones. Mark on Junia's cheek
The flush of heightening transport, as the voice
Of Dorcas whispers that those other twain,
Once plung'd in troublous waves of dire unrest
And dark bewilderment, are safe and nigh ;
Snatch'd by transcendent Mercy from the maze
Of hopelessness ; and that ere long, prepar'd
In calm retreat by the paternal care
Of Thomas and Timanthes, they will come
Gladden'd by that tuition, to rejoin
All they love best, within yon happy bower,
And to rejoicing angels there present
A group thrice blest, a ransom'd household, chang'
And perfected, a family of heaven.
—He turn'd—the vision faded—and he said
Now go, my son : muse in our noon-day shades ;
Lift up thy heart in joyous thankfulness,
And humble it in solitary prayer ;
Nor as the day declines, remit thy watch ;
For then 'at even-tide it shall be light'
With light from the true heavens : and thou mayst
Far 'greater things than these.'—

He spake and we:

—While all that band, in silent blessedness,
With devious steps regain'd their happy bowers.

AN AUTUMN DREAM.



PART V.

THE GLEN—THE COMPANIONS—SIMPLICIO—
THE ENVOYS—SEMOTHIEL—THE MARTYRS.

Thoughts on solitude—The writer retires at noon to a glen, where he meets those who conduct him to look on four other saints—These are described ; and afterwards a fifth, Simplicio, relates his own history—Envoys are seen from the Martyrs' Isle, who fulfil their commission.

AN AUTUMN DREAM.



O SOLITUDE,—thou awful privative,—
In fancy sometimes long'd for, yet more fear'd,
By harass'd, wearied, self-condemning minds,
Vex'd in the turmoil,—scar'd at self and thee ;—
Thou void, that teemest with eternal fruits,
Mighty and ceaseless nurse of good or ill ;
Best cherisher of man's divinest hope,
Yet foster-parent to his base desires,
Sensual and earthly—nay to darkest wiles
Of demons,—what a register thou bear'st,
—What a vast scroll of thought, intent, and deed,
Deed of the busy heart, if not the hand,—
Up to heaven's final audit ! O what notes
Of secret evil, hath thy mantle's fold
Or the wide hollow of thy sombrous urn
Embosom'd, and borne silently away
From each of us,—to be unroll'd and scann'd
At that tribunal ! Yet thou own'st beside,
—And to the Great Inspirer be the praise,—
Uncounted sighs of filial penitence,
And pure resolves, and energies renew'd,
And aspirations fill'd with heavenward trust,

And grateful offerings. Silent Priestess, hail ;
Whose altar is 'the field at eventide,'
The midnight couch thy shrine.

But O that He
In whom 'we live and move,' whose ear pervades
The fancied loneliness that else were death,
May hallow all thy earthly haunts, and cheer
With best delights our solitudes below ;
Like those high solitudes of waiting saints
Thro' which, with respite from vain earthly cares,
In visionary blessedness I roam'd.
—'T was noon ; and the faint shadows that had slept
Upon those ever-verdant stormless hills,
Were scarce discern'd ; for now the latent sun
Pour'd from a zenith almost vertical
His temper'd rays.

Yet from those temper'd rays,
Though gentle in their fervency, my steps
Bent towards the covert of more grateful shades :
For westward, where the sloping upland sank
Facing the Martyrs' Isle, and was refresh'd
By rippling waves that bath'd its pebbly shore,
There, in the furrow of a mountain pass,
Were seen dark massy tops of mulberries ;
Betokening a defile that well might hide
Umbrageous beauty.

Thitherward I drew
Lur'd by the promise of that secret glade
And welcome shelter : nor was slow to find
A sylvan path descending to the brink
Where the green billow met the dark ravine :
Then turning, mounted by the hurrying rill
Which, from its hidden fountains, not unheard,
Leapt joyous to the bosom of the flood :
Even as a Christian smit with swift decline
Hastes down the rough and sharp descent of death
To meet his Lord's embrace !

Now, lingeringly,
By that rill's border, up the wood's wild road
I wander'd ; and in thoughtful loneliness
Found gladness ; yet my heart presaging still
Some quick surprisal into social joy.
Awhile I paus'd to watch the torrent's plunge
From a smooth tablet of ferruginous rock
Like showers of amber beads ; then sudden turn'd,
And started to perceive the graceful form
Of the good Fénélon. Behind him stood
One whose most venerable presence told,
That he had bow'd him to the grave with years
Laden and drooping, like the full ripe sheaf
Which bends its riches to the reaper's grasp.

Then Cambrai said, with mild and cordial tone,
—Welcome once more ! I can present thee now
To one of old in England's annals known,
The virtuous Anselm ; but while his good words
Engage thee, we may hasten towards a scene,
Cheering and full of profit for thyself
And us, which, if I err not, is at hand.

Above the northward slope of this steep glen
Ev'n now with that revered friend I sat,
Our mental prayer with holy converse mixt
And Sabbath contemplation ; looking oft
Tow'rds the bright Martyrs' Isle ; when thence I saw
Four sacred messengers, serenely borne
Upon a cloud, bend their aërial course
Right hitherward : but on the height hard by
Their shining chariot stay'd, the while they seem'd
In conference.

Near us, if I well divine,
Will be their blest commission ; for within
The hidden circuit of perpetual green
By which yon rill descends, are wont to abide
Some whose most hallow'd union hath matur'd

Each other for that sojourn whence we hail
Not seldom those ambassadors of joy.

Ascend we therefore yonder ; it may be
Thou shalt behold some high behest fulfill'd
By those who gladly fly to minister
Unto the heirs of glory.

At this hope
Unlook'd for, much I joy'd, and spake my thanks
With earnest warmth.

Then, while he led the' ascent,
His friend address'd me : not with England's voice,
But with that liquid and poetic tongue
In which Petrarca moulded his sweet lays,
His sonnet cameos of unearthlike love :
To which the old majestic speech of Rome
Was smooth'd and melted by her vocal sons
From Roman vigour fall'n.

Be not surpris'd,
Said Anselm, that albeit I sojourn'd long
Where the broad Seine through Norman pastures
rolls,

—Then found in fertile Kent my honour'd home,
And there resign'd my breath,—I fondly choose
The melody of soft Cisalpine sounds,
The accents of my boyhood. Yet your lawns
And dales of Kent I lov'd, and lov'd yet more
Her city's sacred towers ; though all unlike
The ice-clad grandeur of my natal vale,
Aosta, and my wild Calabrian home.*
—But be thou grateful, stranger, for thy birth
More recent ; not in that dark turbulent age
Which my frail memory, now perfect grown,
Paints but as yesterday ; the age when spoil

* For the life of Anselm, Archbishop of Canterbury, and some specimens of his devout writings, see Milner, *History of the Church of Christ* (Cent. xi.) ; who says, "As a divine and a Christian, he was the first of characters in this century."

And feud were rife ; age of the slavish carle
And tyrannous baron ; when stern Rufus fell
Like stricken boar, as if amerç'd in blood
For wretched serfs sold like his forest swine :
While Superstition's dense and lurid mist
Blotted our holy faith. This even in life
My heart bewail'd ; and though strong custom's
power

Warr'd with the light, my voice and pen enforc'd
Upon that darken'd century the truths
Of Christ's pure Gospel. How much more in death
My spirit priz'd it, when external pomps,
Rites, penances, and merits, vanish'd all
As poor delusive shadows, leaving nought
On which the prelate or the man could rest,
Save the one mystery of love divine
At His atoning cross !——

Thus Anselm spoke,
And might have more, had not he now perceiv'd
That oft the attractive landscape won mine eye,
And dull'd my listening ear.

For here we stept
Forth on a grassclad bank fronted with cliffs,
'Twixt which the rivulet, in a snowy drift,
Fell sparkling like a liquid avalanche
Before us ; from between the cypress boughs
That skirted it, more snow-like.

On the sward
Four blest companions lean'd ; round whom up-
sprang

Tufts of that land's perennial rose ; and one
Of these, whose cloudwrought veil her sex beseem'd,
Pluck'd a bright dewy bud, and gave to him
That was beside her. He perus'd the flower,
Smil'd on the donor, seiz'd his psaltery
From the fresh turf, and with a master's touch,
Drew forth its quick vibrations as he sang ;

Sweet noon of day, that shedst thy light
On our new earth and softer sky,—
Though chas'd by noon of brilliant night,
Thou wilt not die.

Thine hours anew shall gently gleam,
Praising the Holiest and Most High ;
And whispering that thou didst but seem
At eve to die.

Sweet rose, whose blossomings breathe around
On laden breeze and dazzled eye,
Thy stem is on 'my Master's' ground,
It ne'er can die.

Sweet hours, sweet streams, and fadeless roses,
Meet for "the fields where angels lie,"
Your circling music never closes :
It may not die.

Cypress, whose odorous branches wave,
Folds to the beauteous earth and sky,
Thy roots must own the Victor's grave,
They shall not die.

Here, like heaven's light, each new-born soul
To which heaven's love its ardours gives,
Free from the tropic to the pole
Expansive lives.

One hour, the sunless noonday sheds
Its mellow calm of soften'd rays ;
The next, in lunar glories, spreads
Its radiant praise.*

* It will be perceived by some readers that these lines are a very imitation, in form and phrase, of the well-known piece of Herf
"Sweet day so cool, so calm, so bright."

Beyond them see that pastor, from whose face
A heaven is beaming ; * 'tis the self-denied,
Affectionate, unwearied, bold Flechère ;
Whose birth Helvetia own'd, but whose pure life
And 'more abundant' labours, fraught with zeal
Most primitive and courage unsubdued,
Were chiefly to thy favour'd England given.
Save when his ardour bore him to the hills
And mountain hamlets of the wild Cevennes ;
Refreshing there the scatter'd bands whose faith
Surviv'd the rage of courtly prelacy
To make "new converts" † by the dungeon's light,
And the foul license of the fierce dragoon.

Near him his consort ; whom (when many a year
Had past of distant sympathy conceal'd)
God's providence for four brief winters lent
His waning life to soothe : assigning then
To her lone self some thrice ten winters more,
Spent for her Lord, and spent in fervid hope,
Soon realiz'd, to meet in transport here
As saints no longer mortal : thus conjoin'd
In love celestial and fraternal quite,
Tender as spiritual, intense as pure.

But now, my son, a little space advance,
And note one near us whom the flowery brake
As yet conceals.

So doing, I perceiv'd
A youth reclin'd beneath a mossy crag
Close by the falling stream ; and watching there
The gush of snowy pearls that still career'd
Over the sable rock which seem'd to bar
Their gushing.

As I look'd, Anselmo now

* See Note LI.

† " Nouveaux 'onvertis'" was the term applied to those who renounced their religion from fear in the persecution under Louis XIV.

With courteous sign to Fénélon gave place,
Who thus exclaim'd.

—O bright and blessed change
For that poor, stricken, dumb, afflicted one,
Gaston the (so call'd) idiot,—whom we here
Name the belov'd Simplicio,—from a world
Of ills and weaknesses, where once he dwelt
A child of sorrows, by the hand of God
From all its pleasures exil'd. Yet was he
(Ere smitten yet by what men term mischance)
My first and dearest treasure : the delight
Of my confiding infancy.

The child
Had been his only parent's only hope ;
Whom early widowhood had press'd with want
Below her early nurture.—We were us'd
To sport together oft upon the edge
Of a romantic mill-stream's brawling flow,
In Perigord, within a woody vale
Which flank'd my own forefathers' frowning towers :
Plucking sometimes the ivy branch, sometimes
Culling bright pebbles from the brook below ;
Then casting each into the babbling flood
Watch'd idly while each hurried from our sight,
Nor own'd them yet as emblems of earth's joys,
Its greenest wreaths and richest jewelleries,
Borne by time's ceaseless torrent to the pool
Of dark oblivion.

Daily then we met
When childish tasks were done ; till one fair eve
I found him not ; and doleful was the tale
Of little Gaston's absence : —that same morn
His widow'd parent left her child, her all,
Ere sunrise, sleeping still in a small nook
Of their one neat but lowly dwelling room.

Chanting her pious matins, she had "brush'd

The upland dews," and with best speed amass'd
A weighty burden of dry crackling boughs ;
Then hastily retrac'd the forest path
Down towards her home, chas'd by a thundercloud
Which urg'd her to its shelter. Therefore, not
Waiting to store the gather'd load beside
That roof, as was her wont, on winter's pile,
She enter'd, bending at the antique door,
And cast it sudden on her cottage hearth—
Thoughtless that moment of her slumbering child.
—O dark, mysterious moment, full of woe
Which Heaven ordain'd to enhance their bliss at last !

Wak'd in dumb terror at the startling crash,
My little playmate look'd from his low bed
With wilder'd glance, and when his mother spoke
—Good morn,—my Gaston—in her tenderest tone,
He look'd, smil'd, wept—but Gaston spoke no more.*
Thenceforth a gentle mute ; to whom the earth,
And home, and parent, seem'd but vacancy ;
Though nature still the speechless child caress'd,
And all the pitying hamlet lov'd him still.

Who, who, could weigh the desolate mother's grief ?
Who saw—who felt—with sympathy complete
That smitten parent's self-inflicted pang ?
None, none, but He, who from the cross look'd down
On His own mother's bleeding heart, and said
'Woman, behold thy Son !'

He sympathiz'd,
As none else may ; and 'strengthen'd' by His love
With holy 'might' amidst her misery,
That widow murmur'd not ; but meekly took
The cross, and bore it hourly ; till by years
It had grown less o'erwhelming ; and her tongue
Could chant the pensive matins once again
E'en while she look'd on Gaston, as he sat
Beside her favourite stream, not active now

* See Note LII.

Nor sportive, but in changeless quietness
—Save ever and anon a flitting smile—
Gazing from hour to hour upon the play
Of dancing bubbles, and the unending fall ;
As if that “running brook” had been to him
Nature’s whole “book” of mystery and change.
But I foresee thy question—Wherefore not
That holy and now happy parent *here*,
Close to her child?—

Because her Lord, my son,
Hath counted her a martyr.

She was made,
By His inscrutably ordaining will,
The hapless instrument of that rude shock
Which quench’d the mind most dear.

She learnt of Him
Hourly to look upon that stricken lamb
Without rebellion at the cruel stroke,
Or that her own hands had been strangely doom’d
To cause it : till at length amidst her grief
She smil’d upon the wreck herself had made,
Trusting her Lord’s right hand to launch it soon,
Renew’d and buoyant, where celestial streams
‘Make glad’ the mount of God. Therefore hath He
Seal’d her ‘a faithful witness’ ; and her soul
At once ascended from the weary abode
Of her long sorrows to that sanctuary
Which thou didst see crowning the Martyrs’ Isle :
There met by many,—but above the rest
Met by the “Father of the Faithful” there—
With the soul’s deep communion : e’en by him
Who—peerless martyr—‘took the knife to slay’
His second self ; but mercy cried, enough,
And Heaven’s own voice revok’d the hard command.
Less was her martyrdom, in that she smote
Unconsciously ; yet was it greater too ;
In that through years she watch’d his helpless smile—

And smil'd responsive—since Heaven will'd it so.
But she hath seen him here.

On solemn days
Those 'chosen and faithful' oft to us descend,
Teachers and guests, till we to them shall rise.
I cannot paint those blissful interviews,
Frequent, but ever new.

Yet, doubt thou not,
That minds inur'd by long privation, grow
Pliant and disciplin'd to all Heaven's will,
To partings as to meetings : neither judge
That the suspensions of our social joys,
While pure essential blessedness remains,
Are tedious. Where His Spirit intensely breathes
All states are one rejoicing : social praise,
Or the still praise of solitude : for here
Hours, years, and joys, in one harmonious course
Glide voluble, and to the utmost age
Will glide,* until succession's streamlets merge
In the bright ocean of the' immortal now.
Soon will our separating days have ceas'd,
Soon for us all ; but sooner far for these,
Since, if I rightly deem, ev'n this blest hour
Will waft Simplicio to his parent's arms.
Now therefore, ere the sole occasion pass,
Let me invite him hither, that himself
May to thine ear the welcome " tale unfold "
Of his mute life on earth.

As thus he spoke,
The meditative youth arose and came :
And thus I learnt, in that blest polity,
So sovereign are the appeals of 'eye to eye,'
Of blameless heart to heart, that to desire
One, seen in distance, near us, is to bring ;
Magnetically bring ; without a voice

* " Labitur et labetur," &c.

Or signal, save the spirit's telegraph,
The mystic pulse of souls.

Then Cambrai ask'd
Of the fair youth who smil'd on each of us,

I pray, my good Simplicio, tell us, what
Thy thoughts were (for this stranger fain would hear)
Amidst that long seclusion from the words
And ways of men, a voiceless sojourner,
Smitten yet blest, an exile and belov'd.
Say too what holy teachings Heaven prepar'd,
To wake at first within thine infant breast
Those secret fervours, afterward reviv'd
By ocular monition from His works,
Fair nature's lesson to one watchful sense.
I know the past is now all clear to thee,
Although on earth confusedly obscure
With hovering clouds, since gloriously dispell'd.
——To whom he answer'd thus.

——One little month
Before that shock which rudely sever'd me,
Almost in infant years, from all that men
Call converse,—she whose parent love to me
Was only by her childlike love to God
Exceeded, yet by that exalted more,—
Led me one eve—a spring-time festival—
To a small rural church amidst the hills,
Whither with earnest pace the peasants flock'd
At vespers. There a venerable priest,—
One whom through every darkening form and rite
And creed of man's device, the radiant warmth
Of the true Sun of Righteousness had reach'd,
Kindling that fervent charity which glow'd
Beneath his silver'd temples, ('such an one
As Paul the aged,') from the open porch
Preach'd to his rustic flock : and spake such words
As rustics, nay even infants, might receive :
For well he knew, the loftiest minds on earth

—Had such been listeners,—were but infants still
On themes divine, and might with profit dwell
On simplest utterances of saving truths,
In lowliest presentation most sublime.

I heard with thoughtful joy, the while he told
Of Jesus resting on the Patriarch's well
By Sychar, there proclaiming to the lost
And wondering alien, Heaven's eternal 'gift,'
The fountain, which who tastes shall 'thirst no
more :'

Nor heard of it in vain : my childish mind
Enlighten'd by a gracious ray, discern'd
More than the symbol : felt that He who gave
The fruitful shower, the limpid stream to cool
My limbs at summer noon, and to assuage
My thirst with grateful flow, could also give
'The gift of God,' supreme and spiritual ;
Abundant to renew, to fertilize,
And satisfy the soul. I long'd to drink
That 'living water,' and the pastor led
Even me, the feeblest lamb of all the fold,
To its pure source ; bidding me taste and live.
He made me know the 'gift unspeakable,'
Yea seem'd to impart it : for his tremulous voice,
His eye benignant, and his open hand
Lifted or wav'd with solemn earnestness,
Were living channels through which mercy deign'd
To speed it to my heart.

I bless that man ;
When I meet saints unknown, still seek I him ;
And when I find him (as in these bright realms
At length I must), far off shall recognise
That silver 'crown of righteousness,' and fly
To touch the lips whence living waters flow'd.
Each day I ponder'd o'er his precious words,
Revolving all in meek simplicity

Of childlike gladness, speaking of them oft
To her whom most I lov'd.

But soon ensued

The destin'd blow which, without contact, jarr'd
The avenues of sound, and palsied quite
• The nerves of speech,—while like a 'sword' it 'pierc'd'
My tender mother's soul : my mind awhile,
From that sad hour was dark and wandering,
My powers inert, my being all unstrung :
But when her hand, whose fond maternal care
Was ceaseless, guided me in sadness forth
To my dear play-place by the tangled edge
Of that unalter'd stream,—its much-lov'd flow
Pour'd freshly to my heart the blissful thought
Of 'living water' and eternal peace.—
The words which Jesus utter'd rose and shone
Within the secret cells of memory,
Like dews in flower-cups of the wilderness,
Where no "bee sucks" nor wild bird's note resounds.
Thenceforth that streamlet was my holy book ;
The illuminated ever-flowing type
Of Heaven's divine refreshings, and its fount
Of purity and peace. My soul withdrawn
From all else outward, drank more copiously
The pure internal stream of promis'd bliss,
Gaz'd on the vivid emblem, and imbib'd
The living truth.* Thus month by month the rill
Whose charm had wak'd those heaven-born thoughts
anew,
Was my soul's luxury ; till that soul enlarg'd
By the deep silent joy which Heaven inspir'd,
In dreaming wakefulness would link its thoughts
To words which evermore I mutely sang ;
Still gazing on that unexhausted rill
And tasting momentarily the affluent store
Of gladness which it pictur'd and convey'd.

* See Note LIII.

'Living water' whose pure wells
Rise on holiest heights above,
In thy sparkling current dwells
Heaven's own beam of light and love.

'Spring' bright 'well,' to thee I 'sing ;' *
Haste ye in melodious strife
Drops which heavenly blessings bring,
Still in my glad soul upspring,
'Up to everlasting life !'

Fount of love, I sing to thee ;
Fount of high and pure delight,
Fill'd with immortality,
Ever spring thou up in me
Toward thy source in life and light.

Depth and height of goodness, hail,
Boundless as eternity !
Till thy glorious fulness fail,
Till Heaven's vital Sun grow pale,
'All my springs are still in Thee.'

Such was my strain from childhood up to youth,
Attun'd to hidden music of the heart,
Sweet though inaudible : till hasty death
Stopp'd suddenly—close by that much-lov'd stream—
My heart's young pulses and its secret lays ;
Bearing my spirit to resume them here ;
Here at this loftier fount, in the' ampler flow
Of liquid gems exuberantly bright.

O how 'far better' at these 'upper springs,'
The illapses of those inward streams of joy
By streams of grief once bought ! Redundantly
Breathes in each heavenly air and gliding wave
The loving-kindness of my present Lord.

* Numb. xxi. 17.

And yet even here, O stranger, by these flowers
Celestial, and these founts of paradise,
Still I take up my earthly childhood's strain ;
Not mutely now, nor in that earth-born speech
To which for thy sake I return awhile,
But in the' unearthly accents which infuse
Seraphic warmth and sweetness unconceiv'd
Into that mortal song.

So chant I here
The strain of other days ; and most of all,
By yon bright waters, to their soft response,
The varying burden of its sacred close.

Depth and height of goodness hail !
Boundless as infinity !
Till the eternal Rock be frail,
Till the living Sun grow pale,
Till Thy glorious fulness fail,
' All my springs are still in Thee.'

Thus while he told, and I delighted heard,
The tale of Heaven's best mercies so enshrin'd
Within its iron rod,—a purple cloud
From westward floating, like a radiant fleece,
Swept ever and anon the flowery soil
Bearing a group more radiant ; till from us
Not far, it stay'd.

Their number four ; of whom
Three were in like ethereal vestments clad
With all whom that new region had disclos'd ;
Except that through their vapoury foldings gleam'd
Upon the breast of each, a dazzling cross,
Which—like the' oracular Urim of the Priest
In Israel's day of miracles,—shot forth
A rubied brightness.

With much more surprise
Mark'd I the form and presence of the fourth,

Who led that holy mission ; in whose shape
Bright novelties of splendour strangely join'd.

His frame was as a lucent image, carv'd
Of mountain crystal, while a mazy flood
Like Idrian silver, with minutest streams
Of shining circulation wander'd through
Each flexile limb.

A reed of gold he bore,
And on his forehead glanc'd a diadem
Of changeful rays, as 't were a turban woven
By Iris' fingers, or a glassy prism
In molten softness round his temples wreath'd.
So, a brief while, that argent spectre stood
Betwixt me and the gliding fall, to which
His many-hued tiara gave the bow
That in their sunless noon it lack'd.—I gaz'd
Admiring. Then Anselmo softly thus—
Attend, while yet the transient visit lasts
Of that illustrious band.

We know them each ;
For oft have these and their associates come
To call the chosen from our fellowship hence
Up to their island fane, nor seldom hold
With us 'sweet counsel.' That celestial one
Who leads them, and hath fixed thy wondering view,
Is the good spirit Semothiel.

Not more bright
The changeful beams on his tiara shine,—
Not more unstain'd the fluid crystalline
Of his clear form,—than is the joy wherewith
This angel of our God and his compeers
Rejoice o'er the repenting, and salute
The sav'd, ascending to their Father's home.
Such joyful love doth guide them.

Next thou seest,
(Foremost and noblest of the earthborn three),

I liv'd and labour'd, but whose dark misdeeds
My soul could never palliate, though, alas,
In death's terrific mirror first it saw
Their whole deformity.

Thus while he spake,
That sacred train new near.

Semothiel touch'd
With his bright wand the youthful hermit's brow,
And holy Stephanus cried

Simplicio, come ;
Thee first we choose and claim.

Our glorious Lord
Said ' many that are last shall be the first
And the first last.'—Let Christians heed it well ;
For nought of His predictive word shall fail.
Thou—even in that our world of sin—wert rank'd
Among the first of His.

Had He sustain'd
Thy native powers, then with His added gifts
And graces hadst thou wisely ' occupied,'
Among the foremost champions of His truth,
Yielding the active and unwearied prime
Of self-devoting years ' in singleness
Of heart ' to Him.

But when His sovereign will
Bereav'd thee of such powers, He fix'd thy lot
(At least on earth, through thy brief mortal day)
To that pure life, hidden with Christ in God,
Of love contemplative.

Come therefore up,
Leading thy bright quaternion, one step more
Tow'rd His own heavens, till ye shall reach at length
The' eternal fount in which no tear can fall !

So spoke Christ's proto-martyr : then advanc'd
Close to that waiting band of ardent friends
Whom Heaven now summon'd thence.

—His words to them,

From us more distant, came not to my ear ;
But I beheld, that, after mutual speech,
Those happy four the heavenly envoys met,
Simplicio leading them ; and well I saw
With what a fervent grasp of brotherhood
Lefèvre hasted to embrace Flechére ;
By birth almost his countryman, but twice
Esteem'd such, since with apostolic zeal
And patriarchal staff, he had sought out
Those flocks on Gallia's mountains, faithful sons
Of martyr'd sires.

Nor less Perpetua clave
To that true pastor's helpmate ; as to one
Who, had her lot been on the Lybian shore
And midst the savage brunt of pagan rage,—
Had surely fallen a sister heroine there,
Counting nor life nor child nor parent hers,
When all must be surrender'd, or the Lord
Of all denied.

But now that purple cloud
Obedient to Semothiel's mystic wand
Drew round their steps, and full angelic tones
Mix'd with the soft accord of Herbert's lyre,
As rose the ærial car slow gliding west,
And shone receding from my tearful eyes
Across the flood, to land its blessed freight
Upon the sacred isle.

Then Anselm cried
—Stranger, they go, they triumph, they repose !
Erewhile they fought, and conquer'd !

Thou too go !

Array thee from God's armoury of light
In which Christ's feeblest soldier stands secure ;
Or rather His eternal arm invoke
To indue thee with that panoply of grace

By which they vanquish'd: midst thy fears and
sloth

Alas still incomplete, nor well 'put on.'

'Weak is thine heart,' but grace can nerve it yet,
Ev'n in disconsolate and fainting hours,
To cheer some better soldiers for the strife,
Our one good strife which binds and not divides.
The triumph—like the strength—shall not be theirs
But His who call'd them, who would have their hope
Firm and abounding, 'faithful unto death,'
And fearless through it.

So when death expires
Like a pale phantom, at the immortal dawn,
More, more awaits them than yon radiant cloud,
Yon martyrs' welcome, or yon seraph's wand;
—He waits to meet them who ordain'd the war,
'In His own glory;' kindling on each breast
The ruby cross of victory and peace,
And, within each, the' intenser light of love.

Ah, trust your Lord for miracles like these!
He that once bled, to win you from despair—
Fill'd the cold tomb, your colder hearts to fire,
Sought earth and hades, so to frustrate hell—
Rose joyous, to 'prepare' His saints 'a place'—
—'How shall He not' those rescued trophies hold
And lift 'above all heavens,' to 'shine forth' praise
As faultless lustres round His filial throne!

AN AUTUMN DREAM.



PART VI.

THE AGE—THE SABBATH EVE—THE CON-
COURSE—THE SPIRIT—PENINA THE
ENTHRONED—THE CHORUS.

Address to the age—The writer at evening returns to the verge of the mountains—again sees the watching multitude—The fall of torrents is heard—then the sound of moving hosts—The hosts assemble—Transition in thought to the Colliseum—thence to the Amphitheatre above—The concourse there—who—and for whom they wait—The saint who led the writer to the Grove rejoins him, and discourses of divisions, of love, and of future unity—of Christian hope and duty—The writer is addressed concerning paradise and heaven by an unknown spirit, who relates the story of Penina and Ithamel, and vanishes—Evening falls—The Shechinah reappears—The enthroned Saviour—His attendant angels and saints—The Enthroned rises—His glory and its effects—He speaks—The response of the hosts—Its effect on the writer—Conclusion.

AN AUTUMN DREAM.

CENTURY of sleepless thought, untiring search,
And ardent enterprise,—when science prompts
The' inventive musings of her thousand sons
To work the works of art ; to plume and nerve
The laggard wings of action and of toil :
Age of the roving foot, the exploring mind,
Of swift communication face to face,
And cheap interlocution by the signs
Which panting elements are yok'd to speed
For man's impatience round the lessening globe,—
How mobile, how unweariedly awake,
How eagerly ambitions of the new,
Measuring the winds and counting the' ocean waves,
Scaling earth's summits, from her ancient clefts
Exhuming e'en the extinct and buried life
Of chaos, piercing with magician's gaze
Down through the animate wonders of a drop,
And upward through the nebular wilderness
Of ether—What a spirit, O age, is thine !
Even we, the elders, breathe it. Not unmov'd

By thine impulsive ardour, we—the young
 Of other days—who must ere long secede
 From mortal commerce, and be known no more
 To the resorts that knew us, can presage
 For the quick-rising million, whom we leave
 Rich from the past, with large discoveries arm'd
 And largely made responsible.

• No seer,
 No prescient wisdom needs it, to foretell,
 That when we vanish, (nay perchance before
 In some kind hearts we are forgotten yet,)
 The race to-day caress'd, by toys beguil'd,
 Shall far outspeed us in the strange career
 Of art's achievements, and the bolder range
 Of science scarce develop'd.

Trust ye too
 His purpose and His providence divine,
 Who to man's daring hand lent fire and flood,
 The' expansive 'vapour' and the 'stormy wind,'
 'Fulfilling His' own 'word,'—that every mark
 Of high progression and augmenting power,
 Is a true omen of Heaven's gracious will ;
 An awful "note of preparation" struck
 For mighty change, unknown but imminent ;
 First dark, it may be, with portentous ills ;
 But issuing in the jubilant earth's acclaim
 O'er evil's chief and last discomfiture,
 And the sublime ascendant of His cause,
 'Whose right it is' to reign.

But thus propell'd,
 —As the pent vapour lifts the rigid steel,—
 Fain would we pass old Nature's battlements,
 Mount her untrodden peaks and snowy thrones,
 Plunge in her darkest caverns ; then emerge,
 In eagerness for contrast, and the thirst
 Of concourse and distinction, thence, to mix
 In courts and princely halls magnificent,

Where glided corridors invite the tide
Of human greatness, beauty, wealth, and wit,
To shine and fluctuate.

Grown intolerant
Of our insipid homesteads, long-known walks,
Tame unexciting vicinage, we would reach
New splendours and new solitudes ; be rang'd
Now with the myriad courtiers of the Czar ;
Now pilgrims to some transatlantic shrine
Of savage wonders : and if these be reach'd,
Almost compassionate who reach them not,
Till proud condolence seems akin to scorn.

Yet see yon village pastor, bound by oft
Recurring duties, rarely to be left,
Therefore remotely never ; and the plain
But Christian villager whom his kindly voice
Cheers with glad tidings of divinest truth
From the 'still waters' and the 'fruitful hills'
Of 'the' everlasting Gospel'—fix'd in toil
An uncomplaining bondsman to his field.

Both, in the circuit of their native vale,
Find wonders which, though most accessible,
And witness'd oft in the poor cottar's porch,
Are scarce on earth excell'd : the miracles
Of Him who made and counts his starry host,
Yet for each vital atom spares and spends
Inimitable skill.

For them the rose
In dewy lustre bathes her crimson leaf
More fresh and fragrant than the costliest robe
At a Victoria's bridal : the exact
And mathematic bee, the feathery moth,
The gorgeous psyche, the impetuous wing
Of the bright dragon-fly, display to these,
Life, ornamature, and instinct, as divine,

As could the wonders of Australia's plains,
Or of Columbian forests.

These behold
The Day-star lift him from his orient bed
Rejoicing, and the constellated fires
Of Mazzaroth with jewell'd belt enfold
The swarthy concave.*

These associate too
With spirits lowly by humility
And station, and by science unadorn'd—
Yet by devotion near to the Supreme,
And morn by morn aspiring; if but dark
Earthward, like tearful clouds of April, yet
Blessing the soil, and brightening tow'rds the skies.
Suitors and inmates of God's house below,
Hearts that have audience of the King of kings
Whose might 'upbraideth not.'

Nor ask they seals
More precious, more elaborately wrought,
More brightly royal, or minutely rare,
To' evince His glorious goodness, and respond
To that great charter of paternal grace
Recording mercy's triumph, which ensures
Their heavenward exit and celestial home.

This sun-rise and these star-beams, and that life
Inscrutable of the' insect and the flower,
And more than these, the inwrought life of peace,
Hope, kindness, patience, in the hamlet's child,
Else rude, unblest and sensual—are they not
'About our path?' Ah, if *they* never wake
Admiring adoration, how should all
Avail which tropic blaze or polar shade,
Or awful vistas of the ethereal deep,
Yield to a Humboldt's or a Herschel's eye!

* An Arabic eclogue compares the constellations to "the folk
silken sash, variously decked with gems."—MASON GOOD; note
xxxviii. 32.

True, much it profits us, that strenuous mind;
Thus richly gifted, traverse and unlock
New realms, new secrets, of our minor world
And the wide heavens.

But, Christians, if ye be
Of that great multitude in every land
Whom narrow means restrict, or duty binds,
Or whom this hour infirmities enchain,
As soon they must the mightiest; first compute
In manly thought, how circumscrib'd, how brief,
That envied, large, laborious luxury,
Denied you or forborne.

Then come, revolve
The eternal and remote. A little while,
And ye weigh anchor, if your bliss be there,
For other spheres; mount 'without weariness'
The dazzling Andes of some sovereign star;
Explore the relics of dismantled worlds,
Those first antiquities of angel homes
In which 'the sons of God shouted for joy;'
Or breathe the vernal life of worlds renew'd;
Those newest mansions of their Father's house
Which saints shall tenant and their Lord prepares.
A little while, and the freed spirit climbs
Above these petty grandeurs, the dim lights
Of earthly majesty, the failing eyes
And dying lips of senators and kings,
And all the glittering hosts whom death disbands—
The steel-clad armies of the lords of earth,
Champions and pageants, peeresses and queens,
That shine and conquer, and are peers to clay.

A little while—and ye arise unbound
To mingle in the immortal company
Whom 'gentleness made great,'—to expatiate there
In "poms" which are no "vanities," midst towers
And temples which no storms or years deface;

Not Peter's dome, or fall'n Palmyra's arch,
Or the spoil'd Parthenon.

Your path ascends
Towards the divine Acropolis of all
Those intellectual realms which Heaven upholds ;
To 'thrones and principalities and powers '
Where stalks no kingly shade in guilt and woe,
No spectral finger on the spotless frieze
Writes words of doom ; to stars and coronals
'Neath which no aching heads or hearts can throb ;
The courtier train of seraphs, and the array
Of kings and priests "in order serviceable,"
Meet retinue for their returning Lord.

Wait, constant teacher ; faithful learner, wait ;
Your voyage is above earth's stormy main ;
Your passport can unbar the massy gates
Which Love reënter'd, and present you there
With all whom His eternal sovereignty
'Delights to honour.'

Long ye may not wait :
'A little while'—'again a little while,'
And life's short twilight ends : then comes the
hour
Of your adoption : then the true release,
The ushering archangel, the last trump,
The chorus of 'the morning stars' afresh,
For God 'makes all things new.'

O mighty thought
Of godlike renovation !—It sustain'd
My spirit when the roseate valley droop'd
At the lost splendours of her angel guests,
Nor Anslem stay'd.—That one almighty word,
At which blank nothingness must teem with life
And dissolution smile—rang through my heart,
Quench'd its regrets, and peopled all the vale
With martyr bands, and chariots from the skies.

Thus wan'd the day ; till with swift-gliding hours
(But with no fearful forecast as they glide,
To dwellers there, of terminable joy,)
Afresh the shadows lengthen'd ; and sweet eve
Stole on, precursor of that lunar dawn
Wrong'd by the name of night.

I' had reach'd anew
The mountain's open verge,—and now, with look
Reverted, eyed the myriad watchers there ;
Who, if they had suspended in past hours
Their watch, had now resum'd it, and were seen,
—Each stationary, fix'd, intent, apart,—
Like sever'd out-posts ; or mute sentinels
Of some innumerable host.

No sound was heard,
For Nature kept her evening sabbath still :
No sound save of the torrent's lulling fall
On that “ wide-water'd shore.”

As when erewhile,
In manhood's earlier prime, with vigorous step
I pac'd at sunrise on the upland way
That winds through Brünig's forest glades, and watch'd
Across the pastoral vale of Meyringen
The lordly Reichenbach in soften'd rush
Down vaulting, and from many a cliff thereby
His kindred floods,—whose music swell'd and sank
With the light airs of dawn, nor other tone
Was wak'd in all that clear and placid breadth
Of dale and mountain,—while my pulses leapt,
As if symphonious with the sparkling veins
Of those rejoicing waters,—thus it was
On Eden's hills : till,—mightier than that soft
And far-off sound of distant waterfloods
Which reach'd me wafted from the sacred isle—
Now rose, behind, the resonance more distinct
Of louder, truer harmonies : and then,
—As in some intervals of these,—a sound

Diverse from each ; a multitudinous sound
Of movement ; not like to the gloomy tramp
Of horse and foot, when hated war pricks on
His hundred thousands to the field of blood,—
Liker mayhap the flight of Thracian birds,
When from drear Strymon's rock, where Orpheus we
They steer'd for sunny vales of Attica
On thousand spreading pinions : or most like
Some hovering cloud of doves innumerable,
By softer plume winnowing the subject air
With gentler impulses.

Alas ! how poor
And weak the likenesses that earth supplies
For sounds and sights not earthly.

But they came,—
They came, the unarm'd myriads of the blest.
In solemn order from each mountain gorge
Issued a sacred column.

In each van
Its several choir of white-rob'd melodists
Mov'd to sweet measures, like the breathing swell
Of many bugles ; each responsive band
Inspiring each ; and through those hollow heights
Startled the slumbering echoes.

So they drew
First in clos'd masses, then in lines outspread,
With crossing evolution, unperplex'd
In the swift mazes of their choral march,
O'er all those verdant hills ;—then halting stood,
A countless, faultless, bright, pacific host,
Palm-bearers all.

Reader, thine eye perchance
Hath view'd that relic of imperial Rome
Which I have long'd to gaze on ; but which yet,
Whoe'er surveys, should blush for human kind.
If thou hast pac'd the arena wall'd by him
Who raz'd out Zion, Colisæum nam'd,

—And aptly, from the stony giant once
Hard by, true type of Nero,—sure thy mind
Sketch'd fearfully, while in its ruin'd curve
Slow wandering,—how, in buried ages, there,
The unsated tens of thousands swarm'd, intent
Upon their bloody game; unblenching mark'd
The fainting swordsman, and inbent the thumb
For murder prompt, that his vile fellow's blade
Might slake their thirst of carnage at his heart.

Now thence on high! let sickening fancy rush
From that accurst assembly: from that dense,
Hot, half-demoniac, death-compelling throng,
Who shall “sup full with horrors”; turn to soar
With me, still shuddering, to this cirque,—in truth
Colossal, and unruinable too;—
This amphitheatre of Eden's hills,
Where desolation stalks not; nor the weed
Seems battenning, and yet withering, on the gore
That once distain'd the sod. Survey those hosts
In vast outstretching parallels, uppil'd
From the curv'd mountains' bases to their ridge:—
Then glance, an instant, back to the fierce crowd
Heathen, and heatheness,—passionate for the sport
Whence thine appall'd imagination shrank;—
'And such were some of *these*.—Are there not here
'Saints' e'en 'of Cæsar's household'?—none that
join'd

In reckless boyhood, if not manhood too,
Those fierce and direful plaudits—none that saw
Some of Christ's earliest warriors mangled fall
On that terrific area, while the yell—
“*Christianos ad leones*”—seal'd their doom?
But 't was a pæan, in the ear of Heaven,—
The 'slaughter breath'd out' by their madden'd foes,
A whirlwind for their willing spirits, up
“From earth's *Aceldama*,” to that first home
Of martyrs, where (on yonder sacred isle)

To greet the convocation of the blest
Their palms are waving.

Mark the concourse here.

Here is no handful of ten thousands, pent
Within the galleries which proud Titus rear'd.
His sanguinary populace, and all
The' embattled legions whom his valour sway'd,
Were here a scanty show.

And dost thou ask

—As erst the heavenly elder—' *What are these*
In shining raiment, whom of mortals none
Can number ; and whence came they ?'

—' *They have come*

Out of great tribulation ; they have wash'd
Their robes and made them spotless, white as snow,
For ever, in the Lamb's all-cleansing blood.'—
Askest thou further for whom *wait* they, thus
At Sabbath evening solemnly convok'd
In vast collective pomp, yet each indued
As with the vest of meek humility,
In fearless reverence watching?—

Not for one

Who reap'd "the iron harvests of the field ;"
Not for some regal gladiator, deck'd
With war's ensanguin'd trophies : not for one
Whom the world lov'd and deified because
He seiz'd and rifled half her richest zone
And made a nation childless. For none such
They wait—nor for a Mauritanian troop
Of kingly lions, such as the fierce cry
Of Pompey's vassals in the Circus hail'd,
More generous, less vindictive foes, than most
Of the crown'd ravagers.*

O for none like these

Are the bright armies watching : and thou knowst,
—Nay, if thyself disown Him, or prefer

* See Note LV.

Earth's baubles,—well thou knowst, whom *these* await.
 They wait for 'Judah's Lion;' Him that chas'd
 The mythic hydra at whose shrines impure
 Fantastic Greece and helmed Rome had crouch'd
 For ages;—Belial in the Protean garb
 Of classic fable.³

'T is for Him they watch,
 —'Lion of Judah's tribe,' but 'Lamb of God,'—
 Terrific in His strength, but in His grace
 More irresistible. 'He is the King
 Of glory.' Him they wait anew to' enthrone
 'Upon the flood'—the flood where grace would reign,—
 The swelling of one vast fraternal heart.
 —So mus'd I in that concourse; when the saint
 Who parted from me ere the noon-tide hour,†
 Again beside me stood, and thus discours'd.
 —How deem'st thou now of those that bear the name
 Of Jesus, but each other's minor names
 Can hear and utter with distaste or scorn?
 What here of Christian discord,—Christian strifes
 And hatreds,—of Messiah's vesture torn
 Or rudely strain'd at by the militant hands
 Of His contentious followers;—of the chill,
 Mutual, in heaven-taught hearts, because they beat
 Beneath a smoother, harder, duskier skin,
 Or under differing vestments; or have conn'd
 Tenets and forms dissimilar, till each views
 Intently one sole aspect fix'd and clear
 Of all debateable, and can rebuke
 His brother's arrant blindness, who concludes,
 From the same partial but distinct survey,
 On the opponent side!

How read'st thou here
 Yon dislocated Christendom below;
 By skilful, forceful, insufficient arms
 Of theologic zeal and secular power,

* See Note LVI.

† See p. 102.

(Which, with vain strenuousness, in days gone by
Toil'd to achieve Procrustes' ancient task,) —
"Pull'd out of joint" and kept so :—as if 'foot'
And 'hand' and 'eye' not only had been parts
'Of the' same 'body,' but must yield up all
Diversities of movement ;—straitly press'd
Into one mould of uniformity ;—
Where vital play were cramp'd, truth deck'd in bonds,
Integrity distorted, freedom quell'd ?

What thinkst thou here of claims, express and grave,
Or oftener virtual,—scarce perceiv'd by some
Though cherish'd ;—claims to the sole vantage-ground
(If not monopoly,) of truth divine ;
—Be it new light or old prescription, still
A half infallibility ;—which lurk
In heads and hearts too many : found within
Communities most ancient, and most new,
The greatest and the pettiest ?—what of minds,
In each, that seem less earnest and awake
To watch and war against the godless foe,
Open or ambush'd,—than to trace afresh,
—And deepen with assiduous partisans—
Strict lines of demarcation *in* the camp,
Betwixt the cohorts of one heavenly King ?

And what of hearts devout, whom conscience binds
To close restrictions which their love deplores ;
And bids exclude Christ's servants, save on terms
Of rigid sameness both in faith and rites,
From meeting with *their* band,—the pure, the true,—
To keep the festal memory of their Lord ;
Denying still, to others and themselves,
Those 'feasts of charity,' where men forget
All that hath sever'd, all that can repel,
Taste the pure nectar of oblivious love
And antedate the blest assembling here ?

I see thine exultation, at the thought,
How that true temple, that high meeting-place,

That metropolitan and glorious dome
Free to the sunlight of eternal truth,—
Shall one day compass with its boundless verge
Saints of all ages, nations, names, and climes.
How Christ's centurions, of all 'bands,' shall lift
His one immortal banner, spite of all
Their lines, and pales, and dialects diverse,
And differing ensigns ; how they shall conspire
In shouts of joyance, that His hosts are one ;
And that the silver trumpet of His grace
Hath summon'd and compell'd them to come in,
Where they may celebrate with blest accord,
Reciprocal, unfeign'd, unchangeable,
His work sublime.*

I heard, and inly griev'd ;
Mov'd by the censure, melted by the hope ;
Keenly reminded of our hapless feuds,
Sighing for their extinction. One sad tear
I dropt,—and yet not hopeless.

The good Howe
Mark'd it,—and with enliven'd voice pursu'd.

Be of good cheer, O stranger ; I have learn'd
What thou lamentest : and not only thou
But all the sons of peace. Our gentle Hughes
And venerable Bridges told the tale,
And it was all unwelcome.†

Yet, my son,
Be of good cheer ; do as the sightless bard
In sharper grief's hard pressure. "Bate no jot
Of heart or hope !" The bitter breeze of wrath,
—Cold and repellent to all tenderer hearts,—
The pride defensive and offensive too,
That sweeps and ruffles e'en your holiest shades,
The exclusive spirit which prescription fans
Too strongly, and the chaf'd or jealous heat
Too oft by haughtiness and envy rais'd

* See Note LVII.

† See Note LVIII.

On their respective parts,—the strangeness still
Of brethren, by misjudging distance nurs'd ;
All these are earth-born feelings—earth-sustain'd—
Pedestrian ; worthless as the crumbling feet
Of that prophetic 'image.'

They do soil
Your gold,—but yet, from earth's low crucible,
It shall 'come forth *as* gold.'

Or count all these
For dark December blasts ; thick tempest-clouds
And murky fogs ; which in their gloominess
Regathering, seem to quench both health and light.
But shall 'the reaper' then 'regard the clouds ?'
Or will ye stay the 'plow,' nor sow the truth
'By reason of the cold ?'

To *you* I call,
Not to the cramp'd, the selfish, or the dull,
With whom perchance a seraph's pleading tongue
Were fruitless,—whose stiff vestment, "white or gray"
Coat, robe, or corset,—clips a narrow soul,—
But, Christians of the free and ample breast,
To you I call ; disdain that others' faults,
Their passions, their aversions—or your own—
Should 'straiten' you.

Nay 'be ye' but the more
'Enlarged ;' more the followers of your Lord,
More strenuous in His hallow'd steps to move ;
Endure 'gainsaying ;' vanquish ill with good ;
Let not disgust or sensitiveness mar
Your high vocation : though the days be rude
And all ungenial, gird your loins afresh,
Earnest to climb. Ye have not "wings" as yet
With which to 'fly away, and be at rest'
In this serene and cloudless atmosphere
Of unity and joy ; but feet ye have
That should be sandall'd with the 'Gospel's peace'
And on the mountain-tops announce its power.

—Ascend ; oft link'd within a brother's arm :
(Why not sometimes that brother's whom ye deem
Averse or erring ?)—so the charities
And secret virtues of that stream divine
Which pulsates from one heart through each, shall be
Too strong to let you part :—at least ye shall
Be oftener one ; as one coöperate,
As one 'bear hardness,' trust, rejoice, commune,—
Till, mounting to our Eden, ye become
Inseparable ; and altho' differing still
Perchance, in temperaments, and destin'd tasks,
And mental vision—yet divinely one
In all the scope and all the spirit of love,
And its conjunct felicities for aye.

So speaking, he my pensive soul reviv'd
As with new currents of fraternal hope.
And then, from all disheartening thoughts I turn'd
To watch the blissful silence of those hosts
And clasp them in my spirit's warm embrace.
But as I watch'd untir'd,—a beauteous shape,
Till then not visible, whose melting eyes
O'erflow'd with cordial tenderness so deep
As won most quick return,—bespoke me thus ;
—O favour'd stranger, all thou seest is fair ;
And whom thou late beheldst, and shalt again,
Ere many moments, gaze on, is Divine ;
Fair therefore beyond all His hand hath form'd,
Or can form : thou shalt hear too what may move
Thy powers to sudden ecstasy. But yet
Remember,—for illusion is not bliss,—
Beloved stranger, thou art not in Heaven.
Here is but Paradise : and all the saints
Within these happy mansions, yet aspire
To that eternal home. True, they are blest
In this high sojourn with divine repose,
'Absent from flesh and present with the Lord.'

His presence with their *spirits* evermore
By ceaseless unrestrain'd access they know ;
Nor seldom—as thou once hast seen—the' unveil'd
Material vision of His loveliness
Fills every sense with rapture.

Yet let nought
Here seen, heard, felt, obscure the joyous truth
That Heaven is future still.

'Above all heavens'
Our Lord ascended ; and when He confers
(With swift transforming energy of grace)
Our 'spiritual bodies,'—thither shall these hosts
And countless more ascend.*

Nor lack we now
—In heavenly converse and progression here,—
Some faint presension what that heaven shall be :
—What the' intuition which transcends all modes
Of all extrinsic sense ; and what the fix'd
Conscious in-being in the Soul Supreme.—
These high conceptions are not yet for thee,
Still mortal. But the stream of death is near,
—Dissolving and immortalizing stream,—
A dark but narrow flood : and the strong hand
Of guiding mercy beckons from the shore.

Strive for the faith :—watch for the' eternal prize ;
Live for thy unseen Lord : He died for thee :
Him thou too oft hast wounded : but His love,
Alike in its forgivenesses and gifts,
Is princely. Wound that royal heart no more !
So shalt thou reach in truth, our pure abodes,
Our own initiatory school for bliss,
And we will teach thee !—Nor misjudge our pomp
As if only collective grandeur, here,
Could charm us.—E'en mid this sabbatic host
And glorious convocation of the 'sav'd,
Believe it, oft we are regal'd with scenes

* See Note LIX.

Of lonely or reciprocated joy ;
Which many a watcher—though by love held back
In distant unintrusive silence,—yet
Delighted shares.—Nay, 't was but in the last
Of these assemblings, such delight was given
To my own ear and eye.—A lovely saint
Drew near us at this evening hour of praise,
Who twice ten summers since had hither come.
—As once the lovely one from Ephrath came,—
Dismiss'd e'en when the pain'd maternal hour
Had given a life for hers.—Penina stood
By me ; and ere the vesper chorus rose,
Forgot all *seen* around her—while she pour'd
A soft and lonely chanting, wild, not loud,
Plaintive, but full of hope. Thus was the lay ;
Though to earth's dialect—all cold and harsh—
Who may transfuse it ? But thine ear is rude
Or blunt, nor feels the dissonance like ours.

Chorists inaudible—
Seraphs unseen !
—Flowers of our cypress dell
Floating between—
 ' Hallelu, Selah, Selah.'

Viewlessly hovering
Round me at eve,
—Past my discovering—
Must not I grieve ?

What can be wanting yet,
Midst holy peace ?—
Why, my soul, panting yet
For joy's increase ?

Can I then sigh for you ?
Sighs still would flee ;

Joys are too nigh for true
Griefs here to be.

He that doth hold you thus,
Viewless awhile,
Himself is All to us ;
Ye feel His smile.

Yet breathe it—if any
‘New song’ ye sing !
—Joy’s own Epiphany ?
‘Shout of our King ?’

Saints—spheres—and ages cry,
—Conqueror, ah, come !—
Trump of God’s jubilee,
Summon us home !

Germes of the martyr-dust,
Wake—at His word !
Forms of the sainted just—
Shine with your Lord !

Hallelu, Selah, Se

—That strain again :—again Penina came
From the near grove : and as it flow’d afresh
We gaz’d, and each heart whisper’d—Sing, sweet sain
Thy pensive ‘Hallelu,’—erelong to swell
With transport unalloy’d—

But while we gaz’d,
Sudden a youth unknown,—of earnest mien
And yet retiring,—glided where she stood,
(As if love’s fervid wheel had wafted him,)
Then paus’d, unseen, ‘astonied.’—But anon,
—As from a rapturous stupor wak’d to warmth—
His voice ’gan mingle in the lonely hymn
Most heavenly concord.—At that voice I saw

Penina tremble ; for the vital flow
Of the new tone ran freshly to her heart.

'Twas a celestial consonance so full—
So exquisite—so artlessly intense—
As science knows not of, nor music hath ;
—Not virgins' music in the mountain glades—
None save the spirit-music of the blest.

But, more than this,—it had accords so one,
So in the heavenliest notes harmonical,
Yet differing sweet—as never lips
In concert, under heaven's eternal arch,
Except a mother's with a child's, could raise.

Ere half was yet re-sung,—Penina turn'd,
—Though by the rapture half a statue there—
Turn'd to behold him : and as now she dropt
Upon his clasping arms,—a voice was heard
—My own, my Ithamel, my child, my child !
'Twas good to die for thee !—The parent thus ;
Then each receded ; but the winning voice
Of loving kindness did outlast awhile
The aërial image.

Meanwhile evening cast
The soft effusion of her purpling haze
O'er all those heights ; and all their covering hosts
Sat in reposing grandeur : when at once,
Like a glob'd meteor flashing from the east
—An advent from 'the High and Holy Place,'—
That awful cloud instinct with Deity
Grew manifest ; and as it veil'd the peak
Crowning the Martyrs' Isle, those silent hosts
Arose and bent adoringly. But now,
That 'tabernacle' of glories increate
Upon the island summit rested not.
—Moving in slow magnificence adown
The broadest glen which those vast laurel woods
O'ermantled, on their widely-waving base

It stay'd,—expanding o'er that leafy plain
firmament as of diaphanous gold,
'Terrible crystal :—there the central tower
Of column'd flame, the Pharos of God's host,
—That pillar of fire at which, on the dank sand,
Egypt's hard despot and his chariot steeds
Once quail'd—was seen unfolding—till it took
The semblance of a throne, in splendour like
The 'sapphire ;' and upon it sat reveal'd
'The Son of Man.' Quick radiance round Him flash'
Electric, with its 'amber'-darting beams ;
And o'er His brow circled with 'many crowns'
The 'emerald' iris bent.*

His kingly state
What angel might delineate !—cinctur'd with
The 'golden girdle' of Almightyness,
Around the snowy stole of spotless Love.
—At that unveiling, with mute unison
Of awful worship, sank the innumerable host
Half prostrate ; I among them knelt, but watch'd
In rapturous adoration, not in dread—
The same grace-uttering, grace-inspiring Eye ;
Whose most divine expression met my own,
As in the lonely day-break.

Doubtless so
It met and kindled, as if centring there,
Each individual and adoring gaze
From all those happy myriads.—So our dawn
Bursts 'from the womb of morning,' and makes bright
At once, the dew-drops of a thousand plains.
—Bordering His throne, in close descending ranks,
And parted groups of order unconstrain'd,
Up both the acclivities of that broad glen,
(Like God's angelic host at Bethel seen
From Jacob's stony pillow,) hovering shone,
The radiant seraphim ; and with them all

* See Note LX.

"The noble army of martyrs," not less bright
And blissful ; but by the' Uncreated One
Whom all their flaming retinue surrounds,
Cast into soft-retiring shade, nor loath
To fade like stars before the Eternal Sun
Which lends them all their brightness, all their bliss.

Yet were those shores, and all their occupants,
Beheld in clearness : clearness—to compare
Things ultra-mundane with terrestrial—more
Exceeding the bright landscapes of the South,
Alpine, or Tuscan, or Athenian views—
Than these in their distinctness the soft scenes
Of our dear native isle.

And had I sought
To single out some of those priestly kings,
(His train whom all Heaven's 'royal priesthood' serves)
Perchance, with Howe's informing aid, who still
Beside me knelt, might I have well discern'd
The most 'beloved'—nearest to his Lord ;
Or Christ's first martyr ; or the ardent look
Of Cephas ; or the reverent Polycarp
Hard by his 'King and Saviour.' *

But in sooth
The gracious captivation of that Eye,
Mild but all-conquering,—forbade my own
On aught beside to fix : and thus it was
With all those glorious armies.

Long we gaz'd
On that quiescent majesty, which mov'd,
Even in repose, the tide of transport high :—
Nor thought of time ;—but yet the transport grew
More mighty, when at length the 'Lord of lords,'
With simple and incomparable grace
Of movement and of gesture, all divine,
—Befitting Him that rules in earth and heaven

* See Note LXI.

As in His 'Father's house,'—sublimely rose
Up from the sapphire throne.—O tell me not
Of breathing marbles. Let not sculpture boast
Her gods, nor painting vaunt the matchless charm
Of her ideal masterpiece. Ye warm
Imaginers and enthusiasts of the fair,
The graceful, the magnanimous, the mild,
The exalted, tender, and sublime of man,
—Look to the Man of Sorrows, crown'd with joy ;
The vital 'Image' of an unseen God !
The living "statue that enchants" the worlds,
Those worlds of bliss : who stood confest that hour,
In all the mildness of His sanctity,
The clemency of sovereign might, the wealth
Of inexhausted Love. Behold Him rise
Slowly, while the' universal stillness grows
Intenser. A miraculous restraint
Holds back those island torrents—as of old
Impetuous Jordan curb'd his hurrying wave,
Heap'd back and 'swelling' up his sylvan marge,
Ere the priests' feet were dipp'd within the brim.
—Here was the Eternal Priest whose offer'd Self
All other priesthood abrogates. He rose,—
And e'en inanimate nature's only voice,
That murmur of the distant waters,—fell ;
As if proclaiming—Hark, the Fount of Life
Shall utter its own melody, and pour
Its own refreshings. Let its emblems cease
Though pure and copious ; let creation spare
These symbols, while that Well of Heaven, unseal'd,
Pours audibly the pearly stream, which all
These spirits imbibe and all these lips adore.
He stood in silence ; the 'Beloved Son,'
The 'Brightness of the Father,' silent stood,
And look'd on all the enraptur'd multitude—
His purchas'd joy—'the travail of His soul.'
—Then, with majestic grace, ineffable,

Wav'd the once piercèd hand—and softly spake.
—Clear in its softness, through the ethereal calm
Gush'd the sweet word — 'All hail' !—and once again,
— 'Children, all hail' !—and thrice the greeting came,
— 'Brethren, all hail' !

O think ye not that 'Hail'
Was echoed ?—Was it utter'd, not to be
The key-note for ten thousand thousand strains
To which all saintly and angelic harps
Are tun'd—which thrills in every ransom'd breast—
To which the chorus of the Holiest Place
Makes gladsome answer, and the circling spheres
Lend all their music ?

List, from every height
And concave sweep of those 'perpetual hills'
Ufloating in one sea of harmony,
The confluence of all sweet and awful sound,
Without a discord ! 'Hail, O King of kings !
O King of glory—blessing, honour, might,
Glory, to Him that sitteth on the throne
And to the Lamb for ever' !

Thus they woke
Their awful anthem, in that speech of heaven
Whose sweetness none can tell : whose power might charm
The very rocks to melody, and move
Their frowning ruggedness to vocal joy
Responsive. And in verity it seem'd
As if each forest, and aspiring peak,
And far-receding mountain, had its voice
To aid the mighty burden of that song—
'Glory to Him that sits upon the throne
And to the Lamb for ever' !—

But when now
Their chorus from that ocean fulness sank
To softness unimaginable, and all
Its most stupenduous wave of sound was heard
Like faintest ripples on a summer shore—

Low whispering to the charmed universe,
‘Worthy the Lamb’—and then a pause, and now
Again that dying fall—‘Worthy the Lamb’
‘Once slain—now thron’d—for *us*!’—this was too much,
This gentleness of overwhelming power
Was all too much. It imag’d the divine.
‘T was as a vocal reflex of His heart,—
Tender to weep, invincible to save ;
Of that once bleeding yet almighty hand
Blessing the sav’d that pierc’d it.

That ‘All hail’
Had wak’d a strain more glorious and more sweet
Than aught methinks which time or space can hold,
His own except.—The pause—the new response
—‘Once slain’—‘for *us*—for *us*’—were all too high
For mortal ear ; say rather all too pure
For spirit not yet assoil’d from mortal stain,
And manacles of earth’s infirmity.
—I woke.—

Deep shadows were on Avon’s vale
And the lone star had set.—But sacred hope
Shed light within me.—Silently I mov’d,
With lingering step,—in hallow’d thoughtfulness,—
Toward a dear sister’s dwelling ; voices still,
As from on high, within my spirit’s ear
Re-echoing—Weep not for the unprison’d ‘just.’—
Go, think of these ;—the love that swells their lay ;—
Love with no partings ;—bliss without a dream :
Go think of Him ;—that bled ; for them ; for thee :
And ‘watch,’—to wound that royal heart no more !

NOTES
AND
ILLUSTRATIONS.



NOTES, &c.

JOY IN DEATH.

NOTE I.—Page 9.

—*holy smile that floats*
On their seal'd lips, when all the mortal dies.

"Something peculiar is at times imparted to sick and dying Christians, in whose imagination God sometimes draws so distinctly the brightest image of heavenly things, that they seem to see them before their eyes; nor are they otherwise affected, than if the things themselves were present before them. The nearer the soul to heaven, it is also enlightened with the brighter rays of supercelestial light, flowing from Him who, being Light itself, dwells in light inaccessible. Of which there are not a few instances in the history of the life and death of godly persons, and very many experiences offer in our daily visitation of the sick. This is a kind of descent of heaven into the soul, before the soul is taken up to heaven."—WITSIUS, *Econ. of the Covenants*, Vol. ii. p. 84.

An enlightened and pious friend has related to me such an instance; peculiar in this respect—that the appearance so delightful to the eye of an afflicted father, did not take place till the instant at which we suppose the soul to depart; namely, the instant at which the respiration ceases,—“One of my children,” (he writes) “a little boy, died in convulsions, by which his countenance was painfully distorted. In the moment, however, that he, ceased to breathe, ‘his face was as the face of an angel.’ I never saw anything so eminently beautiful. It was just

such an expression as might be expected on the countenance of one to whom 'Heaven had been opened, and who had seen Jesus sitting at the right hand of God.' The expression lasted about an hour, and then faded away. The countenance was afterwards that of a sleeping infant."

NOTE II.—Page 11.

While my pleas'd touch the gentle pressure own'd.

It may be thought unreasonable (and perhaps ludicrous) by readers who have not attended to philosophical investigations on the nature of matter, that a certain solidity or property of resistance to compression should be ascribed to that which is represented as subtle and ethereal.—"Hardness is the essential peculiarity in matter, which we fancy that we understand; yet it will appear on examination, that we have no correct or distinct notion of its real nature. We are apt to suppose that hard bodies actually fill space; and that, owing to the natural impenetrability of their particles, it is in the nature of things impossible to compress them.—This, however, is, in great part at least, a mistake. For, without asserting that no such thing as actual contact exists between any two particles in the universe, or that the whole world might be squeezed into a nut shell, we may easily collect, from ordinary phenomena, that the cause of resistance to compression is not actual contact with hard and impenetrable substance, but something which repels bodies from the surfaces of each other, long before they come into contact." (PRICHARD on *The Vital Principle*, p. 44. See also DUGALD STEWART's Remarks on the Theory of Boscovich, *Active and Moral Powers*. Vol. ii. pp. 185-9.)—"Solidity and durability are distinct ideas, which perhaps have no other real connexion than that which subsists in our minds. It appears certain that the particles of which *air* is composed, preserve their relation to one another with a certainty equal to those of more solid and impenetrable substances. Notwithstanding its volatility and elasticity, no reasonable man perhaps ever imagined the atmosphere to be as much exposed to dissolution as even a flint or a diamond." (DREW on *The Resurrection*, pp. 156-162.) Nor are these *new* notions of the constitution of matter:—"According to the ancient atomic philosophy, (before it was atheized,) there is no specific difference between a gross and fine, a hard and soft body, but accidental only."

—"It is not impossible but flesh, earth, or iron, by motion might become fluid as the finest ether."—See CUDWORTH, Vol iii. p. 504, *Ed. Birch*.

NOTE III.—Page 13.

—these aerial forms
The will propels, &c.

"In those regions, which our future bodies are destined to inhabit, the force of gravitation may so far be forbidden to act upon them,—that the impulse of the will, finding nothing to obstruct its mandates, may act with a degree of efficacy to which we are strangers, and be productive of those effects [without sensible effort] which at present can only result from muscular exertion."—DREW *on the Resurrection*, p. 286.

"The sun is so large, that his attractive force would cause bodies to fall through about 33,465 feet in a second. Consequently, if he were habitable by human beings, they would be unable to move; since their weight would be thirty times as great as it is here. A man of moderate size would weigh about two tons at the surface of the sun; whereas at the surface of the four *new* planets, he would be so light, that it would be impossible to stand steady, since he would only weigh a few pounds."—MRS. SOMERVILLE, *Connexion of Physical Sciences*, p. 73.

Therefore rapid and easy locomotion, such as is described, might not be impossible on a *small* planet, even were living bodies there constituted of the same dense materials as our own on earth.

NOTE IV.—Page 15.

'Twas Cambrai came.

"Fénélon," says the Duke de St. Simon in his Memoirs, "was a tall man, thin, well-made, and with a large nose; from his eyes issued the fire and animation of his mind like a torrent; and his countenance was such, that I never yet beheld any one similar to it, nor could it ever be forgotten if once seen. It combined everything, and yet there was nothing in opposition: it was grave and yet alluring, it was solemn and yet gay: it bespoke equally the theologian, the bishop, and the nobleman. Everything which was visible in it, as well as in his whole per-

son, was delicate, intellectual, graceful, becoming, and above all, noble. It required an effort to cease looking at him : all the portraits of him are strong resemblances, though they have not caught that harmony which was so striking in the original, and that individual delicacy which characterized each feature. His manners were answerable to his countenance ; they had all that ease which communicates itself to others ; that air, and that urbanity which can be derived only from intercourse with the best society, and with the world, and which diffused itself over all his discourse."—Quoted in BAUSSE's *Life of Fénelon*, Vol. i. p. 332 of Mudford's translation.

NOTE V.—Page 16.

Hail to the Prince of peace ! Hail Him, all hail !

It may perhaps not occur to many readers, that the metre and structure of these verses resemble those of a well-known song in Scott's "Lady of the Lake." There has been however, so far, something like imitation ; whether at first intentional I am not sure ; but suggested probably by the circumstance of "the lake," with the thought how different would be the *application* of music, amidst such scenery, in a peaceful and perfect state, from those uses of martial excitement to which it so often has been applied ; which, however animating and picturesque in the strains of chivalrous poetry, were in their actual character sanguinary and half barbarous.

NOTE VI. Page 18.

Matron and infants, &c.
 —till that song
Died on the dying breeze.

The scene here attempted has been borrowed from a *real* dream, related to the writer by a very aged and esteemed person, who more than seventy years ago was a valued domestic to relatives of his own, long since departed. It occurred after her marriage had for a good many years withdrawn her from the service, but not from the regard and attention, of those relatives.

The dream has a kind of interest superior to that view which it gives of an unseen state ; since it is among those which have produced valuable effects upon the dreamer's

mind. The view of an unseen state must have been accommodated to the conceptions of the party ; and thus must be, in *every* such case, inadequate, and even incorrect. But when the result—the consolation of a pious and afflicted individual,—is considered, and this in connexion with the distinctness and *repetition* of the dream, it would appear scarcely Christian not to infer some special design and ordination of Providence to console, by this hidden agency, one that had prayed for consolation. The little narrative is subjoined, as nearly as possible, in the simple words of her who communicated it.

“ I had a great deal of distress at the loss of two young children ; one *six*, the other *two* years old. Besides my grief at the loss of each, I had a dread upon my mind that the elder child might not be so happy as the little one. This troubled me greatly ; and for a long time (more than a year) I could not recover my spirits. Your grandmother and Mr. T. used to call, or send for me, and try to comfort me ; but I still had those sad thoughts and fears. One day in going to B—— I was much cast down, and I prayed much to be relieved from this trouble. On that night I had a dream. I dreamt that I was in a place where I saw before me the finest flight of steps that I ever had seen. very broad and grand ; which I walked up ; and when I came to the top I met on the landing-place, which was dark and dismal, a good many people in gloomy dresses : among these I saw B—— T—— my aunt, who had been some time deceased. She pointed down another grand flight of steps, making signs that I should go. This I did, and when I reached the bottom, saw before me a beautiful wide green place, where were a great number of children hand in hand, dressed in white, and among these both my little ones, dressed just alike. Beyond them was a large stream of water ; and when I went to overtake them, the whole, with my children amongst them, vanished across the stream. I then woke ; but I had this dream a second time the same night ; and by means of it my trouble was taken away, and especially my fear about the elder child.”

NOTE VII.—Page 19.

—— *the heart which welcomes you*
Is that which thrill'd at "Midnight Thoughts" of Young.

Klopstock showed his estimation of the poetry of Young, by a singular ode, beginning “*Stirb, prophetischer Greis,*”

written like most of his odes, in imitation of ancient metres. The following version was attempted, in the same metre as the original.

TO YOUNG.

Die, prophetic old man, die! for thy palm-tree stem
Long since shot up on high :—waiting to flow for thee
Stands the rapturous tear-drop
In the eye of the Heavenly ones.

Dost thou linger? and yet high in the clouds hast rear'd
Thine own monument long! for, through the solemn hours
O! thy holiest Night Thoughts
Wakes the scoffer with thee, and feels

That thy deep-knelling tone, boding the final doom,
Is predictive to him! feels what Omniscience meant
When it spake of the trumpet,
And the blast that awakes the dead.

Die!—me too hast thou taught :—until the name of death
Strikes mine ear as the shout of the redeemed just :
But, oh, still be my teacher :
Die—yet live as my genius!*

It is highly interesting to know, that this poet, whose great work, "the Messiah," and a large proportion of whose odes were of an eminently Christian character, appears to have departed from the world with great Christian tranquillity and assured hope; his end thus confirming the impression which his writings and some most affecting passages of his life convey, that he really experienced the power of true religion, and its full consolations. In a brief memoir (signed Meyer) prefixed to the miniature edition of his Odes, it is stated that the last words which Klopstock audibly uttered—and with a heavenly look—[mit verklärtem blicke] were—"Can a woman forget her infant child?—Yea, they may forget; yet will I not forget thee. Behold I have graven thee upon the palms of my hands.—Yes, we are all graven upon the hand of God."

* The distaste of our religious public for poetical translation seems evinced by the slow sale of a very able version of "The Messiah," anonymously published, and most unostentatiously prefaced, by a lady, in two vols. 8vo. Longman.

NOTE VIII.—Page 21.

*Which the scarce couchant sun at midnight casts
On Iceland's mountains, or Lapponia's wilds.*

"An incessant and heavy rain, till about six or seven in the evening, prevented my botanising; but as we had no darkness even at the hour of midnight, I could just as well pursue my employment then as in the middle of the day. The unpleasant light, caused by the horizontal rays of the sun striking on the ground, described by Linnæus* when botanising in Lapland, is not experienced here; for the sun, in this part of Iceland, is never altogether above the horizon at midnight; nor, if it had been so, would it have had that effect this summer, there being no one period, that I recollect, during the continuance of the longest days, when the horizon in the north was perfectly free from clouds. At such times as the sky is not altogether overcast, the light at midnight, at this season, is about as great as that of a moderately dull noon in winter in England."—HOOKER's *Iceland*, Vol. i. p. 57.

"We set out for the mountains about seven o'clock in the evening, and continued gradually to ascend till near twelve at night, when I was favoured with the most novel and interesting scene I ever witnessed: the sun remaining as if stationary a little above the horizon for about half an hour, when he again commenced his ascent and pursued his steady undeviating course through the northern hemisphere.—Close by, towards the west, lay the Trólla Kyrkia or 'Giant's Church,' an ancient volcano, the walls of whose crater rose in a very fantastic manner into the atmosphere; while the lower regions were entirely covered with snow. To the south and east stretched an immense impenetrable waste, enlivened on the one hand by a number of lakes, and in the distance by vast ice-mountains, whose glassy surface, receiving the rays of the midnight sun, communicated a golden tinge to the surrounding atmosphere; while towards the north the long bay of Ilruta Fiord gradually opened into the ocean. Here the king of day, like a vast globe of fire, stretched his sceptre over the realms of

* "Fugit me quid sit, quod visum in alpinis nostris, tempore nocturno, ita confundit, ut non tanta claritate possumus objecta distinguere ac mediâ die, licet sol æque clarus existat; sol enim horizonti proximus radios horizontales dispergens vix pileo ab oculis abigi potest: umbræ dein herbarum extenduntur in infinitum et implicantur inter se, tremunt deinde spirante æquinoctio, ut vix videre et distinguere queamus objecta diversissima."—LINNÆI *Flor. Lapp.* Edit. 2da, p. 137.

night ; divested indeed of his splendour, but more interesting because more subject to view. The singing of swans on the neighbouring lakes added to the novelty of the scene, and called forth ascriptions of praise to Him whose 'works are all made in wisdom,' and tend in one way or another to magnify His glory, and advance the general welfare of created being."—Dr. HENDERSON'S *Iceland*, Vol. ii. pp. 186, 187.

NOTE IX.—Page 21.

That Power——

With equal ease the nearer can conceal——

"Uranus is barely discernible without a telescope: Ceres, Pallas, Vesta, and Juno, are never visible to the naked eye. Besides these planets, others yet undiscovered may exist ; and it is extremely probable that such is the case,—the multitude of telescopic stars being so great that only a small fraction of their number has been sufficiently noticed to ascertain whether they retain the same places or not, and the five last-mentioned planets having all been discovered within half a century from the present time."—SIR J. HERSCHEL'S *Astronomy*, p. 243. Many more are discovered since.

NOTE X.—Page 22.

Like your own moon with axis scarce inclin'd——

"The moon has scarce any difference of seasons ; her axis being almost perpendicular to the ecliptic."——"The axis of Jupiter is so nearly perpendicular to his orbit, that he has no sensible change of seasons."

"If we consider that Jupiter never has any winter, even at his poles, which probably is also the case with Saturn, the cold cannot be so intense on these planets as is generally imagined."—FERGUSON'S *Astron.* pp. 22—25.

NOTE XI.—Page 22.

——the aerial screen

*Sinks also, by the cooler hour condens'd,
And night succeeds.——*

"The ocean of light and heat perpetually flowing from the sun, must affect the bodies of the system very differently, on account of the varieties in their *atmospheres*, some of which appear to be very *extensive and dense*. According to the observations of Schroeter, the atmosphere

of Ceres is more than six hundred and sixty-eight miles high, and that of Pallas has an elevation of four hundred and sixty-five miles. But it is remarkable that not a trace of atmosphere can be perceived in Vesta; and that Jupiter, Saturn, and Mars have very little. The action of the sun's rays must be very different on these bodies from what it is on the earth, and the heat imparted to them quickly lost by radiation; yet it is impossible to estimate their temperature, since the cold may be counteracted by their central heat, if, as there is reason to presume, they have originally been in a state of fusion, possibly of vapour.—The *lunar* atmosphere must be of a greater degree of rarity than can be produced by our best air-pumps; consequently no *terrestrial* animal could exist in it.”—MRS. SOMERVILLE, *Connexion Phy. Sci.* pp. 262, 263.

“One of the new planets, Pallas, is said to have somewhat of a nebulous or hazy appearance, indicative of an extensive and vaporous atmosphere, little repressed and condensed by the inadequate gravity of so small a mass.”—SIR J. HERSCHEL, *Astronomy*, p. 287.

“The most natural conclusion, from the very rare appearance and want of permanence in the spots, [on Mercury and Venus,] is that we do not see, as in the moon, the real surface of these planets, but only their atmospheres, much loaded with clouds, and which may serve to mitigate the otherwise intense glare of their sunshine.”—*Ibid.* p. 279.

A conjecture has met my eye only since the above citations were written, which is offered in the *Physical Theory of another Life*,” (p. 218), and was originally proposed by the late Sir W. Herschel,—“that the *solar* surface, shrouded from the vertical rays of the upper and phosphorescent atmosphere, by an intermediate nebulous stratum, dense enough to moderate the intensity, as well of light as of heat, may sustain life not less readily than the surface of Mercury.” If there be grounds for such an opinion, it would intimate that such atmospheric arrangements for the modification of light and heat may be much more various and wonderful than we had imagined.

NOTE XII.—Page 22.

*Till twelve were number'd,——
 Illuming all that visionary land
 With new profusion.*

It will not be thought a violent offence against the laws of probability, to suppose a planet invisible to the eye, and

undiscovered by the telescope, with *many* satellites, of course invisible also, when the facts mentioned in Note IX. are remembered ; and when it is likewise borne in mind that the satellites of Saturn (and I suppose those of Uranus) were discovered successively.

NOTE XIII.—Page 31.

The' illocal Omnipresent.

"The word 'Illocal,' (a cognate of which, 'illocality,' is used by Cudworth, I have presumed thus to combine with 'Omnipresent,' as a form of speech needed and adapted to express the Existence which 'the heaven of heavens cannot contain.' The Jewish philosopher Philo thus writes : 'All things are filled with God, as containing them, but not as being contained by them, or in them ; to whom alone it belongeth to be both everywhere and nowhere. [ὦ πανταχοῦ τε καὶ οὐδαμοῦ συμβεβηκεν εἶναι μόνῳ.] Nowhere, because Himself created space and place, together with bodies, and it is not lawful to include the Creator within any of His creatures. And everywhere, because He extendeth His virtues and powers throughout earth and water, air and heaven.' (Quoted in CUDWORTH'S *Intellectual System*, Vol. iii. p. 487). See also Plotinus, as cited, *Ibid.* p. 488.—Augustine has similar expressions. "Ac ne omnia quæ creata sunt, sine te essent, interior es : exterior verò, ut omnia includantur à te, *non locali* magnitudine, sed *potentiali* præsentia." (*Medit. c. xxx.*)

NOTE XIV.—Page 34.

To me, with fitting pause, next Haller spoke.

The appropriateness of introducing Haller, as discoursing on the topics which he is here made to treat of, was first suggested by some slight acquaintance with his celebrity as a physiologist, together with a knowledge of his principles as stated in that valuable work, *Letters to his Daughter on the Truths of the Christian Religion*.—(Translated Lond. 1780.)

Since the foregoing piece was completed, it has gratified me to find in different memoirs of Haller the following details ; both as they further illustrate his principles, and as they seem remarkably *coincident* with the topics which I have here happened to assign to him.

"Haller was sincerely attached to his religious principles. La Mettrie, in dedicating to him a work

in support of materialism, created in him the utmost horror and distress, by affecting to represent his [Haller's] discoveries as the most valuable proofs of this doctrine." (A procedure, we may remark, well worthy of that infamous writer, whom Haller duly characterizes in the abovenamed *Letters*, p. 32.)——Haller's "mode of life was rigidly sober: his only beverage was water, and he delighted to represent the unfitness of the climate of Berne for the culture of the grape, as a signal advantage conferred by nature on his country."—*Edin. Ency.* Art. "Haller."

"He eagerly seized the opportunities which his profession, as a physician, gave him of convincing those with whom he conversed of the truth, and converting them to the practice, of the Christian religion. He was charitable and sympathizing towards the distressed, and humane and just in his dealings with all."—*Letters*, Translator's preface.

"In 1747 he repelled with horror the dedication which Le Mettrie had made to him, of his work entitled *L'Homme Machine*, and declared in several journals that he acknowledged neither for a pupil nor a friend, a man entertaining those impious opinions."—*Eloge Historique de Haller*, Genève, 1778, p. 77.

"In October 1777, he felt the near approach of death, and prepared for it as a Christian hoping to attain salvation, but not arrived at the assurance of it. Some days, however, before the termination of his life, he signified that his fears were now subdued, and that he believed himself to be on the eve of possessing eternal good" (et qu'il croyoit toucher les biens éternels). "He expired December 12, at eight in the evening, while pronouncing with confidence the name of Jesus."—*Ibid.* p. 89.

"Haller had chosen with good reason, as an emblem, the metamorphosis of the caterpillar into the butterfly; and had taken for his motto the words, 'Non tota perit.'—She does not wholly perish.—In this he doubtless alluded to the steadfast hope which he possessed of the immortality which he enjoys."—*Ibid.* p. 92.

I have not designed to intimate from this circumstance that Haller expected a future life of the lower animals. He was an intimate friend of Bonnet, who did hold that opinion, and mentions with respect his work on the truth of Christianity. (*Letters*, p. 12.) Bonnet also adopts and eulogizes the physiological discoveries of Haller (*Corps Organisés*, T. i. p. 136); but I know not that his friend agreed with him in his speculations on the point in ques-

tion. For the views therefore, on *that* point, which the "Dream" ascribes to Haller, *he* is not to be reckoned an advocate; unless further inquiry should prove him to have been so.

Since the first edition of this work, a very valuable memoir of Haller (*Albert de Haller, Biographie, Lausanne, 1840*), has been published in his own country. The author's name does not appear, but it is known to be from the able pen of Madlle. Herminie Chavannes, the author of *Soirées de Famille, &c.* While the astonishing faculties and labours of the philosopher are in that memoir strikingly set before the reader, his Christian character is in a still more interesting manner developed, by copious extracts from his correspondence and private papers. A letter is given (p. 216), addressed by his own son Albert to M. Bonnet, on the evening before Haller's decease, in which we read, "As he approaches his end, his soul appears more tranquil." "Meditations on the most consoling truths of our religion, which have been read to him day and night, have dispelled the clouds that obscured his mind and saddened his heart. He appears now to hope as much in the goodness of God, and in His Saviour, as he feared His justice in the spirit of humility."—In a letter of the next day, after his father's decease, the son adds, "He died yesterday, invoking the Saviour and praying him to receive His spirit. He made this invocation three times, aloud; immediately before his last sigh."

NOTE XV.—Page 85.

That most incredible Cartesian dream.

"And they think they have found out a rare knack, and that gives a great relief to their diseased minds, who have learned to call the bodies of living creatures (even the human not excepted) by way of diminution, *machines*, or a sort of *automatous engines*.

"But how little cause there is to hug or to be fond of this fancy, would plainly appear, if we consider how defective and unsatisfying the account is which Descartes gives—of the *principle* either of *spontaneous motion*, or of *sensation*."—Howe's *Living Temple*, (abridged,) Works, Vol. i. pp. 38–40, fol. ed. The reader is referred to his able reasonings.

"The learned translator (Schuyt) of Descartes, is of opinion that that philosopher has performed an essential service to religion, by proving, as he has imagined, that all

the lower animals are mere machines, and that all the phenomena they exhibit are purely the effects of mechanical structure ; a structure supposed, by Descartes and his translator, to circulate blood, to respire, to digest, to hear, to see, to taste, to touch, to smell, to hunger, to thirst, to eat, to drink, to sleep, to awake, to quarrel, to fight, and to kill one another, actuated entirely by no other causes than such as produce the motions of a watch, of an artificial fountain, of a mill, or any of the like pieces of machinery.* They indeed admit that machines of these wonderful properties cannot be constructed but by the Deity, though, from a regard to their own hypothesis, and the fancied dignity of their rational souls, they rather seem to question whether even the Deity can extend the powers of mechanism further. Thus after accomplishing all that is required by their hypothesis, they, with very little appearance of ceremony, and much less of modesty, would prescribe limits to His power and intelligence, and doubt whether He who can so easily construct machines capable of exhibiting not only the ordinary phenomena of instinct, but the cunning of the fox and the sagacity of the dog and the elephant, can after all, construct a machine capable of exhibiting the phenomena of reason." BARCLAY'S *Inquiry on Life and Organization*, pp. 394-6, abridged.

"Racine the younger, in two poetical epistles to the Duchess of N——, believes that in defending the opinions of Descartes, he is justifying the ways of God to man, by supposing that Divine benevolence would never have subjected the lower animals to such apparent hardships and cruelties, were they anything more than 'insensible automats.'—Hence it should necessarily follow, that no treatment whatever of animals can be considered as allied to cruelty ; and that, contrary to the judgment of Solomon, a righteous man only betrays his ignorance, when he 'regardeth the life of his beast.' According to Racine, we may therefore not only torture animals, but dissect them alive without any stings of remorse. Besides, there are other obvious advantages.—Who (he asks) is the man that would ever consent to adopt the opinion, that contemptible brutes should partake with him in that divine light which reminds him of his illustrious origin? —To suppose that brute animals are sentient, that they are alive to pleasure and pain, and yet that their existence

* Descartes *De Homine* (Latin. donat. a F. Schuyt, pp. 1-120, Lugd. Bat. 1664.)

is limited to this earth and a few years, would be, thinks Racine, to accuse Heaven itself of injustice."—*Ibid.* pp. 400–2, abridged.

Lord Brougham, in his very interesting *Dissertations on subjects of Science connected with Natural Theology*, endeavoured to show that this theory of Descartes has been somewhat misunderstood.—But the opinions of his chief followers are put out of doubt by an anecdote related of Malebranche; who, when "a large dog came to caress him and was rolling at his feet, gave her a severe kick, which forced from the animal a cry of pain, and from Fontenelle a cry of pity."—"What! (said Malebranche coldly) ne savez vous pas bien que cela ne se sent point?—are you not well aware that the thing has no real feeling?" (or conscious feeling?) *Dissert.* I. to *Encycl. Brit.* Edit. vii. p. 181. See also LA FONTAINE, *Fables*, Liv. x. 1.

The turn of expression reminds me of the question of Napoleon to a prelate (related by I know not which of his biographers), when pointing to the *infant* 'king of Rome,' he asked, "My Lord, do you think that thing [cela] has a soul?"

NOTE XVI.—Page 35.

———*the fond*

Sagacious dog.

Stronger or more entertaining proofs need not be sought of these and other qualities in that animal, than are to be found in Priscilla Wakefield's little work on *Instinct*; (*Letters* 23, 24, 30, 32;) in Dr. Hancock's *Essay on Instinct*, pp. 84, 89; and in Rees's *Cyclopædia*, article "Instinct." I add, however, the following unpublished facts of a similar kind, with which I have been favoured by a lady whose accuracy gives them, in my estimation, a peculiar value. "The Rev. Mr. S—— of M——, Denbighshire, had a favourite Newfoundland dog, who lived at large, partook of the best of everything, and exercised his power with great mildness. He was seen more than once, leaping the gate which separated the yard of the house from the farm-yard, and carrying large bones, that had been given him, to a sporting-dog, who was tied up in the stable." "A spaniel belonging to the Rev. H. N——, being always told he must not follow his master to church on Sundays, used to set out long before, and lie, *perdu*, under the hedge, so near the church, that the point was yielded to him." The fact that dogs clearly distinguish

the return of Sunday, (no doubt by the different habits of that day,) has been attested to me by the distinct observation of several families.

I add one fact from an ancient eye-witness :—Plutarch writes, "When I saw a dog in a ship, the sailors not being present, dropping small stones into the oil which was in a jar, but partly full, I was astonished at his conceiving and understanding the overflow which takes place when heavy bodies sink in the lighter."—DE SOLERT. *Animalium*. Opp. T. ii. p. 967. Ed. Lut. Par. 1624.

NOTE XVII.—Page 35.

———*the thoughtful elephant.*

There are some amusing stories of the elephant given by Pliny, (*Hist. Nat.* lib. viii. c. 1,) which, on account of their fabulous character, I do not cite :—they show, however, the strong opinions of the ancients, (doubtless built on multiplied observation,) as to the great intelligence of that animal. Without a basis of very extraordinary facts, such fictions could never have been gravely offered by a naturalist. It is further instructive to remember, that this naturalist, who intimates no incredulity as to the religious rites and sentiments of elephants, has in the same work professed a hard and daring unbelief as to the foundations of all religion ; thus affording an instance of what has been seen in later times, that the most unbelieving minds are frequently in some points the most credulous. In that chapter he has the general remark on these animals,—“They have indeed, what is rare in man, probity, prudence, equity.”—Whether the following statement (in c. 3,) should be ranked with the fables, I know not : it is perhaps an exaggeration only. “Mutianus, who was thrice consul, relates that one of these animals learned the method of forming the Greek letters ; and was accustomed to write out the following words in that language ; ‘I myself wrote these words, and dedicated the Celtic spoils.’” [*Ipse ego hæc scripsi, et spolia Celtica dicavi.*] He adds, “It is certain that an elephant who was of less ready apprehension [*tardioris ingenii*] than his fellows, in receiving the instructions given, having been often chastised with blows, was found exercising himself in these lessons during the night.”—*Ibid.* 1. viii. c. 3.)

Plutarch states the same or a similar case. “At Rome not long since, when many [elephants] were taught extraordinary postures, and very complicated movements or

evolutions, one who was less teachable than all the rest, and, on that account often chidden and corrected, was discovered at night exercising himself of his own accord by moonlight, and thus learning." (Opp. T. ii. p. 968. Ed. 1624.) As Plutarch wrote later than Pliny, it may be that this was a different instance of the same practice; but if it were the same, the latter account affords confirmation of its truth, especially because, being more circumstantial, it appears to have been taken from a different authority. This is not unlike the repeated trials of birds to learn a tune, mentioned by Locke, (see Appendix IV.); except that their efforts were voluntary, while this seems to have been urged by fear.

"Antipater relates, that two elephants belonging to king Antiochus were renowned for their use in war, and that even by their surnames; which also were well-known to themselves.—Certainly Cato, when in his annals he is mentioning the names of the generals, notices that the elephant which fought most bravely in the Carthaginian army was called Surus, and had one of his tusks broken. When Antiochus was trying the ford of a river, the elephant Ajax refused to proceed, who had at other times always been leader of the troop. Then it was declared that whichever of them would pass the river should thenceforth be the chief: and Patroclus, who ventured, was presented with the silver trappings, in which they greatly delight, and with all other marks of pre-eminence. The former leader, thus branded with degradation, preferred death by refusing food, to the ignominy which he had incurred."—PLIN. *Ibid.* (l. viii. c. 5.)

The writer was led to examine these accounts by having formerly heard Professor Blumenbach at Göttingen (in his Lectures on Natural History), characterise Pliny's description of the elephant as a "noble one."

For some wonderful *modern* instances of the qualities of these animals, see BINGLEY'S *Animal Biography*, Vol. i. p. 142.

NOTE XVIII.—Page 37.

All these—have come like us from earth's domain.

"Insects exhibit to us another investiture and display of the living and sentient and thinking principle; and this in full activity and power within figures and limbs so small, as to compel our wonder at the nature of that intellectual mystery and miracle to which space is indifferent, and

which is equally efficient and astonishing in the smallest as in the greatest body.—The mental principle is shown by the insect world to be quite independent of magnitude or [amount of] matter ; of general form and of any particular or ganization.”—SHARON TURNER, *Sac. Hist.*, Vol. i. pp. 440, 1.

“We equally see the full and free exercise of individual choice and will.—Their motions exhibit continual changes of will and self-choosing action.”—*Ibid.* p. 454.

“Conjectural possibilities.—One of these would be, that our earth may be a nursery of the immaterial principle ; that it is here brought into its first state of being in animal forms, with a profusion that seems to us unexplainably lavish, that it may be elsewhere used in some advanced or ulterior condition, and in other modes of material existence. There is a very large part of our massy and animated globe which has no relation to its human population. The supposition therefore seems not irrational, that it may have some unexplored relations with those orbs which have been made expressly to be our fellow-planets.”—*Ibid.* pp. 513, 14.

“No brute animals of any kind, in any chronology of their being, have been found to possess the expanding and unceasing improvability of the human soul. It is this quality, never extinguished or extinguishable, though often dormant, which proclaims our spirit to be born for immortality ; as the want of it makes it probable that their vital principle in all other material organizations, at least in their *present forms and phenomena*, is not intended to be perpetual hereafter.”—*Ibid.* p. 399.

The qualification “at least in their *present forms*,” &c. reconciles this statement with the above. In the following page, he also cites the passage from Hartley : “The future existence of brutes cannot be disproved by any argument,” &c. (See Appendix IV.)

NOTE XIX.—Page 37.

*Perversions fanciful, ornate, corrupt,
Of patriarchal lore.*

“According to the ancient Pythagoric hypothesis there is neither any new substantial thing now made, nor yet any real entity destroyed into nothing ; not only no matter but also no soul or life.—Which Cabala, probably derived from the *Egyptians* by Pythagoras, was before fully represented by us out of Ovid ; though that transmigration

of human souls there, into ferine bodies, hath not been by all acknowledged as a genuine part thereof. And the same was likewise insisted upon by VIRGIL, *Georg.* iv. 221-226;—as also owned and confirmed by Macrobius for a great truth."—"It is manifest, (he writes,) according to reason and true philosophy, which neither Cicero* nor Virgil were unacquainted with, (the latter of these affirming that there is no place at all left for death,) I say it is manifest, that none of those things, that to us seem to die, do absolutely perish within the living world, but only their forms are changed."—CUDWORTH, Vol. iv. p. 145.

"The ancients maintained, that the sparks of the Divine Spirit were the principle of all generation: that animals received these in their conception and birth, and that at death these divine particles detached themselves from all terrestrial matter, to fly to heaven, and revolve among the stars. It is this philosophy, at once magnificent and fabulous, which Virgil so gracefully expresses in his verses on the bees, (*Georg.* iv.) where he says, that the wonders admired in those insects have made many affirm them to be animated by a divine breath and portion of the Divinity."—FENELON, *de l'Existence de Dieu*, p. 69.

"The transmigration of souls is a very ancient and common opinion among the *Jews*."—See BASNAGE, *Hist. des Juifs*, l. ii. c. 11. and his Comments.

As to the general fact that patriarchal traditions were handed down (with much perversion and corruption) among the heathen, Bishop Horsley has the following observation, in connection with the Sybilline books:—

"It was to the remains of these books, which I have shown you to have been in fact the corrupted and mutilated records of the patriarchal church, that the Greek philosophers were probably indebted for those fragments of the *patriarchal creed*, from which they drew the just notions that we find scattered in their writings, of the immortality of the soul, a future retribution, the unity of the Divine Substance, and even of the trinity of persons. For of this the sages of the Pythagorean and Platonic schools had some obscure and distorted apprehensions."—Bishop HORSLEY, *Dissertation on the Prophecies of the Messiah among the Heathen*, 1817.

As to the particular doctrine that sentient life is not destroyed, the consent of oriental and early opinion seems to me to imply either some more ancient patriarchal tradition, or else an original though obscure notion of a

* Somn. Scipion.

spiritual essence being necessary to the fact or phenomenon of *life*, and not naturally destructible by the mere dissolution of the body.

A beloved relative once told me, that when in childhood she saw flies or other insects killed, it led her to the thought that some other life, or living creature, was produced or created at the time. If this idea had not been obtained unawares from some tale of transmigrations, (which I think, in her case, very unlikely,) it implies an original conjecture of the kind. At all events it intimates a very early feeling of the accordance of such an expectation with the moral arrangements of a benevolent system.

NOTE XX.—Page 37.

*No nutriment is needed, save from airs
And odours that refresh our happy clime.*

"However it may be with some particular classes and at particular seasons, the far greater number [of fish] take less food, and live, with pleasure, and apparently from choice, longer without any ascertainable quantity of it, than any other tribes of animals that we know of." "The gold and silver fish in our vases seem never to want any food. Even the pike fattens on total abstinence." —GOLDSMITH, Vol. iii. pp. 420, 1. The salmon, although it comes in such multitudes from the ocean into the rivers, yet, when opened, is never found to have any nutritive substance in its stomach. (WOOD'S *Zoog.* p. 178.) The whale, although so vast in bulk, subsists on little or nothing. "The probability therefore is, that the natural constitution of fish is to live without any food but the element they swim in; and that their requiring it is from some extraneous impulse, and for some specific purpose, which they accomplish by taking the temporary gratification."—*Ibid.* pp. 279–81.

As it is everywhere meant to describe in the above pages a "transitive" state, and to avoid, as far as may be, any violent deviations from terrestrial analogies and probabilities, it may not be irrelevant to mention such facts, though the absence of them would no way disprove the possibility of such arrangements in another region, or in the same under a different œconomy.

NOTE XXI.—Page 39.

*At least in this first heaven, to which his hand
Hath gently brought us.*

Since the first publication of this volume, I find that the opinion here expressed was held by Doddridge ; as appears from the account of what “probably occasioned” his remarkable dream, recorded by the late Dr. Samuel Clarke, which, in an abridged form, is subjoined.

“Dr. Doddridge and Dr. Clarke” (the father of the above-named) “had been conversing one evening on the nature of the separate state, and the probability that the scenes on which the soul would enter upon its leaving the body, would bear some resemblance to those with which it had been conversant on earth ; that it might by degrees be prepared for the more sublime happiness of the heavenly world. This and other like conversation probably occasioned the following dream.—Dr. D. imagined himself dangerously ill in London, and that, after some hours, his soul, quitting the body, took its flight in some kind of fine vehicle, which, though very different from the body he had just left, was still material. He pursued his course through the air, expecting some celestial messenger to direct him, till he was at a distance from the city, when, turning to view it, he could not forbear exclaiming—How vain and trifling do the affairs in which the inhabitants of that place are so eagerly employed, appear to me, a separate spirit.

“While continuing his progress, without any certain direction, but happy in the thought of that universal goodness and providence of God, which extend alike to all states and worlds, he was met by one who told him that he was sent to conduct him to the place appointed for his abode ; whence he concluded it could be no other than an angel, though appearing in the form of an elderly man. They went accordingly together, till they came within sight of a spacious building, which had the air of a palace. His guide told him it was a place assigned for his residence at present, on which the doctor observed, that he remembered to have read while upon earth, that ‘eye had not seen, nor ear heard, nor the heart conceived, what God had laid up for His servants,’ whereas he could easily have conceived *an idea* of such a building from others which he had seen, though he acknowledged they were greatly inferior.

"The answer of his guide, plainly suggested by the conversation of the evening, was,—that the scenes first presented to him were contrived to bear a near resemblance to those he had been accustomed to on earth, that his mind might be more easily and gradually prepared for those glories that would open on him hereafter, and which would at first have quite dazzled and overpowered him. Being come to the palace, his guide led him through a kind of saloon to an inner apartment. The first thing that struck him was a large golden cup standing on a table, and having embossed on it the figure of a vine, with clusters of grapes. His guide informed him it was the cup in which our Saviour drank new wine with His disciples in His kingdom, and that the figures on it were meant to signify the union between Christ and His people; implying, that as the grapes derive all their beauty and flavour from the vine, so the saints, even in a state of glory, are indebted for their establishment in holiness and happiness to union with their Head, in whom they are all complete.

"While they thus conversed he heard a signal, which the angel told him denoted his Lord's approach, and was designed to prepare him for the interview. Being then left awhile alone, he observed the room to be hung with pictures containing the history of his own life. The first represented him as an infant laid out as a corpse, in allusion to the fact of his having been at his birth laid aside as dead; and the last as dying on the bed in London, where he actually was at the time.

"While deeply occupied in the reflections awakened by these pictures, he saw his Divine Master enter, and, like John, 'fell at His feet as dead.' He was raised with the sublime and consolatory words—'Fear not; I am the first and the last;' (Rev. i. 17, 18;) after which, his Lord, with a look of inexpressible complacency, assured him of His favour, and kind acceptance of his faithful services. It then seemed to him that the Lord Jesus, after pressing the juice of grapes into the cup which was on the table, drank of it Himself, and next presented it to the astonished and grateful guest, saying—'In commemorating My death, you have often repeated what I said to My disciples, I will no more drink with you of the fruit of the vine, until that day when I shall drink it new with you in the kingdom of My Father.—That day is now come.' He declined this at first, as being too great an honour: but our Lord replied, (as to Peter, in relation to washing His feet,) 'If thou drink not with Me thou hast no part with Me.' Upon this he drank

of the cup, overwhelmed with gratitude, awe, and admiration. After a pause, the gracious Redeemer addressed him in words like these:—"This is not heaven: it is only such a faint and distant representation of the glory to be revealed as is suited to your mortal nature, and is designed to animate you to a more vigorous and determined zeal in My service on earth."

"Under the lively impression of this charge he awoke, but for some considerable time after he arose it so continued, that tears of joy flowed down his cheeks; and he said that he never remembered to have felt sentiments of devotion, love, and gratitude equally strong."

The two accounts of Dr. Doddridge's dream from which this is (with some abridgement) compiled, were lately pointed out to me in the *Baptist Magazine* for 1817, (pp. 87, 90, and 167, 168.) It is possible that I formerly read them, and that they first suggested some ideas in this volume, though the source of these was quite forgotten. The accounts are here combined, as they in no respect differ essentially, indeed only in the *order* of some incidents, and the insertion in each of one or two minor circumstances not in the other. As both were probably derived from the oral relation of Dr. Doddridge to different friends, this substantial agreement, with slight differences, serves to confirm the general correctness of the whole.

The only critic who has bestowed a somewhat extended notice on this volume, has been led to "recognise the archetype of its conception in the '*Divina Commedia*,'"—a very natural impression, but, I think, erroneous. Although, of course, not unacquainted with Dante, I am not well read in him; nor conscious that his work any way suggested this. Many critics might think it a disgrace to own that one has been more probably indebted not to Dante but to Doddridge: to me, however, suggestions should be more welcome from the Christian divine, than from the greater poet.

NOTE XXII.—Page 41.

———*the true germ—*

*Sleeps in safe keeping of Omnipotence
Till the great waking hour.*

"It is very probable that the body has some original essential or staminal particles, which remain the same and unchanged through all the stages of life.—It seems that these unchanging parts, whether few or many, in union

with the same soul, are abundantly sufficient to denominate Methuselah the infant and Methuselah the aged the same person; and then also these few essential constituent particles preserved by Divine Providence, and raised in the formation of a new body, and united to the same soul, are sufficient to denote Methuselah dying and Methuselah rising the same person still, both soul and body.

The similitude which the Apostle uses (1 Cor. xv. 37, 38), plainly teaches us, that though there should be but a very few of the same individual particles raised from the dust, and mixed with a multitude of other new particles, yet these few are sufficient to denominate it the same body, so far as the Apostle's argument requires it. Now it is easy to suppose that the power and providence of God may, according to this supposition, raise and preserve the same body at the resurrection. For if the new-raised body has but as many essential atoms of the dead body in it, as the new stalk and ear of wheat has of the grain that was sowed, it is enough: and the union of the same conscious mind or spirit, makes it the same man."—WATTS'S *Essay* viii. *Works*, Vol. v. pp. 583—585.

"If the question" [whether the same body will be raised] "intends,—whether the same atoms which have composed our bodies in the present world will constitute the body raised at the final day,—both reason and revelation answer it in the negative."—DWIGHT, quoted in *R. T. S. Commentary*, Vol. vi. pp. 179—181.

"The human body is a mass in a state of perpetual change. The identity of it cannot consist in all the numerical particles. Hence we are urged to adopt this opinion, that there must be within it some portion of immovable matter, from which its general identity is denominated. It is to those portions of immovable matter, in all probability, that the immaterial spirit is united in the mysterious compact which subsists between these distant natures in the present life. An indivisible spiritual substance, and a portion of corruptible matter, the parts of which have been rendered indissoluble by the power of the Almighty, may bear some resemblance to each other in the manner of their existence, how distant soever they may be in point of essence and incommunicable properties. Probably this portion of permanent matter, placed beyond the influence of corruption and decay, affords us a striking emblem of that incorruption to which our bodies shall be raised. It is more than probable that this present seat of personality will become a germ of future life, and be that principle

which shall either unfold its latent involutions and expand wholly into that body which shall be, or collect those atoms which will be necessary to give completion to the corporeal frame when the voice of the Archangel shall awaken the dead to life."—DREW on *The Resurrection*, pp. 156—159, abridged.

"With the powers of expansion we are but little acquainted. But even simple extension may supply the place of matter. On these grounds, an inconsiderable number of particles may be sufficient to form the body; and that portion which now constitutes its identity may perhaps contain within it all those atoms which may be necessary to the formation of a spiritual body."—*Ibid.* p. 254. See also p. 421 *Ibid.*, and a citation at p. 156, above.

Bishop Horsley's views, in regard to the risen body of our Saviour, deserve attention in connexion with this subject.* It would appear, however, a more safe and correct view, that the *permanently* glorious change first took place at or during the *ascension*;† and to this, the change which is to pass on the *living* bodies of those who will 'remain' at our Lord's coming, may have a striking resemblance.

NOTE XXIII.—Page 41.

———*a blade*
That might have bloom'd in Cleopatra's groves
Sprang forth.

"This living principle [that of vegetable life] has the singular property of remaining dormant and inert for years or ages, without therefore ceasing to exist. It has been ascertained to be capable of existing in this latent state for above two thousand years unextinguished, and springing again into active vegetation as soon as planted in a congenial soil.

"At the Royal Institution, in 1830, Mr. Houlton produced a bulbous root, which had been discovered in the hand of an Egyptian mummy, where it had remained above two thousand years. On exposure to the atmosphere it germinated, and when planted in earth, it grew with great rapidity."—*Journal Roy. Inst.* No. I.

"In boring for water near Kingston-upon-Thames, some earth was brought up from a depth of 360 feet, and though

* On *Christ's Resurrection*, p. 209.

† See Cudw. *Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. p. 22, 23.

carefully covered with a hand-glass to prevent the possibility of other seeds being deposited on it, was yet in a short time covered with vegetation. This is rightly referred to seeds anciently lodged in it. (JESSE'S *Gleanings*.) From the depth, these seeds must have been of the diluvian age."—SHARON TURNER, *Sacred Hist.*, Vol. i. pp. 207—208.

NOTE XXIV.—Page 47.

Weep at the flutterings e'en of friendship's hand.

I now give (as desired by friends,) the names of some departed, mentioned in these pages.

Lucilia, pp. 45, 46, *Louisa Dalby*, an interesting Christian lady, deceased Nov. 25th, 1829.

— p. 46, her brother, *Capt. George Dalby*, in whom, with great professional merit, was combined active zeal for Christian instruction among the natives of India.

Thomas, p. 98, *Thomas Bunn* (father of the late T. Bunn, Esq., of Frome), a skilful surgeon and most pious benevolent man. The account of his death and dying words is strictly true.

Dorcas, p. 73, his widow, *Jane Bunn*, who survived him 45 years, in a course of Christian charity.

Junia, p. 101, *et seq.* her daughter, *Jane Bunn*, an invaluable friend, who closed a life of Christian graces, Dec. 10th, 1862. Aged 93.

Lydia, p. 72, *et seq.* *Lydia Ashley*, long a martyr in severe rheumatism, with cheerful endurance, and uncommon knowledge of Scripture.

Silas or *Silvanus*, pp. 74-76, a poor palsied youth, very diligent in needlework,—taught to read by an orphan infant scholar.

To other characters no key can be given; since they are but ideal, or not sketched from individuals only.

• NOTE XXV.—Page 47.

O'er Quito's verdant equinoctial plain.

"From the terrace of the government palace (at Quito) there is one of the most enchanting prospects that human eye ever witnessed, or nature ever exhibited. Looking to the south, and glancing along towards the north, eleven

mountains covered with perpetual snow present themselves, their bases apparently resting on the verdant hills that surround the city, and their heads piercing the blue arch of heaven ; while the clouds hover midway down them, or seem to crouch at their feet. Among these the most lofty are Cayambeureu, Imbaburu, Ilinisa, Antisana, Chimborazo, and the beautifully magnificent Cotopaxi, crowned with its volcano."—*Edin. Cab. Lib.* HUMBOLDT, p. 331.

NOTE XXVI.—Page 48.

Orinoco's foaming cataracts.

"The scenery in the vicinity of the lower fall is [described as] exceedingly beautiful. To the west of Atures, a pyramidal mountain, the peak of Uniana, rises from a plain to the height of nearly 3200 feet. The savannahs, which are covered with grasses and slender plants, though never inundated by the river, present a surprising luxuriance and diversity of vegetation. Piles of granite-blocks rise here and there ; and at the margins of the plains occur deep valleys and ravines, the humid soil of which is covered with arums, heliconias, and lianas."—HUMBOLDT in *Edin. Cab. Lib.* p. 242.

NOTE XXVII.—Page 52.

*To this—then more than this—
My full and free communion, most endear'd.*

"The author of *Questions and Answers to the Orthodox*, in his answer to question 75, writes,—that the souls in Paradise do enjoy the conversation and sight of angels and archangels, and also of our Saviour Jesus Christ, by way of vision, [*κατ' ὁπτασίαν δὲ καὶ τοῦ σωτήρος Χριστοῦ*,] viz. such in its kind, though in degree far more excellent, as whereby the prophets saw him of old."—Bishop BULL, in *Huntingford's Testimonies*, pp. 282, 283.

Irenæus, in the fifth book, c. 36, expressly indeed distinguisheth Paradise from the Kingdom of Heaven, and reckons it a lower degree of happiness "to enjoy the delights of Paradise," [*τῆς τοῦ παραδείσου τρυφῆς ἀπολαύειν*] than "to be counted worthy to dwell in heaven" [*καταξιωθῆναι τῆς ἐν οὐρανῷ διατριβῆς*]. But yet he acknowledgeth in both our Saviour shall be seen

"according as they shall be worthy or meet who see Him" [*καθὼς ἀξιοὶ ἑσονται οἱ ὁπῶντες αὐτόν.*]—*Ibid.* p. 282.

—"The perfect vision of Christ is referred [deferred?] till His last appearance; and consequently the perfect measure of our glory and blessedness. The reception of that glory into the soul, is that which doth in a manner transform the soul into the same glory; and according to the measure of that reception, so is the measure of that transformation. Here in this life our vision is as it were in a glass, and therefore our conformity unto it is the less, and more imperfect. In the state of the separation of the soul more is seen, and therefore the soul more irradiated; but in the reunion of the soul and body, the state of the soul is more perfect, and the vision therefore more perfect, and consequently the glory of the soul and body more perfect. In the state of separation the soul receives a clearer vision of Christ, than whilst she was in the flesh but not so full a vision as she shall in the resurrection."—Sir MATTHEW HALE, in *Huntingford's Testimonies*, pp. 98 100.

—"We must distinguish this presence of Christ with the souls of the good in Hades, from that beatific vision, or sight and enjoyment of God and of Christ in heaven, which will *crown* the felicity of the blessed, after their translation, in body and soul, to that region of consummate glory. And we may conceive this source of happiness to consist in a certain manifestation of the Divine presence of the Redeemer, either constant or occasional, inferior indeed in degree, to that of His presence in heaven, but sufficient to inspire the souls of the righteous with inconceivable joy and delight."—BROUGHTON (Vicar of St. Mary Redcliffe, Bristol,) *On Futurity*, pp. 134, 135.

NOTE XXVIII.—Page 58.

—Boyle,

*Boerhaave, Linnæus, Ray—
—who thro' all Nature trac'd her Lord
And theirs—*

No note has been appended to the first mention of Boyle; the writer reckoning, perhaps too fully, on every reader's acquaintance with the character and pursuits of that great and good man. But information concerning him is at hand in every biographical dictionary, and it is pleasant to see also a recent reprint of some of his Chris

tian Treatises, among the "Sacred Classics," with a biographical and critical essay by Mr. Rogers, prefixed.—Dr. Watts has asked, "Are there not a Boyle and a Ray in heaven?—pious souls who were trained up in sanctified philosophy; and surely they are fitted beyond their fellow saints to contemplate the wisdom of God in the works of His hands."—*Works*, Vol. ii. pp. 163, 164.

The name of Boerhaave ranks perhaps not less high than Boyle's in the list of Christian philosophers and naturalists. "In a commentary on his own life he says, that he was persuaded the Scriptures alone were the directory of salvation, when joined with obedience to the laws and example of Christ. Not long before he died, he told his friends that he never entertained a doubt of the immateriality of the soul, and that in a late severe illness he had felt a kind of experimental certainty of the distinction between corporeal and thinking substances. He received the visits of three sovereigns; one of whom, Peter the Great, slept in his barge all night before the professor's house, that he might enjoy two hours of conversation with him early in the morning."—(JOHNSON and BURTON'S *Lives of Boerhaave*, cited in *Watkins's Biog. Dict.*)—"Fifty years have elapsed since I was the disciple of the immortal Boerhaave, but his image is continually present to my mind. I have always before my eyes the venerable simplicity of that great man, who possessed in an eminent degree the talent of persuading. How many times hath he said, when speaking of the precepts of our Saviour, that this Divine Teacher knew mankind better than Socrates."—HALLER'S *Letters*, p. 64.

Respecting Linnæus, the testimony which I have as yet found of his attachment to *Christian* truths, is not so distinct and full as a general impression had induced me to suppose, when the above line was written. It is however stated, in a small sketch of his life, (Lond. 1827,) "Linnæus drew up a little memoir of the most striking circumstances in his life, and concluded it with these words, 'The Lord was with thee wherever thou didst go.' It is said, that whenever an opportunity of expatiating on the wisdom and goodness of the Almighty occurred in his lectures he seized it with avidity. On such occasions he spoke with even greater animation than usual, and the finest bursts of eloquence broke from his lips." This statement I presume has been derived from the 'voluminous' life by Dr. Trapp. to which the writer refers, but which I have not been able to consult.

Linnæus, in his Lapland Tour, describing the sun's setting, (July 1,) apparently, on the summit of Harrevarto, one of the Lapland Alps, writes, "This spectacle I considered as not one of the least of Nature's miracles, for what inhabitants of other countries would not wish to behold it? O Lord, how wonderful are Thy works!"—J. E. SMITH'S *Translation*, Vol. i. p. 269.

NOTE XXIX.—Pages 63, 64.

—*Psaltery of countless chords—*
—*Cumbersome night-veil.*

Some thoughts and expressions of Howe have been purposely adopted, as the basis of this feeble attempt.

In his treatise "Of Delighting in God," he writes,—
"Since these were the considerations upon which so great complacency was taken in Him, set the same before your own eyes. And since these were proposed as the matter of so common a joy, and the creation seems designed for a *musical instrument* of as many strings as there are creatures in heaven and earth,—awake, and make haste to get your heart fixed: lest the heavens rejoice and the earth be glad,—while you only are silent and unconcerned."—Pp. 429-430. Seeley's Pocket Edition.

In his discourse "Of the Blessedness of the Righteous," he exclaims, "Happy souls, who are so far awake as to prefer the realities of eternity to the shadows of time! When the holy soul is dismissed from this earthly body, it will shake off this drowsy sleep; now is the happy season of its awaking into the heavenly vital light of God! The blessed morning of that long-desired day, is now dawned upon it; *the cumbersome night-veil* is laid aside, and the garments of salvation and immortal glory are now put on!"

On the delightful dreams or visions referred to in the fifth and sixth stanzas [*when twice thy own effulgence, &c.*] which Howe records to have been granted him Dec. 26, 1689, and Oct. 22, 1704,—some very judicious remarks are offered by Mr. H. ROGERS, in his *Life of Howe*, pp. 495—502. They are also noticed in the present writer's *Thoughts on Private Devotion*, No. xxvii.—Seventh edition.

NOTE XXX.—Page 65.

Fretted with azure stalactites.

The colour ascribed to these has been suggested by the remembrance of a cabinet picture, seen in 1833 at the exhibition in the Louvre, bearing in the catalogue the name "La Grotte d'Azur"; and (if the writer mistake not) described as taken from a grotto or cavern in the Greek Archipelago. If the delineation and colouring were true to nature, a more beautiful object of the kind cannot be easily conceived.

NOTE XXXI.—Page 67.

*Bathe in the waveless ocean of the First
And Perfect Beauty.*

"Plato discourses of God, under the title of *πολὺ πέλαγος τοῦ καλοῦ*, the vast sea of pulchritude."—CUDWORTH, *Int. Syst.* Vol. iii. p. 483, Edit. Birch.

If it be allowable to attribute to separated spirits any remnants of that turn of thought and expression which characterised them on earth, it will not appear incongruous to ascribe to Howe language borrowed from the most eloquent of the philosophers. Dr. Calamy remarks, "falling among such persons as Dr. Henry More and Dr. Cudworth, it is not to be wondered at that in his early days he received that Platonic tincture which so remarkably runs through the writings which he drew up and published in his advanced years."—*Life*, p. 3.

NOTE XXXII.—Page 67.

*"his open unfrequented path
To immortality."*

These words will be remembered by some readers as forming part of the inscription on Howard's monument in St. Paul's Cathedral;—I believe from the pen of the late Mr. Whitbread.

Our country being commonly "called Christian,"—it may seem strange that Westminster Abbey contains monuments of Ben Jonson and John Kemble, but none of John Howard or John Howe.—I would observe in passing, that this name "John,"—which belonged also to Milton and Locke, and which is peculiarly Christian, as being that of the beloved Apostle, and as signifying

"God's grace,"—is most ungracefully curtailed by us and by the French, and, in this mean form, fits best the low stations or occupations which it has almost come to suggest. In reference to Howe, I have restored (at p. 105) its proper Greek or Latin form, *Johannes*.

NOTE XXXIII.—Page 72.

—*A destin'd voyager
To Ireland's coast;
Thy saints shall glory—*

The following is an abridged account of the fact on which the above incident has been founded.

"When Mr. Howe was going to Ireland, April, 1671, he was detained in Wales, I suppose at Holyhead. He preached once, and the next Lord's-day the people came flocking into the town, observing that the vessel was not gone. Mr. Howe was then ill in bed, but on the clergyman's application, he rose and preached with great life and freedom : and he told my informant, that he never in all his life saw people more moved, or receive the Word with greater pleasure. And he at the same time added these words—If my ministry was ever of any use, I think it must be then."—CALAMY'S *Life of Howe*, p. 17.

NOTE XXXIV.—Page 80.

*An aspect which exalts, yet alters not
The grace and nobleness they own'd below.*

—"Howe's external appearance was such as served to exhibit to the greatest advantage his rare intellectual and moral endowments. His stature was lofty ; his aspect commanding ; and his manners a strange union of ease and dignity. What Howe said of Bates (in the celebrated funeral sermon) might be said with still greater truth of himself ; that he was 'wrought *luto meliore*, of better, or more accurately figured and finer turned clay.' Calamy, who knew him well, tells us that 'as to his person, he was very tall and exceedingly graceful. He had a good presence, and a piercing, but pleasant eye ; and there was that in his looks and carriage, that discovered that he had something within that was uncommonly great, and tended to excite veneration.'"—ROGERS'S *Life of Howe*, p. 451.

NOTE XXXV.—Page 83.

—*Ambrose stood**In that square pulpit of unsculptur'd stone.*

“The pulpit in which Ambrose is said to have preached (in the church at Milan which bears his name) is wholly of plain stone, very large, and of a square form, with a crucifix of brass on its edge, and a bird of the same metal in front. There is also a brazen serpent on a column standing alone near the centre of the church. The body of Ambrose is interred under the high altar, round which are four columns of porphyry, supposed to have stood unaltered from his time.—His own bedstead is also preserved in this church with an Italian inscription, assuring us that whoever visits the chapel which contains it three times devoutly, on Holy Thursdays, shall deliver a soul from purgatory !”—The writer here quotes his *Letters after a Tour*, pp. 103, 104 : but at an interval of twenty years remembers the pulpit *only*.

NOTE XXXVI.—Pages 83, 84.

—*ignited**As with the ‘altar coal’—the’ imperial brow—**————— a votive obelisk**To the creation’s rescue and his own.*

Some readers need not to be told, that the speaker here introduced is intended for the late Robert Hall. Others, from not having seen or heard that remarkable man, may not conjecture this ; and when apprised of it may perhaps judge the description hyperbolical. It is of course but fair to bear in mind, that whoever is described in the above pages, is described as seen in a new and exalted state of being. But it will be proper to present such readers with some of those statements as to Mr. Hall’s character as a preacher, on which (subordinately to *personal* observation and admiration) this attempt at describing him has been grounded. They will be more fitly placed in the next note, as appended to the address above imagined. But I would here state,—that these “fragments” of a supposed address are *wholly* imagined, and not in the least grounded on anything actually spoken by Mr. Hall :—which is the more requisite, as the turn of phrase called for by the writer’s supposed situation tends to mislead his readers.—The subject of that address has

however been suggested by this fact, mentioned by a late valued friend, Mr. A. C. Buckland, author of *Letters on Early Rising*;—that he had himself heard Mr. Hall, while enduring a high degree of that suffering which was so habitual to him, preach from the text—‘Neither shall there be any more pain.’ Mr. B. did not communicate any sketch or hints of the discourse. Possibly, correct notes of it exist; and it would be interesting to know what such a Christian *really* said, while *conflicting* with pain by which minds of less extraordinary vigour would have been disqualified for any public effort.

The writer is quite aware, that among various occasions for unfriendly criticism which the foregoing piece affords, the introduction of a “sermon in paradise” would not be the least inviting. He could himself—were such his unenviable temper and vocation—find sarcasms to expend on this and on some other points, which are obviously susceptible of being viewed and presented under an aspect of the “ridiculous.” But with regard to this particular one, he can discover no serious reason why eloquence—employed on the sublimest themes—should be excluded from a place, and a prominent place, among the pursuits and enjoyments of *any* future state. Whether it will be verbal, is another question; but we can have no present distinct conception of it, except as through that medium. Dr. Watts writes,—“Perhaps you will suppose there is no such service as hearing sermons; that there is no attendance upon the Word of God there. But are we sure there are no such entertainments? Are there no lectures of divine wisdom and grace given to the younger spirits there, by spirits of a more exalted station?”—(*Works*, Vol. ii. p. 172.) Southey, in his *Memoir or Essay* prefixed to *Watts’s Lyric Poems*, adverts to this, gently, yet with an implied stricture;—which is not surprising. Dr. Watts has not in this instance happily chosen his terms. “Sermons,” we all know, may be dull and dry. “Entertainments,” would rather remind some readers, in our days, of “fetes” or of “afterpieces”;—and “lectures,” of the “college.” It is very observable how much we are awayed by the associations which particular words excite. But the true inquiry is, whether the engagements intended, if fulfilled in a celestial manner, can be accounted unworthy of a celestial state.

Perhaps this is the most suitable occasion for remarking, that the writer has not been insensible to the sort of ridiculous presumption implied, in imagining thoughts and

language for minds so incomparably above his own, as most which have been here introduced; and still the more when introduced on a scene where they will have been so elevated above their former selves.—But this resolves itself into a larger question, whether the whole design should have been formed or persevered in.

The presumption referred to may be best palliated, by remembering that both Milton and Klopstock have ventured to invent language, not for men and angels merely, but for the Deity; a boldness which was, *perhaps*, necessary or important to the full effect of their poems; but which one is at a loss how to vindicate either on the score of piety or good taste.

NOTE XXXVII.—Page 85.

—By new
*And swift degrees upkindling with his theme,
Still flash'd new ardours forth.*—

Some passages preceding the above lines, and several that follow them, will be both justified and illustrated by the following citation.

Mr. Hall “began with hesitation, and often in a very low and feeble tone.—As he proceeded, his manner became easy, graceful, and at length highly impassioned: his voice also acquired more flexibility, body, and sweetness; and in all his happier and more successful efforts, swelled into a stream of the most touching and impressive melody. The further he advanced, the more spontaneous, natural, and free from labour seemed the progression of thought.”

—“In his sublimer strains, not only was every faculty of the soul enkindled and in entire operation, but his very features seemed fully to sympathize with the Spirit, and to give out, nay, to *throw* out, thought, and sentiment, and feeling. From the commencement of his discourse an almost breathless silence prevailed, deeply impressive and solemnizing from its singular intenseness. Not a sound was heard but the preacher’s voice—scarcely an eye but was fixed upon him—not a countenance that he did not watch, and read, and interpret, as he surveyed them again and again with this rapid, ever-excursive glance.* As he advanced, and increased in animation, five

* This was not *always* the case. Mr. Foster writes: “It appeared to me not unfrequently that his ideas pressed into his view, so much in the character of living realities, that he lost all distinct sense of the presence of the congregation.”—*Observations, &c.*, HALL’S Works, Vol. vi. p. 161.

or six of the auditors would be seen to rise—still keeping their eyes upon him—until, long before the close of the sermon, it often happened that a considerable portion of the congregation were seen standing, every eye directed to the preacher; yet now and then for a moment glancing from one to another, thus transmitting and reciprocating thought and feeling. Mr. Hall himself, though manifestly absorbed in his subject, conscious of the whole, receiving new animation from what he thus witnessed, reflecting it back on those who were already alive to the inspiration, until all that were susceptible of thought and emotion seemed wound up to the utmost limit of elevation *on earth*—when he would close, and they reluctantly and slowly resume their seats.—In 1814, Mr. Hall, while preaching among his old friends at Cambridge, just before he commenced the application of his sermon, uttered a short but very fervent ejaculatory prayer, during which the whole congregation arose from their seats. Mr. Hall seemed surprised for a moment, and but for a moment, and remained in prayer for about five minutes. He then resumed his sermon, and continued preaching for more than twenty minutes, in such a strain of magnificent and overwhelming eloquence as the extraordinary incident might be expected to produce from powers and feelings like his, the whole congregation standing until the close of the sermon."

"—Scenes like this I have witnessed repeatedly, so productive of intense and hallowed feeling, that after an interval of more than thirty years, they present themselves to my mind with a more vivid influence than many of the transactions of the last month."—Dr. O. GREGORY'S *Memoir*, HALL'S *Works*, Vol. vi. pp. 53—56.

Mr. Foster remarks:—"His sometimes impetuous delivery, ardent aspect, and occasionally magnificent diction, were all purely spontaneous from the strong excitement of the subject. Under that excitement, when it was the greatest, he did unconsciously acquire a corresponding elation of attitude and expression; would turn, though not with frequent change, toward the different parts of the assembly, and, as almost his only peculiarity of action, would make one step back from his position (which however was instantly resumed) at the last word of a climax.—To the feeling of his constant hearers, the cool and hypercritical equally with the rest, it was merely one of those effects which emotion always produces in the exterior in one mode or another."—*Observations, &c., Ibid.* Vol. vi. pp. 158, 159.

Mr. Foster, in referring to Mr. Hall's earlier efforts, before age and almost continual pain had abated "the energy and splendour of his eloquence," records "that intense ardour of emotion and utterance, which so often, animating to the extreme emphasis a train of sentiments impressive by their intrinsic force, had held dominion over every faculty of thought and feeling in a large assembly."—*Ibid.* p. 144.

The depreciating remarks of certain writers, (likely enough to be ascribed either to sectarian or personal envy,) can detract nothing from the strength of testimonies like these. The present writer, and a multitude of other hearers of Robert Hall, will subscribe, while memory holds her place, to Mr. Foster's closing observations.—"While ready to give due honour to all valuable preachers, and knowing that the lights of religious instruction will still shine with useful lustre, and new ones continually rise, they involuntarily and pensively turn to look at the last fading colours in the distance where the greater luminary has set."

By the time the reader has perused this note, he will be, justly, less able to excuse that presumption to which I have honestly pleaded guilty in the preceding one.

NOTE XXXVIII.—Page 86.

—————*the turban'd multitude*
With such deep noiseless veneration bow.

According to competent and credible witnesses, the exemplary deportment of Mahometans, while engaged in the duty of prayer, may well put to shame the comparative indevoutness and indifference, even of Christian worshippers. "When," observes an intelligent witness, cited by Hottinger, "I contrast the silence of a Turkish mosque, at the hour of public prayer, with the noise and tumult but too frequent in Christian temples, I stand astonished, at the strange inversion in the two religions of the order of things which might naturally be expected; how it comes to pass, that, where Mahometans manifest such exemplary devotuness in their public services, Christians, on the contrary, betray so lamentable indevotion! When the whole nature and reason of the case obviously demand, that the effects respectively produced should be just the opposite from what they are!" Again: "I have seen"—is the remarkable testimony of another authority on the spot—"a congregation of at least two thousand souls assembled in the Mosque of Saint Sophia, with silence so profound, that,

until I entered the body of the building, I was unaware that it contained so much as a single worshiper!"—FORSTER, *Mahometanism Unveiled*, Vol. i. pp. 411, 412.

NOTE XXXIX.—Page 86.

——whom the golden lips

Of their fam'd prelate now rebuk'd, now charm'd.

Specimens are subjoined of the "rebukes" uttered by this bold and eloquent prelate, which indicate also the manners and habits of a portion of his hearers; for it may be presumed that the absent, whom he condemns, were at least occasionally of his audience. Indeed the first words of the second citation *imply* this.—"Let no one, therefore, advance either his youth or his old age, as an apology for negligence: for there are now among us many young persons filling this holy edifice, [πνευματικὸν θεατρον], while some of the aged are dishonouring themselves at the races [ἱπποδρομαῖς]. Again, there are other old persons adorned at once by hoary hairs and by attention to sacred discourses, and youths who by attendance on those spectacles render their youth irrational."—In Hom. iv. *Select*. H. iii. p. 14.—(in Matt. ix. 37.)

Again, in the same homily,—"Those who have quitted us, sit as spectators of senseless horses; overwhelming each other meanwhile with scurrility and abuse, stirring up rage and contest for which there can be no excuse: exulting also with a gladness which is more wretched than grief, over winning charioteers, and over broken-down horses,—than which what can be more irrational? For, tell me, *why* dost thou rejoice, why leap, why dance, why descend thence with such gaiety? And *thou*, why dost thou grieve, and veil thyself, and bow thy head, and vex thy spirit, because such an one has gained, and such another has lost the race?—and what is that to thee? What reason for that grief or that delight?—What punishment does not each of you merit,—neither one of you taking any account of this, that his own soul is every day distorted by bad passions—but rejoicing or lamenting over irrational animals, and men as irrational as they?"—*Ibid.* p. 24.

NOTE XL.—Page 86.

Quick phosphorescent gleams——

Those who have walked the deck of a large vessel at night, going rapidly before the wind, (or impelled by the

unpoetic power of steam,) and watched the waves around her, will I believe accede to the fitness of the terms here used, even if used in prose. Those appearances are ascertained to be produced by multitudes, no doubt millions, of mollusca or marine insects.

NOTE XLI.—Page 88.

The bright mosaic, &c.

These figures have been adopted from some *similar* expressions retained in the writer's memory, which he heard uttered many years ago in an eloquent speech by the Rev. John Burnet, late of Camberwell.

NOTE XLII.—Page 90.

“—— *our Love was slain.*”

The expression, “my Love was crucified,” is found in the epistle of Ignatius to the Romans, written on his way to martyrdom.—(Archbishop WAKE'S *Genuine Epistles*, p. 100.)

NOTE XLIII.—Page 93.

——*holy Corbet*——

Rack'd, but still blessing Him that urg'd the thorn.

John Corbet was one of the ejected clergy of 1662. A small collection of his private papers was published after his death under the title, *Self-Employment in Secret*, with a recommendatory preface from Howe.

He refers to severe bodily affliction as follows. “I had rather have health of soul in a body full of pain, than health and ease of body with a distempered soul.”——“I am unfeignedly willing to bear this affliction, as it is an evil laid upon me by His will, till the time come in which he thinks fit to remove it.—I wrestle with God by importunate prayer, that this thorn in the flesh might depart from me—yet I would not wrest this relief out of His hands unseasonably.—It is hard to be willing to bear my wearisome condition, and, oh, how weak is my heart, and ready to sink, if it be not upheld by a strength above my own! I feel myself bettered in the inner man, by this chastening.—I do not love God the less, because of his correcting hand upon me. I am willing to serve God in pain and patience, else I were unworthy of so good a Master.—I am called to deny all the pleasures of sense and

to mind them no more : and I am heartily willing to do it.—My present state gives me advantage for a higher proof of the grace that is in me, upholding me in a life of faith and patience, by which I live upon God alone, when worldly comfort fails me, and by which I am enabled to overcome things grievous to nature, and to get above not only the pleasures but the sharp pains of sense ; and to live and endure with little natural or bodily rest."

NOTE XLIV.—Page 93.

"*The earnest presbyter of Wintringham.*"

Adam's *Private Thoughts* are so well known, and known to be remarkable for the resignation which many of them express, that it may be superfluous to give specimens. But such sentiments as the following cannot be too much recorded, whether as a memorial or a lesson of the Christian temper.—"When pain comes, it seems as if it was reached out to me by the hands of an angel, who is come post with it from heaven, glad of the office of administering to my safety and improvement ; rejoicing in the love of God towards me, and calling on me to join with him in blessing God for it."—"Not too much pain : with God's help I can think so from my heart, take it patiently, and bless Him for the mercy of it."—In pain, sickness, trouble, methinks I hear God say, Take this medicine, exactly suited to the case, prepared and weighed by My own hands, and consisting of the choicest drugs which heaven affords."—Chapter xi. on "Resignation," pp. 273, 275, 261. (Diary of Rev. T. ADAM, Rector of Wintringham.)

NOTE XLV.—Page 93.

"*And here Susanna,*" &c.

Susanna Harrison : "a very obscure young woman, destitute of the advantages of education, and under great bodily affliction :"—so described by the late Dr. Conder, who edited her *Songs in the Night* ; appending to them also an interesting account of "a remarkable scene in her life." He states at the close of it, "after long sufferings had reduced her to a mere skeleton, yet was her mind so calm, that she whispered the day before she left this world, pointing to heaven, "I cannot talk ; but I shall soon sing *there*."—Her "songs" on earth, though not poetic, and sometimes not *quite* grammatically correct,

must have consoled and edified many. I have been pleased to meet with them, (where indeed I *first* did so,) in the sick chamber of the poor. She died in 1784.

NOTE XLVI.—Page 93.

——— *Look*

Where Theodosia comes.

“Mrs. Anne Steele, daughter of a dissenting minister, a man of primitive piety, the strictest integrity and benevolence, and the most amiable simplicity of manners.—It was her infelicity, as it has been of many of her kindred spirits, to have a capacious soaring mind united to a very weak and languid body. Her life was for the most part a life of retirement, in the peaceful village where she began and ended her days. (Broughton, in Hampshire.) With an exquisite sensibility, she possessed a native cheerfulness, which not even the uncommon and agonizing pains she endured in the latter part of life could deprive her of. Hers was a life of unaffected humility, warm benevolence, sincere friendship, and genuine devotion. A life which it is not easy truly to describe, or faithfully to imitate.

“Having been confined to her chamber some years before her death, she had long waited with Christian dignity for the awful hour of her departure. She often spoke, not merely with tranquility, but joy, of her decease. When the hour came she welcomed its arrival, and though her feeble body was excruciated with pain, her mind was perfectly serene. With these animating words on her dying lips, ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth,’ she gently fell ‘asleep in Jesus.’

“Theodosia religiously devoted the profits arising from the sale of her poems, to the purposes of benevolence.”—Abridged from Dr. EVANS’s Advertisement to the Poems.

Many of the hymns of this lady have been inserted, with her name, in collections for public worship, and are among the most faultless which the Christian Church adopts. Her departure from this life took place in 1778. A selection from her hymns and poems was published, 1863, (Sedgwick, and Hamilton, Adams, and Co.,) to which the present writer prefixed a memoir.

NOTE XLVII.—Page 94.

Timanthes; long on earth my friend.

The character here attempted to be drawn is that of the late Dr. Henry Sampson. Howe’s Discourse “On Patience

in the expectation of Future Blessedness," had reference to that excellent physician, and he appended to it a brief memoir, from which I have previously given an extract, in *Christian Encouragement*, &c. p. 308, 4th edit., but now subjoin a larger portion; for one can scarcely present too often or too fully so Christian an example. Boerhaave, as well as Dr. Sampson, was first designed for the Christian ministry. Probably each may have effected, at least indirectly, more of spiritual good, than if the first destination had been persevered in.

Dr. Henry Sampson (Mr. Howe writes) "was long a member, and lived in communion with many of us, in the same church, viz., by the space of thirty years, under the pastoral inspection of the Rev. Dr. Jacomb, and of him, who, with great inequality, succeeded him.

"He began his course favoured by the Author of nature with very good natural parts; and very early enriched with communications of the most excellent kind by the God of all grace. Herewith having his spirit seasoned, and deeply tintured betimes, the fear of the Lord, which is the beginning of wisdom, became, near the beginning of his course, the governing principle thereof. His choice was therefore of that way and state wherein he, in the general, conceived he might most glorify God and do most good to men. And because he thought he might serve those ends best in that high and noble employment, wherein he should be obliged principally and most directly to intend the saving of men's souls, thither he more immediately bent and directed his preparatory endeavours. And, therefore, though in his academical studies, wherein he spent several years, he neglected no part of that rational learning which was most fitly conducing and serviceable to this his purpose; yet he most earnestly applied himself to the gaining a thorough acquaintance with those languages wherein the Holy Scriptures were originally written; and spared no cost to procure great variety of the best and most celebrated editions of both the Testaments, with other helps, for the attaining of that most necessary knowledge; whereof his library, so richly furnished in that kind, did appear, after his decease, a full evidence; to the bettering of divers other libraries, of such as he had formerly been wont to hear,—and among them, as I must with gratitude acknowledge, by his special kindness and bequest, my own.

"Accordingly this had been his calling, if the way of managing it could as much have been the matter of his

choice, guided by his judgment and conscience, as the calling itself had been. But things falling out in this respect otherwise, before he could solemnly enter upon it, he seasonably diverted from it to that which he judged the next best, and wherein the persons of men were still to be the objects of his care. Things of higher excellency than lands and riches; as life and the body are, by the verdict of our Saviour, of more worth than their perquisites, food and raiment, unto which ample estates and revenues are more remotely subservient. And the vicinity of this to that other most excellent calling, is so near, that it is an easy step from it to the affairs of the other. Which we see exemplified in that excellent person, a dear and most worthy *relative** of the deceased, unto whose 'Historical Account' of him, subjoined to this Discourse, I refer the reader for fuller information, whose most useful and elaborate works may not only occasion us to consider theology as every one's business, or the calling of a divine as in some respects transcendental, and running through every man's calling; but that of a physician, as more nearly allied to it than any other, many excellent speculations being common and, as those works show, of great importance to both.† And in which performance that accurate writer doth not, indeed, preach to the vulgar, but instructs preachers. And as it hath been sometime thought a greater thing to *make a king* than to *be one*, he hath attained a higher degree above being himself one single preacher, in doing that whereby now and in future time he may contribute to the making of many.

"These are some instances, and blessed be God that it is to be hoped there are others, which show that '*religio medici*' is not always opprobrious, or a note of ignominy and reproach; and that a beloved physician, on the best account, was not appropriate to the first age. That calling gives very great opportunity to a man of serious spirit, of doing good to men's souls; and I know it hath been improved by some, to discourse and to pray with their dying patients, and when their art could not immortalize their bodies, they did all that in them lay, for the saving their immortal souls. And this I have reason to think was a great part of the practice of this worthy man: in the proper business of this calling he sincerely studied the good of mankind, endeavouring to his utmost to

* Dr. Grew.

† Grew's *Cosmologia Sacra* is here referred to; quoted in Appendix IV. below.

lengthen out their time in this world, in order to their future preparation for the other. When the cases of extreme illness and extreme poverty have met together, he hath most cheerfully embraced the opportunity of doing such good, declaring he was ready as well to serve the poor when he was to receive nothing, as the rich from whom he might expect the largest fees; his visits have been there repeated with equal constancy and diligence. He equally rejoiced in the success of such endeavours, whereof he had no other recompense than the satisfaction of having relieved the distressed and miserable. And of such some do survive him, to whom the remembrance of his name is still grateful and dear.

"Nor were the great advantages lost which he had gained for the instructing a congregation; (had the state of things and his judgment concurred thereto;) for they eminently appeared to such as had the privilege of living under his roof, and of partaking in the instructions which his great acquaintance with the Holy Scriptures enabled him to give them from time to time; which, together with his daily fervent prayers and holy conversation, made his family as a well-ordered and watered garden compared with the howling wilderness of too many others.

"But in all my conversation with him nothing was more observable or more grateful to me than his *pleasant and patient expectation* of the blessed state which he now possesses; the mention thereof would make joy sparkle in his eye, and clothe his countenance with cheerful looks; accompanied with such tokens of serenity and a composed temper of mind as showed and signified submission, with an unreluctant willingness to wait for that time which the wisdom and goodness of God should judge seasonable, for his removal out of a world which he loved not, nor yet could disaffect from any sense of its unkindness to him, but only from the prospect he had of a better."

NOTE XLVIII.—Page 96.

(*So Wilmot the good prelate heard.*)

John Wilmot, Earl of Rochester, died July 26, 1680. If Dr. Sampson had died before him (which I think was not the case) there would still be no positive anachronism in this remark; for I have supposed in the above piece that separated spirits are not unacquainted with what has passed on earth since their decease.—'Angels rejoice over one sinner that repenteth,' and it would be strange to con-

clude that the 'spirits of just men' never partake in the same kind of joy.

It is right to state that the character whose conversion is above described by Timanthes is an *imagined* one. But (we thank God) there have not been (and are not) wanting real instances among the 'mighty' and the 'noble,' of quite as striking a kind. Lord Rochester, had his life been spared, we trust would have been so. Struensee also might be named.——The particular passage which heads this note will be understood by the readers of Bishop BURNET'S *Passages in the Life and Death of John Earl of Rochester*, (see p. 51, &c. Edit. 1680,) a little book of great value.

NOTE XLIX.—Page 100.

*Few verily with holier transport came
To welcome rest than he.*

Dr. Prichard, after describing in a letter to a professional gentleman, the nature of Mr. Hall's disorders, as ascertained "post mortem," observes: "Probably no man ever went through more physical suffering than Mr. Hall: he was a fine example of the triumph of the higher powers of mind, exalted by religion, over the infirmities of the body." —Quoted in Dr. O. GREGORY'S "Memoir," *HALL'S Works*, Vol. vi. p. 134.

His disease "had become," as his esteemed friend Mr. Addington termed it, "an internal apparatus of torture;" yet such was the peculiar structure of his mind, doubtless fortified and prepared for patient endurance by an energy imparted from above, that though his appointment by day and by night was incessant pain, yet high enjoyment was, notwithstanding, the law of his existence."—*Ibid.* pp. 97, 98.

This is not very conceivable by minds differently constituted; and we may, I think, thus interpret it, that 'high enjoyment' must have chiefly belonged to those periods when the *severity* of pain was intermitted or abated. Further particulars of Mr. Hall's intense sufferings, of their causes, and the Christian triumph of his "last illness and death," are contained in the very interesting "Account," by J. M. CHANDLER, Esq. (Bristol, 1831.)

NOTE L.—Page 111.

*From the ancient house
Of Huntingdon.*

The Lady Elizabeth Hastings was born April 19, 1682. Her father was Theophilus Earl of Huntingdon.—A countenance that united something great with something condescending, an ingenious temper, a quickness of apprehension, a benevolent spirit, a flexibility of nature, a devout frame, and solemn sense of Divine things, were observable in her first departure out of infancy.—Her excellent virtues afterwards shone out by what has been the eclipse of virtue in others, the accession of a large fortune.

Her end was the glory of God and the good of all men ; all her capacities, powers, and means being employed for the benefit of her fellow-creatures, weeping with them that wept, and rejoicing with them that rejoiced, given to hospitality, distributing to the necessities of the saints and of others, having joy at the conversion of a sinner, or any the smallest appearance of it.

Her benefactions were very large and numerous. But her eye was ever on the heart to observe the tendency of all its motions, and she continually cherished the Divine life by acts of faith in the blood of her Redeemer, by rating her own righteousness as nothing, and by marking well all her slips and penitentially mourning over them.—Through almost thirty years, she shone the bright example of every virtue, yet could never endure to hear one word spoken in her own praise. About twenty months before her death, a cancerous tumour compelled her to submit to a most painful operation. When this necessity was made known, Lady H. declared—"that she would not wish to be out of her present situation for all the world, nor exchange it for any other at any price."—She then awaited the day of the operation with perfect cheerfulness and serenity, and endured it with scarcely a sigh. After an interval, zealously employed in good works, the disease broke out with new malignity. At this last period a great number of letters were written by her, or dictated when unable to write, full of sweet counsel, having for their argument the blessedness of piety, setting forth its true nature, and pressing home the necessity of it: while she was still useful also in pious conversations. Her alms at the same time were great.—Where (she would often say) is there a poor member of Christ whom I can comfort or refresh?

Her last words were—"O the greatness of the glory that is revealed in me—that is before me!"

Lady Elizabeth Hastings died, unmarried, Dec. 22, 1739.

These slight notices of her admirable character are compiled from a life of her, contained in *Memoirs of Eminently Pious Women*, by THOMAS GIBBONS, D.D.—Vol. ii. p. 179.

NOTE LI.—Page 112.

—*from whose face*
A 'heaven is beaming.'

The Rev. I. de la Flechère, (called Fletcher,) vicar of Madeley, was a native of Nyon. "When he preached in his native tongue at the French church in Dublin, and some were asked—'Why go, when you could not understand one word?'—they answered, 'We went to *look* at him, for heaven seemed to beam from his countenance.'"—*Life of Fletcher.*

NOTE LII.—Page 114.

—*but Gaston spoke no more.*

The writer has known an instance where the first appearance of idiocy in a tender child was ascribed by the mother to her having suddenly broken a large *bough* in its presence; a much slighter cause of alarm than that here assigned; which was suggested by her statement; first made to a dear relative of his, and since repeated to himself.

Dr. Abercrombie (on the *Intellectual Powers*, pp. 152—165, Edit. ii.) writing of "stupor or coma," "in which the mind is cut off from intercourse with the external world," and which occurs "in various diseases of the brain and injuries of the head, &c." observes—"these are facts which tend to show that the patient is not in such a state of insensibility to external things as his appearance would indicate." He adds several remarkable instances which evince that even confirmed idiocy proves nothing more than a suspension of the manifestation of mind; and particularly notices "the very interesting case related by Mr. Marshall, of a man who died with a pound of water on his brain, after having been long in a state of idiocy, but who, a very short time before death, became perfectly rational." Such instances, Dr. A. subjoins, "show us the manifestations of mind obscured for a time, and yet reviving in all their original vigour, almost in the very moment of dissolution."

These statements of a physician, distinguished alike by talent and piety, have been pointed out to me by my valued friend in the same profession, Dr. T. H. Burder, who also refers, *memoriter*, to some other writer, as "finely supposing what the transition of the idiot will be, when the spirit makes a spring, and throws down the tabernacle of clay that had long oppressed its energies."

Since the first parts of this note were written, I have happened to visit a poor Christian who had some time before been struck with paralysis of the face and side, from which she was in a great measure restored. Her power of speech had been lost, or very much impaired, and, as she told me, her power of thinking also. But she added, that the following verse of a hymn, *during* that confusion or weakening of the mind, was almost always in her thoughts, and silently repeated by her :

" Ah, I shall soon be dying,
Time swiftly glides away ;
But, on my Lord relying,
I hail the happy day."

This is mentioned here, not for its value as an indication of Christian hope and comfort, but for its singular coincidence (in some degree,) with the supposition which is ventured on in the imagined case of "Gaston."

NOTE LIII.—Page 119.

*Gaz'd on the vivid emblem, and imbib'd
The living truth.*

It is probable we are often mistaken in regarding outward insensibility as a proof of mental inaction and unconsciousness. Sir Humphrey Davy writes, in his *Last Days of a Philosopher*, as follows.

"I anticipate unbelief, yet I shall mention nothing but a simple fact. Almost a quarter of a century ago, as you know, I contracted that terrible form of typhus fever known by the name of jail fever. I may say, not from any imprudence of my own, but whilst engaged in putting into execution a plan for ventilating one of the great prisons of the metropolis. My illness was severe and dangerous : as long as the fever continued, my dreams or deliriums were most painful and oppressive : but when the weakness consequent to exhaustion came on, and when the probability of death seemed to my physicians greater than that of life, there was an entire change in all my ideal combinations. I remained in an apparently senseless or

is that she said, but it fact my mind was powerfully active. There was always before me the form of a beautiful woman with whom I was engaged in the most interesting and intellectual conversation."—*Pl. &c. Edn. iv.*

With respect to the powerful influence of prior associations on the mind, such as is here supposed in the instance of the stream, in which the child had justed, an extraordinary and beautiful case is recorded by the eminent American Dr. Jansl. of a patient who began to recover from the lowest stage of typhus in consequence, as he believed, of emotions of pleasure produced by his naming to her with a cheerful tone, "the eagle's nest in her father's field," where they had roved as children forty years before.—It is cited in Professor BROWN'S *Thirty-second Lecture on the Mind*.

NOTE LIV.—Page 132.

—*nona natus, Perpetua, vocans
Se apud, &c.*

Perpetua and Felicitas were martyrs together at Carthage, A.D. 203.

Nona Perpetua, a lady of quality, was twenty-two years old, was married, and had an infant. Her father, a Pagan, but full of affection, earnestly importuned her to renounce her faith. She was exposed to a wild cow, and afterwards persecuted by a gladiator. (See the affecting particulars in MILNAR'S *Church History*.)

"BACON ARGUMENT, en se jouant des mots, comme il le fait quelquefois, veut que les noms de ces deux dames expriment la nature de la vie que le Seigneur nous promet, qui n'est autre chose que *Perpetua Felicitas*."—(De Anim. l. iv. c. 12.) Le Socr. *Hist. de l'Eglise*. T. ii. p. 8.

NOTE LV.—Page 138.

—*a Mauritanian troop
Of kingly lions.*

"A combat of many lions was first given at Rome by L. Scævola. But the first who gave a combat of a hundred maned lions, (jubatorum,) was L. Sylla (who was afterwards dictator) in his prætorship. After him, Pompey the Great exhibited six hundred in the Circus, of which three hundred and fifteen were maned. Cæsar, when dictator, four hundred."—PLIN. *Hist. Nat.* lib. viii. c. 16.

It may be mentioned here, as having a near connexion with this subject, that the expression "inbent the thumb," (p. 137,) refers to a custom of the gladiatorial shows, with which some readers may be unacquainted. "When the spectators wished a vanquished gladiator to be put to death, they made a signal by clenching the hand, with the thumb erect and turned towards the breast, to represent the act of stabbing; this was called "*vertere pollicem*."—*Notes on Juvenal*.

NOTE LVI.—Page 139.

—him that chas'd
The mythic hydra, &c.

Among heathen testimonies to the prevalence of Christianity against heathenism in the first ages, a remarkable one is that of Porphyry. Writing of the plague, he observes: "But now they wonder if the disease has for so many years infected the city, when there has been no longer any converse or sojourning [*επιδημίας*] of Æsculapius and of the other gods. For *Jesus being honoured*, no one has experienced any public benefit from the gods. So Porphyry in those very words;" [cited in Euseb. *Præp. Evang.* lib. v. c. 1.] On which Eusebius puts the forcible inquiry: "If Jesus were a mere mortal man, and as they pretend, a deceiver, how came all these saviours and gods to take flight in a mass, with Æsculapius himself, turning their backs to the mortal, and delivering up the whole human race in subjection to him, who, as they would say, is no longer in being? He who is but one, and as they imagine, alone, expels the multitude of gods throughout the inhabited world."—"Heathenism indeed subsisted, and retained its wonted spirit; but, like a 'wounded dragon,' in that weakened and mutilated state, which might well call forth the indignant sorrows of its patrons and the exultation of its foes."—(From the writer's *Divine Origin of Christianity*, Whittaker, 1829. Vol. i. pp. 353—355.)

NOTE LVII.—Page 141.

—blest accord
Reciprocal, unfeign'd, unchangeable—

I have alluded to sentiments which Howe strongly felt and expressed, and which may be illustrated by the following passages from his *Life* by Dr. Calamy.

- He had a large soul, and could not bear the thoughts of being cramped and pinioned. He was for the Union and Communion of all visible Christians, and for making nothing necessary to Christian communion, but what Christ hath made necessary, or what is indeed necessary to one's being a Christian. And he was convinced that such a union must be effected, not by mere human endeavour, but by an Almighty Spirit poured forth, which (says he) after we had suffered awhile, shall [scarcely] put us into quiet, and make every joint know its place in the body: (1 Pet. v. 10 :) shall conquer private interests and inclinations, and overawe men's hearts by the authority of the Divine law, which now, how express soever it is, little availeth against such prepossessions. Till then, (he says,) Christianity will be among us a languishing, withering thing. When the season comes of such an effusion of the Spirit from on high, there will be no more parties. And amidst the wilderness [of] desolation that cannot be but till that season comes, it matters little, and signifies to me (says he) scarce one straw, what party of us is uppermost. The most righteous, as they may be rogued, will be but as briars and scratching thorns; and it is better to suffer by such than be of them." Funeral sermon for Mr. Mede, quoted in CALAMY'S *Life*, prefixed to HOWE'S *Works*, p. 12.

Again he writes: "If we did but endeavour to have our souls possessed with a more clear, efficacious, practical faith of the Gospel, and our hearts so overcome as practically and vitally to receive it, we should apprehend the things to be truly great wherein we are to unite, and should, in comparison, apprehend all things else to be little; and so should be more strongly inclined to hold together by the things wherein we agree, than to contend with one another about the things wherein we differ. And if we, in our several particular stations, are but herein careful, if we do but do our own part, we may be able to say, it was not our fault but Christians had been combined and entirely one with each other, but they had been more thoroughly Christian and more entirely united with God in Christ, and that Christianity had been a more lively, powerful, useful, amiable thing. If the Christian community moulder, decay, be enfeebled, broken, dispirited, ruined in great part, this ruin shall not rest under our hands."—P. 27, CALAMY.

Again: "My heart tells me I desire not the least hurt to them that would do me the greatest; and that I feel

within myself an unfeigned love and high estimation of divers, accounting them pious, worthy persons, and hoping to meet them in the all-reconciling world, that are yet (through some mistake) too harsh towards us who dissent from them; and in things of this nature, I pray that you and I may abound more and more."—*Ibid.*, p. 40, (*Letter to His People.*)

"How common has it been to say,—such an one conforms; he hath nothing of God in him! such an one conforms not: it is not conscience but humour!—God forgive both. Had they blotted Rom. xiv. out of their Bibles?"

"Why then should it be strange to me, that I cannot convey my thought into another's mind? It is unchristian to censure, as before, and say, such an one has not my conscience, therefore he has no conscience at all. And it is also unreasonable and rude to say such an one sees not with my eyes, therefore he is stark blind."—*Ibid.* pp. 55, 56.

Again: "We have had a greater mind to dispute than to love; and to contend about what we know not, than to practice the far greater things we know, and which more directly tend to nourish and maintain the Divine life."—*Ibid.* p. 15. Preface to *Blessedness of the Righteous.*

"Howe," observes Dr. Calamy, "seems to have been born into this world to support generous principles, a truly Catholic spirit, and an extensive charity."—*Ibid.* p. 78.

The topics of the above citations have been excellently treated by a clergyman of the Church of England, my valued friend, the late Rev. James Joyce, in the Second Appendix to his valuable treatise on Love to God, entitled, *Remarks on the Common Errors of Theological Controversy*, &c. One passage I must quote.

"Shall those who would not dare to say, or desire to think, that such varieties of opinion or expression would exclude from heaven, still allow them to be the ground of estrangement and asperity on earth? Must the least jar of opinion grate on the heart, and a slight hallucination of the understanding poison our kindly emotions, and a disputed word interrupt the harmony of Christian intercourse, and worship, and love?"—JOYCE, on *Love to God*, Second Edition, p. 334.

NOTE LVIII.—Page 141.

—Our gentle Hughes
And venerable Bridges.

Of the catholic and peace-making spirit of the Rev. Joseph Hughes,—well known to so wide a circle,—my heartfelt admiration has been recorded; (*Discourse*, pp. 26, 27, 1833, HOLDSWORTH,) and more ample testimonies in his "Life by the Rev. J. LEITCH" are before the public.

With the Rev. N. Bridges, D.D. it was my privilege, in the last years of his prolonged course as a zealous and useful clergyman of the Church of England, to enjoy not unfrequent and very pleasant intercourse. He was a man of "the same spirit." He loved all whom he believed to "love the Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity," contributed to all Christian missions, and many other benevolent institutions, without respect of persons or parties; was "in labours abundant," in manners cheerful and vivacious, exercising in his efforts and benefactions, the charity which "hopeth all things."—The following epitaph (placed, I believe, in his church in Warwickshire,) with which I have been favoured by one of his relations, conveys an interesting view of Dr. Bridges's Christian and pastoral character:—"By nature a man of talent—By education a man of learning—By grace a man of God—He was faithful in showing the lost state of man as a sinner, faithful in declaring the love and all-sufficiency of the Saviour, earnest in his exhortations, unwearied in his labours. For more than fifty years he preached and followed Christ, and now he sees Him as He is."

Dr. Bridges departed this life, July 17, 1834, aged 84. Two other monuments were erected in the churches where he had preached in Bristol, on one of which it is well and truly recorded, "Firmly attached to the Established Church of England, he yet rose superior to party prejudices, and loved all who loved his Master."

NOTE LIX.—Page 144.

—thither shall these hosts
And countless more ascend.

"There may be, consistently with the Divine Omnipresence, some particular place of the Universe, where the Creator of all things is more especially present, by some

peculiar and visible manifestation of His glory; some place in the superior regions, which may not unfitly be considered as the palace of the King of kings, or presence-chamber of the Almighty; where the angels, His ministers, attend, to receive His high commands, and where the saints, together with the angels, will hereafter enjoy the Beatific Vision or sight of God. Which last circumstance evinces the reality of such a place, it being impossible otherwise, that any of God's creatures should *behold* or have a sight of their great and glorious Creator. This glorious place, the peculiar residence of God and of Christ, of the holy angels and of good men, we may venture to place—beyond the uttermost limits of the visible creation, deep in the bosom of infinite space, where no shadow of a revolving body intervenes, at any time, to eclipse the glories, or diminish the splendours, with which it is invested.”—BROUGHTON on *Futurity*, p. 377.

With regard to the state and employment of happy Spirits, (whether in the intermediate “vehicle” or the ‘spiritual body,’) as referred to in the present passage and elsewhere,—I find, since this volume was written, some beautiful expressions, mingled with much that is superstitious and exceptionable, in Dr. H. More’s book on *The Soul*. “If virtue and vice can ever be seen with outward eyes, it must be in these ærial vehicles, which yield so to the will and idea of good and pure affections, that the soul in a manner becomes perfectly transparent through them. —Not that I mean that there is any necessity that their vehicle should be as a statue of fluid crystal; but that these impresses of beauty will be so faithfully and lively represented, according to the dictates of her inward sense, that, if we could see the soul herself, we could know no more than she thus exhibits; which personal figuration in the extimate parts thereof may be attempered to so fine an opacity, that it may reflect the light in more perfect colours than it is from any earthly body.”

—“Of all pleasures [in that state] there are none comparable to those that proceed from their joint exercise of devotion. For their bodies so much surpassing ours in tenuity and purity, must needs be a fitter soil for the divinest thoughts and most enravishing affections towards their Maker. Which being heightened by sacred hymns and songs, sung by voices perfectly imitating the sweet passionate sense of their devout minds, must even melt their souls into Divine love.”—*On the Soul*, pp. 411, 412, 417, 418 (abridged).

NOTE LX.—Page 148.

—*The semblance of a throne, &c.*

“The clouds seem to be materials ready at hand, for composing the Throne or Judgment-seat of Christ, which, illumined by the transcendent radiancy of His glorious body, sitting or reclining on it, will be (what the Evangelist calls it) ‘the Throne of His glory,’ or His glorious Throne. And we shall the more readily admit of such a throne, when we consider, that all [many of] the visible appearances of the Lord, recorded in the Old Testament, were in a cloud.”—Exod. xvi. 10 ; xxiv. 15, 16 ; xxxiv. 5. —BROUGHTON on *Futurity*, p. 327.

It will be very apparent, to readers who are familiar with the Bible, that the description here ventured on is founded on the language of Ezekiel, Daniel, and the Apocalypse.

NOTE LXI.—Page 149.

—*or the reverent Polycarp
Hard by his “King and Saviour.”*

The revered martyr Polycarp, “when the præconsul urged him, saying—Swear [by the genius of Cæsar], and I will set thee at liberty : reproach Christ ;—replied,—Eighty and six years have I now served Christ, and He has never done me the least wrong : how can I then blaspheme my King and my Saviour ?”—This martyr’s testimony is also remarkable to that doctrine of the consciousness of separate spirits, which will be considered in the first appendix sub-joined. In the beginning of that prayer which preceded his martyrdom, he thus expressed himself : “Oh God of the whole race of just men who live in Thy presence !” And having particularly mentioned the martyrs, he added, “Among whom may I be received before thee this day.” Relation of his martyrdom by the church of Smyrna, cited in EUSEB. E. H. l. iv. c. xv.—See Archbishop WAKE’S *Apostol. Epistles*, pp. 147, 148, and Bishop BULL, in *Huntingford*, p. 249, who gives the original Greek.

APPENDICES.



APPENDIX I.

COLLECTIONS ON THE CONSCIOUS STATE OF THE SEPARATE SPIRITS OF THE SAVED; AS A HAPPY BUT EXPECTANT STATE.

IT will perhaps be remarked, by those who impugn the doctrine which the following extracts support, that the opinions cited are mostly of old date, and that a more recent and enlightened theology has discarded several notions which were in former ages supposed to have a foundation in Scripture.—The maxim which some Christians of an opposite school have advanced—that there can be no new discoveries in theology,—is not, in its full and literal sense, subscribed to by the present writer. He hopes and believes, that by an humble, impartial, judicious investigation of the Scriptures, some truths may yet be elicited and some errors dispelled.—But it would be very strange that divines of different countries and communions, all or most of them eminent for capacity, and several distinguished for independent habits of thought, should have agreed to discover in the Bible so important a doctrine as the distinct subsistence and consciousness of the soul after the death of the body, if that doctrine were really not taught by our sacred books. The reader should be influenced, however, by the reasons adduced rather than by the names affixed to them; even the few passages cited may convince the candid that the scriptural arguments are not feeble, or easy, by fair means, to be disposed of. It will be observed that these citations are selected also with a view to the secondary doctrine, (on which some modern divines and many private Christians seem to have departed from the older theology,)—that the intermediate or separate state is but a *reposing and preliminary* state; much less exalted, and less glorious, than that which shall follow the general resurrection.

With regard to the *locality* of that state, the most judicious divines have confessed their ignorance. The supposition chosen in the foregoing piece, of its being in a planetary world of our system, is not at all to be regarded

as a settled opinion of the writer. It has been adopted as at once the most clearly conceivable, and not in itself the least probable; as being also more suited than perhaps any other hypothesis for describing a first "step" toward "heaven;" or a "transitive world," not dissimilar to this.* The reader may rather choose to think of those 'blessed dead, who die in the Lord,' as in a more remote and celestial dwelling; or on the contrary, some one, it is possible, may prefer the conjecture of an ingenious writer, (grounded on Phil. ii. 10; Rev. v. 3—13; and Rom. xiv. 9,) that—"man is destined to pass through three stages of life—the second (if we do not mistake the apostolic words) 'under the earth,' and in a transition-form, of attenuated and inactive corporeity."† Dr. Campbell has noticed two of those texts, as affording one evidence, among others, of the prevailing Jewish opinion that Hades was subterranean. He likewise observes, that although the words of St. Paul, when describing his vision of paradise, (as well as that of heaven,) 2 Cor. xii. 2—4, are in our English Bible "caught up," there is nothing in the original answering to the participle *up*. The Apostle has employed a word expressive rather of the suddenness of the event, and of his own passiveness, than of the direction of the motion.—(*Prelim. Dissert. to the Gospels*. Diss. vi. Vol i. pp. 184—199.)—This hypothesis of the separate state being "subterrene,"—in "the dim cavern,"‡—is indeed, at first view, very unwelcome to our imagination. But the idea of an "inner sun"—a central lamp for that unexplored region, on which Klopstock long since ventured, would, in a measure, dispel at least the *gloominess* of the thought. And the 'far better' presence of the Uncreated Sun, we are certain, would dispel it gloriously.§ But whatever supposition, as to locality, may commend itself most to the reader's mind, the scenes and intercourses described in the preceding piece will not, it is hoped, be by that change rendered wholly inappropriate.

A friendly reviewer of this work has, I think inadvertently, said, that I have "*rejected* the advantage to have been gained by making the Hades of Scripture the theatre of the vision," while yet he admits in the same paragraph that the locality of Hades is quite undetermined in

* See p. 39, above.

† *Physical Theory of Another Life*, p. 230. Edit. iv. † *Ibid.* p. 229.

‡ This, however, though it coincides with both Jewish and Gentile notions of Hades, does not appear to have been the *prevailing* opinion of the ancient Christian Church.—See Bishop BULL, in *Huntingford*, pp. 280—284.

Scripture. I see not, therefore, how the imagined locality of it in "one of the asteroids" should detract from the effect of the representation more than any other imagined locality, subterrene or otherwise, unless, indeed, the subterrene be more conceivable, or more probable from Scripture. The *reality* of a Hades (though not purgatorial) "somewhere within created space," all will agree in who admit the force of what is advanced in the present Appendix; and this only is essential. The *scene* or *place* can be altered at the reader's option.

BISHOP BULL.

"St. Paul, who had been caught up into the third heaven and also into Paradise, which the Scripture tells us is the receptacle of the spirits of good men separated from their bodies, and therefore was best able to give us an account of the state of souls dwelling there, assures us that those souls live and operate, and have a perception of excellent things. Nay, in the very same text where he speaks of that rapture of his, (2 Cor. xii. 2—4,) he plainly enough confirms this hypothesis. For, first, when he there declares himself uncertain whether he received those admirable visions he speaks of, in or out of the body, he manifestly supposeth it possible for the soul, when out of the body, not only to subsist, but also to perceive and know, and even things beyond the natural apprehension of mortal men. And then when he tells us that he received in Paradise visions and revelations, and heard there [*ἀρρήτα ῥήματα*] *unspeakable words, not lawful* (or rather not possible) *for man to utter*, he directly teacheth, that Paradise is so far from being a place of darkness and obscurity, silence and oblivion, where the good spirits, its proper inhabitants, are all in a profound sleep, like bats in their dark winter quarters, (as some have vainly imagined,) that on the contrary it is a most glorious place, full of light and ravishing vision, a place where mysteries may be heard and learned, far surpassing the reach of frail mortals. Lastly, the glories of the third heaven and of Paradise too, seem by an extraordinary revelation opened and discovered to St. Paul; not only for his own support under the heavy pressure of his afflictions, but also that he might be able to speak of them with greater assurance to others. And the order is observable:—first he had represented to him the most perfect joys of the third or highest heaven, of which we hope to be partakers after the resurrection; and then,

lest so long an expectation should discourage us, he saw also the intermediate joys of Paradise, wherewith the souls of the faithful are refreshed until the resurrection : and for our comfort he tells us, that even these also are inexpressible."—Bishop BULL, quoted in *Huntingford's Testimonies*, pp. 265—267. Compare Bishop Taylor and Dr. Campbell, below.

"Irenæus teaches—that it is the Divine ordination and disposition that those that are saved should, *per gradus proficere*, 'proceed by degrees' to their perfect beatitude ; ———that is, that they should, as St. Ambrose speaks, 'through the refreshments of Paradise, arrive to the full glories of the heavenly kingdom.'"—*Ibid.* p. 283.

BISHOP JEREMY TAYLOR.

"The holy Jesus promised to the blessed thief, that he should that day be with Him in Paradise ; which therefore was certainly a place or state of blessedness, because it was a promise ; and in the society of Jesus, whose penal and afflictive part of His work of redemption was finished upon the cross. Our blessed Lord did not promise he should that day be with Him in His kingdom, for that day it was not opened, and the everlasting doors of those interior recesses were to be shut till after the resurrection, that Himself was to ascend thither, and make way for all His servants to enter in the same method in which He went before us. Our blessed Lord descended into hell [Hades] saith the Creed of the Apostles, from the sermon of St. Peter, as he from the words of David ; that is, into the state of separation and common receptacle of spirits ; according to the style of Scripture. But the name of hell [Hades] is nowhere in Scripture an appellative of the kingdom of Christ, of the place of final and supreme glory. But concerning the verification of our Lord's promise to the beatified thief, and His own state of separation, we must take what light we can from Scripture, and what we can from the doctrine of the primitive church.—St. Paul had two great revelations ; he was rapt up into Paradise, and he was rapt up into the third heaven ; and these he calls visions and revelations, not one but divers ; for *Paradise* is distinguished from the *heaven* of the blessed, being itself a receptacle of holy souls, made illustrious with visitation of angels, and happy by being a repository for such spirits who at the day of judgment shall go forth into eternal glory. In the interim Christ hath trod all the

paths before us, and this also we must pass through to arrive at the courts of heaven. Justin Martyr said, it was the doctrine of heretical persons to say that the souls of the blessed instantly upon the separation from their bodies enter into the highest heaven. And Irenæus makes heaven and the intermediate receptacle of souls to be distinct places; both blessed, but hugely differing in degrees.

"Tertullian is dogmatical in the assertion, that till the voice of the great archangel be heard, and as long as Christ sits at the right hand of His Father, making intercession for the Church, so long blessed souls must expect [await] the assembling of their brethren, the great congregation of the Church, that they may all pass from their outer courts into the inward tabernacle, the Holy of Holies, to the throne of God.—Sufficient is it to us that all holy souls departing go into the hands, that is into the custody, of their Lord; that they rest from their labours, that their works shall follow them, and overtake them too, at the day of judgment; that they are happy presently, that they are visited by angels, that God sends as He pleases excellent emanations and types of glory to entertain them in their mansions; that their condition is secured."—Bp. JER. TAYLOR, *Great Exemplar*, Part iii. pp. 170, 171.

"It is a plain recession from antiquity, which was determined by the council of Florence,—‘that the souls of the saints are received immediately in heaven, and clearly behold God Himself, Three in One;’ as who please to try may see it dogmatically resolved to the contrary by Justin Martyr, Irenæus, Origen, St. Chrysostom, Theodoret, Arethas Cæsariensis, Euthymius, who may answer for the Greek Church. And for the Latin Church, Tertullian, St. Ambrose, St. Austin, St. Hilary, Prudentius, Lactantius, Victorinus Martyr and St. Bernard, are known to be of opinion that the souls of the saints are *in abditis receptaculis, et exterioribus atriis*, ‘in secret receptacles and outer courts,’ where they expect the resurrection of their bodies, and the glorification of their souls; and though they all believe them to be happy, yet they enjoy not the beatific vision before the resurrection."—TAYLOR, *Liberty of Prophesying*, ("Sacred Classics," pp. 214, 215.)

REV. T. BROUGHTON.

"This plain recession from antiquity, as Bishop Taylor calls it, was evidently made to support the very lucrative doctrine of purgatory. For it being thought absurd to

suppose that souls relieved from the pains of purgatory by the prayers of the living, should continue any longer in an intermediate state, there was a necessity of sending them, so released, directly to heaven, and to the enjoyment of the beatific vision."—Rev. THOS. BROUGHTON, on *Futurity*, pp. 99, 100.

Mr. Broughton then assigns further reasons, in a citation from Ludovicus Capellus, why this ancient doctrine of the intermediate state was departed from; namely by Papists, "to support the erroneous doctrine of invoking the saints;" and by Protestants, "rather than expose themselves to the subtleties of the Papists in supporting their purgatory, by granting such third or middle state." "But," (adds Mr. Broughton,) "I cannot see the necessity the Protestants were under of joining with the Papists in this 'recession from antiquity.' The doctrine of purgatory is so far from being a consequence of, or any way connected with, that ancient doctrine, that it is effectually shut out by it. For, according to the Church of Rome, they that die in venial sins are punished for a time in purgatory till God's justice be satisfied. But according to the ancient doctrine, the intermediate state is a state of neither actual reward or actual punishment, but (as Capellus expresses it) of expectation only, or a *prospect* of reward or punishment."—*Ibid.* p. 103.

BISHOP BULL.

"The doctrine of the distinction of the joys of paradise (the portion of good souls in their state of separation), from that yet fuller and most complete beatitude of the kingdom of heaven after the resurrection, is far from being Popery, as some have ignorantly censured it, for we see it was the current doctrine of the first and purest ages of the Church. I add, that it is so far from being Popery that it is directly the contrary. For it was the Popish convention at Florence that first boldly defined against the sense of the primitive Christians." (Quoted above by Bp. Taylor.) "And this decree they made, partly to establish their superstition of praying to the saints deceased, whom they would needs make us believe to see and know all our necessities and concerns 'in the glass of the Trinity,' as they call it, and so to be fit objects for our religious invocation; but chiefly to introduce their purgatory," &c.—BISHOP BULL, cited in *Huntingford's Testimonies*, pp. 284, 285.

WATTS.

Dr. Watts' *Essay on the Separate State* should be carefully examined by those readers who would investigate the whole argument, which in this Appendix it is not at all possible to do. He observes, on Luke xvi. 22, "It is very strange that our Saviour should so particularly speak of angels carrying the soul of a man whose body was just dead into heaven or paradise, which he calls Abraham's bosom; if there were no such state or place as a heaven for separate souls, if Abraham's soul had no residence there, no existence in that state, if angels had never anything to do in such an office. What would the Jews have said or thought of a prophet come from God, who had taught his doctrines to the people in such parables as had scarce any sort of foundation in the reality or nature of things?"

"But you will say, the Jews had such an opinion, though it was a very false one; and this was enough to support a parable. I answer, what could Christ (who is truth itself) have said more or plainer to confirm the Jews in this gross error of a state of souls, than to form a parable which supposes the doctrine in the very design and moral of it, as well as in the foundation and matter of it?"—(Cited in *Huntingford*, pp. 327, 328.)

"Doubtless there are pleasures to be enjoyed by complete human nature, by embodied souls, which a mere separate spirit is not capable of.—Is it not the happiness of the saints in heaven to see their glorified Saviour? But even this sight is and must be incomplete, till they are endued with bodily organs again. What converse soever the spirits of the just have with the glorified man Jesus, while they are absent from the body, yet I am persuaded it is not, nor can it be so full and perfect in all respects as it shall be at the general resurrection. They cannot now see Him face to face in the literal sense; and they wait for this exalted pleasure, this *immediate and beatific sight*."*—(*Works*, 4to. Vol. ii. p. 183.)

It is not to be inferred from these remarks, that Dr. Watts denied any "vehicle" of the separate spirit: he seems undecided on that question. "If they are provided with any subtle ethereal bodies, which are called vehicles," &c. &c.—*Ibid.* p. 190. See also citations, p. 226, below.

* See Note XXVII. above (p. 180), which might form part of this appendix.

JOHN HOWE.

"Yea, and most evident is it [from texts before cited] not only that holy souls sleep not, in that state of separation; but that they are awaked by it (as out of a former sleep) into a much more lively and vigorous activity than they enjoyed before; and translated into a state, as much better than their former, as the tortures of a cross are more ungrateful than the pleasures of a paradise.*—— But, it must be acknowledged, the further and more eminent season of this blessedness will be the general resurrection day, which is more expressly signified in Scripture by this term of awaking. What addition shall then be made to the saints' blessedness, is more remote from our apprehension; inasmuch as Scripture states not the *degree* of that blessedness which shall intervene.—— But that there will be great additions, is plain enough. And divers things there are obviously enough to be reflected on, which cannot but be understood to contribute much to the increase and improvement of this inchoate blessedness.—— That there is a real desire and expectation of this [further] change, seems plainly intimated in those words of Job; 'All the days of my appointed time will I wait till my change come'; (ch. xiv. 14;) where he must rather be understood to speak of the resurrection than of death, as will appear by the context from verse 7; and surely that waiting is not the act of his inanimate sleeping dust; but though it be spoken of the person totally gone into Hades, into the invisible state, it is to be understood of that part that should be capable of such an action: *q. d.* I, in that part that shall be still alive, shall patiently wait thy appointed time of reviving me in that part also, which death and the grave shall insult over in the meantime.—— And then that this waiting carries in it a desirous expectation of some additional good, is evident at first sight: which therefore must needs add to the satisfaction and blessedness of the expecting soul. And wherein it may do so, is not altogether unapprehensible. Admit, that a spirit, had it never been embodied, might be as well without a body; it is no unreasonable supposition, that a *connate aptitude to a body*, should render human souls more happy in a body sufficiently attempered to their most noble operations. And how much doth relation and propriety endear things otherwise mean and inconsiderable? Or why should it be thought strange, that a soul *connaturalized to matter* should be more particularly inclined to a particular portion

* He refers, I conclude, to the pains of sickness and death.

thereof?—Nor is it hence necessary the soul should covet a reunion with every effluvious particle of its former body. A desire implanted by God in a reasonable soul will aim at what is convenient; not what shall be cumbersome or monstrous!"—HOWE, *Works*, Vol. i. pp. 518—521. Folio ed.

CALVIN.

Calvin, after describing the peace enjoyed by the saints on earth, goes on to say, "This peace is augmented and exalted by death, which conveys them, released and discharged from this world's warfare, to the true abode of peace, where, while with mind and aim they wholly adhere to God, nothing else averts their view or distracts their desire. Somewhat, however, is still wanting, which they wish to behold; namely, that *supreme* and *perfect* glory of God, to which they are ever aspiring. This desire is wholly free from impatience, yet the rest or satisfaction is not full and consummate.—Their desire is not wholly accomplished till the glory of God be fully revealed; to which there is an accession at the day of judgment."—"Psychopannychia," in *Huntingford's Testimonies*, pp. 427, 428.

"They expect what they possess not as yet, nor have attained their ultimate felicity. Why, then, are they nevertheless happy? Because they both know that God is propitious to them, and see from far the coming reward, and rest in the certain expectancy of a blessed resurrection."—*Ibid.* p. 468.

In the third book of his *Institutions*, he writes,—“Since the Scripture everywhere bids us depend on the expectation of Christ's coming, and defers our crown of glory till then, let us be content with these limits appointed of God; namely, that the souls of the godly having ended the labour of their warfare, go into a blessed rest, where with happy joyfulness they look for their enjoying the promised glory; and that so, all things are held in suspense till Christ the Redeemer shall appear.”—Cited in *Huntingford's Testimonies*, p. 75.

Calvin did not look on this as a minor question. He writes, “Those who profess that the soul lives, but deprive it of all sense, truly feign a soul which is no soul, (*nihil animæ habeat*,) or sever the soul from its very self: since its nature (without which it cannot be) is to move, to feel, to be active, to understand; and as Tertullian says, *sense* (or perception) is the soul of the soul.”—"Psychopannychia," in *Huntingford*, p. 416.

BISHOP HORSLEY.

"The invisible mansion of departed spirits, is—a place of unfinished happiness, consisting in rest, security, and hope, more than enjoyment.——It is to the righteous a place of safe keeping, where they are preserved under the shadow of God's right hand, as their condition sometimes is described in Scripture, till the season shall arrive for their advancement to future glory."—Cited in BLOOMFIELD'S *Greek Testament*, note on 1 Pet. iii. 19 (abridged).

DR. CAMPBELL.

"If St. Paul, in 2 Cor. xii. 2—4, speak of one vision or revelation only, Paradise and heaven are the same: not so, if in these he speak of two different revelations. My opinion is that they are two, and I shall assign my reasons. First, he speaks of them as more than one, and that not only in introducing them, 'I will come to *visions and revelations*,' for sometimes, it must be owned, the plural is used in expressing a subject indefinitely, but afterwards in referring to what he had related, he mentions (ver. 7) 'the abundance of the *revelations*.' Secondly, they are related precisely as two distinct events, and coupled together by the connexive particle. Thirdly, there is a repetition of his doubts, (vers. 2, 3,) in regard to the reality of his translation, which, if the whole relates to a single event, was not only superfluous but improper. This repetition, however, was necessary, if the facts be different, and if he was equally uncertain as to each whether it passed in vision or in reality. Fourthly, if the three verses regard only one revelation, there is a tautology in relating it unexampled in the Apostle's writings. I might urge, fifthly, the opinion of all Christian antiquity, Origen alone excepted: and this, in a question of philology, is not without its weight." (*Prelim. Dissert. to Gosp.* Diss. vi. pt. 2, Vol. i. p. 199, abridged.) Dr. C. adds a passage from Epiphanius on this subject in opposition to Origen.

APPENDIX II.

COLLECTIONS ON THE QUESTION,—WHETHER SEPARATE SOULS BE WHOLLY DISEMBODIED?

CUDWORTH.

“HITHERTO have we seen the agreement that is betwixt Christianity and the old philosophic cabala, concerning the soul, in these two things : First, that the highest happiness and perfection of the human soul consisteth not in a state of pure separation from all body ; and secondly, that it does not consist neither in an eternal union with such gross terrestrial bodies as these unchanged ;—but that at last the souls of good men shall arrive at glorious, spiritual, heavenly, and immortal bodies. But now, as to that point, whether human souls be always united to some body or other, and consequently when by death they put off this gross terrestrial body, they are not thereby quite divested of all body, but have a certain subtle and spirituous body, still adhering to and accompanying them ? or else, whether all souls that have departed out of this life have ever since continued in a state of separation from all body, and shall so continue forwards till the day of judgment or general resurrection ? we must confess that this is a thing not so expressly decided in Christianity either way. Nevertheless it is first of all certain from Scripture, that souls departed out of these terrestrial bodies are therefore neither dead nor asleep, but still alive and awake, our Saviour Christ affirming that they all live unto God.—From whence it is evident, that they who are said to live to God, are not therefore supposed to be less alive, than they were when they lived unto men. Now it seemeth to be a privilege or prerogative proper to the Deity only, to live and act alone, without vital union or conjunction with any body.—Indeed, if this were most natural to the human soul, and most perfective of it, to continue separate from all body, then doubtless (as Origen implied), should the souls of good

men, rather, after the day of judgment, continue in such a state of separation to all eternity. But, on the contrary, if it be natural to souls to enliven and inform some body or other (though not always a terrestrial one), as our inward sense inclines us to think, then can it not seem so probable that they should, by a kind of violence, be kept so long in an unnatural or preter-natural state of separation from all body, some of them even from Adam till the day of judgment."—CUDWORTH, *Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. pp. 11—14.

"Again there are sundry places of Scripture, which affirm that the regenerate and renewed have here in this life a certain earnest of their future inheritance: which is their spiritual or heavenly body; as also the quickening of their mortal bodies is therein attributed to the efficiency of the spirit dwelling in them.—Novatian writes, 'the Holy Spirit doth this in us, to lead on our bodies to eternity and the resurrection of immortality, while it accustometh them in itself to be mingled with the celestial virtue.'—Moreover, there are some places also, which seem to imply, that good men shall after death have a further inchoation of their heavenly body, the full completion whereof is not to be expected before the resurrection or day of judgment. 2 Cor. v. 1: 'We know that if our earthly house,' &c.: and v. 5, 'He that hath wrought us for the self-same thing is God, who also hath given us the earnest of the Spirit.' Now, how these preludiums and prelibations of an immortal body can consist with the soul's continuance after death in a perfect separation from all manner of body, till the day of judgment, is not so easily conceivable.

"Lastly, it is not at all to be doubted, but that Irenæus, Origen, and those other ancients who entertained that opinion of souls being clothed after death with a certain thin and subtile body, suspected it not in the least to be inconsistent with that of the future resurrection.—Which will also seem the less strange if it be considered, that even here in this life our body is as it were twofold, exterior and interior; we having, besides the grossly tangible bulk of our outward body, another interior spirituous body, the soul's immediate instrument both of sense and motion, which latter is not put into the grave with the other, nor imprisoned under the cold sods.—Notwithstanding all that which hath been here suggested by us, we shall not ourselves venture to determine anything in so great a point."—*Ibid.* pp. 24—26.

DR. GREW.*

"We are therefore to believe that our minds, in passing from their present state of being, to that above, carry the embryo of their own body along with them. The body which we leave behind, in this visible world, being as the womb or slough, from whence we issue and are born unto the other."

—"And since the body we shall then have, will be finer: the operations also of the phancy, may then be clearer and more strong. If then we can now see and hear, in a dream, without light or sound,—why, in the estate above, may we not be able to see without eyes, and hear without ears? that is, have such perceptions as are analogous to seeing and hearing, and other sensations, without the organs belonging to them in our present estate?"—GREW, *Cosmol. Sac.* B. iii. c. iv. p. 117.

GALE. WATTS.

Dr. Gale on 2 Cor. v. 2—4: "Not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon."

"The probability is very small that the Apostle in the former part of the fifth chapter, in any one instance, has reference to the time of the resurrection. That building of God and house not made with hands, which is said to be eternal in the heavens, (ver. 1), does not mean our body immortalised at the resurrection, but is something we shall put on, even while the earthly house of this tabernacle is dissolved."—*Sermons*. Vol. iii. p. 107.

This criticism (which agrees with Dr. Cudworth's above cited, p. 222) may be doubtful, but is not unworthy of consideration. Doddridge (in loc.) observes: "Whether we consider this divine building as particularly signifying the body after the resurrection, or any *vehicle* in which the soul may be clothed during the intermediate state, considerable difficulties will arise."

Dr. Watts appears to have had a similar view of it to Dr. Gale's.—The Apostle "plainly means—such a clothing which may come upon the soul immediately as soon as the earthly house or tabernacle of his body is dissolved.

* Nehemiah Grew, a physician, Fellow and Secretary of the Royal Society. His principal works are, the *Anatomy of Plants*, and *Cosmologia Sacra*. Dr. John Barclay thus writes of him: "A physician, anatomist, naturalist, and physiologist, not more distinguished by the variety of his information than by his comprehensive and original views."—*Inquiry on Life*, &c. p. 511. The name and character of Dr. Grew have appeared above (p. 196), in connexion with Dr. Henry Sampson's.

And how dubious soever this may appear, yet the eighth verse determines the sense of it, &c. Perhaps it is hard to determine whether the superinduced *clothing* be like the visible glory in which Christ, Moses, and Elias appeared at the transfiguration, or whether it signify only a state of happy immortality brought in upon the departing soul at death," &c. (WATTS, quoted in *Huntingford*, pp. 316, 317.) This last supposition seems very inadequate.

ROBERT HALL.

"Whether there is in the universe any being purely spiritual, any perfectly detached from matter, except the Great Supreme, is a question perhaps not easy to solve.—God is a Spirit, and we cannot conceive of any modification of matter as entering into His Essence, without being betrayed into contradiction and absurdity. In regard to every other class of being, it is, by many, conjectured that the thinking principle is united to some corporeal vehicle, through which it derives its perceptions, and by which it operates; while perfect spirituality, utterly separate from matter in any possible state, is the exclusive attribute of Deity. When angels are spoken of as spirits, this mode of expression may possibly denote no more, than that the material vehicle with which they are united is of a nature highly subtle and refined, at a great remove from the flesh and blood which compose our bodily frame. Who will presume to set limits to the creative power in the organisation of matter, or affirm that it is not, in the hand of its Author, susceptible of a refinement which shall completely exclude it from the notice of our senses? He who compares the subtlety and velocity of light with grosser substances which are found in the material system, will be reluctant to assign any bounds to the possible modifications of matter, much more to affirm there can be none beyond the comprehension of our corporeal organs."—ROBERT HALL, *Works*, Vol. v. p. 59.

DR. BARCLAY.

"It is strange to observe how many so fondly cherish the fancy, that a soul such as ours may in a future state, like the Deity, be able to operate and exercise its various faculties independently of *anything like corporeal organs*. The sacred Scriptures afford no encouragement to entertain any such hypothesis. They explicitly inform us that the

human soul, after its departure from the present body, shall inhabit another, which is to be immortal, a species of body which, for aught we know, may be as different from the present body, as is the loathsome and the crawling caterpillar from the winged, the active, and the splendid butterfly; two species of forms which, in the progress of expanding faculties, are constructed by the same animating principle. What the form and the structure of the new and immortal body are to be, we neither know nor have any means of knowing; but that the same animating principle may, in different circumstances, construct new bodies, and successively pass from one into another, is what we know from daily observation. Even Plato, amidst all his refinements and abstractions, never imagined that the soul could be at any time without a body, or *something equivalent*, which he called a *vehicle*.—Its immediate vehicle, whether it was formed of æther or of light, or of the essence of the stars, was, according to Proclus [the Platonist], *physically* indivisible;—while the *vous* itself, or the intellective principle within, was supposed to be an essence without magnitude.”—BARCLAY, *Inquiry into Opinions on Life*, pp. 434—436.

WOLLASTON.

“If we should suppose the soul to be a being by nature made to inform some body, and that it cannot exist and act in a state of total separation from all body, it would not follow from hence, that what we call death, must therefore reduce it to a state of absolute insensibility and inactivity, which to it would be equal to non-existence. For that body, which is so necessary to it, may be some fine vehicle, that dwells with it in the brain, and goes off with it at death.—We are sensible of many impressions made on us by material causes, or bodies. Therefore there must be some matter within us, which being moved and pressed upon, the soul apprehends it immediately. And therefore again, there must be some matter to which it is immediately and intimately united, and related in such a manner as it is not related to any other. Let us now suppose this said matter to be some refined and spirituous vehicle, which the soul doth immediately inform, with which it sympathises, by which it acts and is acted upon, and to which it is vitally and inseparably united.”—*Religion of Nature*, p. 196.

* Dr. Hartley seems to favour this opinion of a fine vehicle. “If we suppose an infinitesimal elementary body to be intermediate between

REV. THOMAS BROUGHTON.

"Why may not the soul retain its ideas, or part of them, when the knot is quite untied, and the body lies asleep in death?—We shall the more readily acquiesce in this, if we admit the (not improbable) hypothesis of the soul's material vehicle, as it is called: by which is to be understood that the soul, even during her residence in the body, is clothed with another body (if I may so speak) composed of most exquisitely fine particles of matter. For, if we suppose that the soul, confined within the body, receives her intelligence or ideas of things by means of impressions made on her material vehicle, and that this vehicle or clothing, with which she is inseparably united, departs with her out of the body, and accompanies her into Hades; we can easily conceive how she carries ideas with her into that world of spirits; namely, by impressions remaining on that fine material substance she is clothed withal."—BROUGHTON on *Futurity*, pp. 120—23.

He elsewhere speaks of "those exquisitely fine æthereal bodies, with which it is highly probable, all created spirit is naturally clothed."—*Ibid.* pp. 405, 406.

And he quotes on this subject the second Council of Nice;—"The opinion of the Catholic Church concerning the angels and archangels is this; that they are intelligent beings, but not altogether void of body and invisible, as the Gentiles pretend; but endowed with a fine body of air or fire: according as it is written: 'He maketh His angels spirits,' &c. This we know to have been the opinion of the holy fathers, as Basil the Great, Athanasius, Methodius, and others."—*Ibid.* p. 220.

I would observe, in concluding the citations on this particular question, that some have thus objected:—"If the soul at death be invested with a "vehicle," which may in some sense be termed a "spiritual body," and if in this vehicle it have consciousness, happiness, and activity, what need then of the resurrection? Do you not thus abate or excuse the heresy of those who said there is no (literal) "resurrection of the dead?"—But it appears to me very plain, that such consequences, if they were real, could no other way be met than by supposing (as some do) not the mere

the soul and gross body, which appears to be no improbable supposition, then the changes in our sensations, ideas, and motions, may correspond to the changes made in the medullary substance, only as far as these correspond to the changes made in the elementary body."—*Observ. on Man*, Vol. i. p. 35.

absence of a "vehicle," but the absolute *incapacity* of the disembodied soul for consciousness, happiness, and activity. How far this supposition differs from a denial of its existence, I do not here inquire. But it is manifest, that, were the hypothesis of a vehicle entirely dropped, still, if the "spirits of just men" are allowed as far capable of thinking and being happy, as we suppose them to be *with* and *by* a vehicle—it may then just as fitly be asked—what need of the resurrection?—Whatever *other* reasons there are for the resurrection (and I conceive that there are others, both apparent and hidden), *they* would be equal on either hypothesis. Further, it may be remarked, that any one who should imagine the state of unembodied spirits preferable, as agreeing with the pure spirituality of the blessed God,—might the more plausibly, although presumptuously, conceive of the resurrection as a *dis*-advantage.

I shall merely *name* some other apparent reasons which evince, to my apprehension, the sublime fitness of a final bodily resurrection of the just—such as, their entire conformity to their "risen" Lord; the completeness of the triumph over death, which destroyed "the body;" the manifestation of Divine power and omniscience; all which have been glanced at above.

"But (with regard to the objection before us) there surely cannot arise, from our adopting the doctrine of an intermediate vehicle, any real difficulty in expecting a *large* accession of enjoyment, and of glory, and of capability at the resurrection. Let the "shadowy waiting time" be as happy, and the vehicle as "ethereal" as we have attempted to describe them,—nay, much more so;—what reason can be alleged why the true "spiritual body" should not be, as it is above represented, far *more* spiritual and perfect,—far more capable of ministering diversified enjoyments,—far more adapted for active and exalted services?

APPENDIX III.

COLLECTIONS ON THE IMMATERIALITY OF MIND.

It may be advantageous to preface the collections offered in this and the subsequent Appendix, on the immateriality of mind, by citing a very few remarks as to the *vital importance* of the question.*

Dr. Henry More, referring to the attempt of Hobbes to disprove the possibility of "substance immaterial," thus comments:—"From whence are insinuated no better consequences than these; that it is impossible there should be any God, or soul, or angel, good or bad, or any immortality, or life to come; that there is no religion, no piety or impiety, no virtue nor vice, justice nor injustice, but what it pleases Him that has the longest sword to call so; that there is no freedom of will, nor consequently any rational remorse of conscience, but that all that is, is nothing but matter and corporeal motion; and that therefore every trace of every man's life is as necessary as the tracts of lightning and the fallings of thunder."—*On the Soul*, 8vo., 1658, pp. 55, 56.

When adverting to Hobbes's pretended argument for Necessity from the Decrees and Prescience of God, Dr. More justly remarks, "If there be nothing but body or *matter* in the whole comprehension of things, it will be very hard to find out any such Deity as has the knowledge

* Others will be found incidentally in this volume; as in the following Appendix, from Sir Matthew Hale and Cudworth;—and that from Howe, p. 166, above;—which state the usual results of denying immateriality, and we may, I think, add without a breach of charity, frequent *motives* for denying it; whether known and felt by the 'disputers' or not. Cudworth shrewdly observes, "As the physicians speak of hydrophobia, &c. a monstrous antipathy to water, so all atheists are possessed with a kind of madness that may be called pneumatophobia, that makes them have an irrational but desperate abhorrence from spirits or incorporeal substances, they being acted also at the same time with a hylomania, whereby they madly dote upon matter, and devoutly worship it as the only Numen."—Vol. I. p. 293, Ed. Birch.

It is observable, however, that Hobbes had also a sort of *hylophobia*; since "he was particularly fearful of ghosts," which, according to his philosophy, could be no spirits.

or foreknowledge of anything ; and, therefore, I suspect that this is only cast in to puzzle such as have not dived to so profound a depth of natural knowledge, as to fancy they have discovered there is no God in the world."—*Ibid.* pp. 150, 151.

Cudworth styles the doctrine of Hobbes, "*vox pecudis*;" the philosophy of brute animals ;"—which is unjust to those animals ; for they do, although unconsciously, proclaim their Maker's attributes ; and signally help in many ways to confute the deniers of mind.

To these observations of a former age, I add the recent ones of Lord Brougham :—"The belief that mind exists is essential to the whole argument by which we infer that the Deity exists. This belief we have shown to be perfectly well grounded, and further occasions of confirming the truth of it will occur. But at any rate it is the foundation of natural theology in all its branches ; and upon the scheme of materialism no rational, indeed no intelligible, account can be given of a first cause, or of the creation or government of the universe."—*Disc. of Nat. Theol.* p. 79, Edit. 4.

I am well aware that there have been acute or subtle thinkers, who, professing Christianity, have also professed themselves *real* materialists ; that is, have professed to hold that man consists of only matter (which "has in fact no properties but those of attraction and repulsion,")* which is dissolved at death, and reorganised, with identity at the resurrection. It is here endeavoured to use the terms in which I conceive they would state their own tenets ; but I have not acuteness to comprehend this creed, either philosophically or theologically considered (although it has been adopted by some who deprecate mystery) ; nor to perceive how its apprehended consequences, as to religion and morals are obviated. Further, I shall confess that in reading some years ago, Dr. Priestley, on *Matter and Spirit*, I could not satisfy myself whether his theory *really* meant, that there was no such thing as *spirit*, or, no such thing as *matter*. This may be, in the estimation of his followers, a confession of one's own obtuseness ; but Dr. Price, if my memory fail not, regarded his opponent as making matter the nonentity ; and Dr. Daubeny, in a recent work on *The Atomic Theory*, observes that Priestley "has been led to push Boscovich's doctrine so far, as to almost deny the materiality of body."—P. 22.

* Priestley, as cited by Daubeny, in *Atomic Theory*.

DUGALD STEWART.

"Mind is *that* which feels, which thinks, which has the power of beginning motion; and, therefore, the proposition, that sensation, thought, and the power of beginning motion *are* attributes of mind, is not a fact resting on experience, but a truth involved in the only notion of mind we possess."—DUGALD STEWART, *Act. and Mor. Powers*, Vol. i. p. 401.

"It seems evident that a power of beginning motion implies a power of thinking, for without thought how could the direction or the velocity of the motion be determined?"—*Ibid.* p. 402.

"When we discover that a motion is produced by an animal we enquire no further; for we know from experience that animals have a power of beginning motion." (This is said in reference to Kepler's theory of the minds of the planets.)—*Ibid.* p. 403.

"Of all the truths we know, the existence of mind is the most certain. Even the system of Berkeley, concerning the non-existence of matter, is far more conceivable than that matter is the *only* substance existing in the universe."—*Ibid.* Vol. ii. p. 174.

ISAAC TAYLOR.

"I will grant you that an external world may exist, and I believe that it does exist; but this very belief, with the argument that sustains it, are still only elements of my mental consciousness, and can never nullify or annihilate that of which they are parts.—The very ground of the assumption (if granted), that the existence of an external world ought to be admitted as certain, without reasoning, is nothing else but a consideration of the laws or constitution of the *mind*. Mind, therefore, stands first in logical order, and the existence of matter follows, as a truth to be affirmed after another has been granted."—*Physic. Theor.* pp. 14, 15, abridged.

LORD BROUGHAM.

Lord Brougham has put this in a different form, with at least equal force.—"We cannot draw the inference of the existence of matter, without at the same time exhibiting a proof of the existence of mind; for we are, by the supposition, reasoning, inferring, drawing a conclusion, forming a belief; therefore there exists somebody, [some one?]

or something, to reason, to infer, to conclude, to believe ; that is, *we*—not any fraction of matter, but a reasoning, inferring, believing being—in other words, a mind. In this sense the celebrated argument of Descartes,—*cogito, ergo sum**—had a correct and profound meaning.”—*Discourse*, p. 241. And elsewhere ; “that mind, that the sentient principle, that the thing or the being which we call ‘*I*’ and ‘*we*,’ and which thinks, feels, reasons,—should have no existence, is a contradiction in terms.”—*Ibid.* p. 57.

Cudworth (to whom Lord Brougham has paid merited honour) long since wrote, “Nor is it conceivable, how a whole quantity of extended substance should be one thing, and have one personality, one *I myself*, in it all, were there not one indivisible thing presiding over it.—And thus do we see how this whole in the whole and in every part (do men what they can) will, like a ghost, still haunt them and follow them everywhere.”—*Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. p. 78, Edit. Birch.

“A thinker is a monad, or one single substance, and not a heap of substances.”—*Ibid.* p. 76.

“If *whatsoever is unextended be nothing*, thoughts must either be mere *nonentities*, or else extended too into length, breadth, and thickness ; divisible into parts and mensurable ; add also (where finite) of a certain figure. And consequently all verities in us (they being but complex axiomatical thoughts) must of necessity be long, broad, and thick, and either spherically or angularly figurate. And the same must be affirmed of volitions likewise, and appetites or passions, as fear and hope, love and hatred, grief and joy ; and of all other things belonging to cogitative beings (souls and minds) ; as knowledge and ignorance, wisdom and folly, virtue and vice, justice and injustice, &c., that these are either all of them *absolute nonentities*, or else extended into three divisions of length, breadth, and profundity, and mensurable not only by inches and feet, but also by solid measures, as pints and quarts, and last of all (where they are finite, as in men) figurate.”—*Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. pp. 71, 72, Edit. Birch.

JOHNSON.

“Some have indeed said that the soul is material, but I can scarcely believe that any man has thought it, who knew how to think ; for all the conclusions of reason enforce the immateriality of mind, and all the notices of

* “I think ; therefore I am.”

sense and investigations of science concur to prove the unconsciousness of matter.—To be round or square, solid or fluid, great or little, to be moved slowly or swiftly one way or another, are modes of material existence, all equally alien from the nature of cogitation.—All that we know of matter is, that matter is inert, senseless, and lifeless ; and if this conviction cannot be opposed but by referring us to something that we know not, we have all the evidence that human intellect can admit. If that which is known may be overruled by that which is unknown, no being, not omniscient, can arrive at certainty.”—As to the question of substance without extension :—“ An ideal form is no less real than material bulk. Yet an ideal form has no extension. It is no less certain, when you think on a pyramid, that your mind possesses the idea of a pyramid, than that the pyramid itself is standing. What space does the idea of a pyramid occupy more than the idea of a grain of corn ; or how can either idea suffer laceration ? As is the effect, such is the cause ; as thought, such is the power that thinks : a power impassive and indiscerptible.”—Dr. S. JOHNSON, in *Rasselas*, c. 48.

DR. ROGET.

“ Of *mind*, our knowledge is more extensive and more precise [than of matter], because we are conscious of its existence, and of many of its operations, which are comprised in the general term, *thought*. To assert that thought can be a property of matter, is to extend the meaning of the term *matter* to that with which we cannot perceive it has any relation. All that we know of matter has regard to space, nothing that we know of the properties and affections of mind has any relation whatever to space.

“ A similar incongruity is contained in the proposition that thought is a *function* of the brain. It is not the brain which thinks, any more than it is the eye which sees ; though each of these material organs is necessary for the production of their respective effects. That which sees and which thinks is exclusively the mind ; although it is by the instrumentality of its bodily organs that these changes take place.”—ROGET, *Bridgw. Treatise*, Vol. ii. pp. 516, 517.

DR. J. C. PRICHARD.

“ The whole universe displays the most striking marks of the existence and operation of mind or intellect, in a state separate from organization, and under conditions which

preclude all reference to organization. If the phenomena of mind can be discovered, in one instance, in a state absolutely separate from organized matter, it is philosophical to conclude, when we find these phenomena connected with organized matter, with the properties of which they have nothing in common, that the connexion is accidental, or owing to some particular and temporary circumstances, and that it is not natural and essential."—PRICHARD on the *Vital Principle*, pp. 51, 52.

"Sensation is an attribute of mind, and the possession of mind certainly extends as far as its phenomena. Whatever beings have conscious feeling, have, unless the preceding arguments amount to nothing, souls or immaterial minds distinct from the substance of which they appear to us to be composed. If all animals feel, all animals have souls."*

DR. THOMAS BROWN.

"If, instead of asserting thought to be the result of the affection of many particles (in which case it must evidently partake the divisibility of the organ itself, and be not one but innumerable separate feelings), the materialist assert it to be the affection of a single particle, a monade,—he must remember that if what he chooses to term a single particle, be a particle of matter, it too must still admit of division; it must have a top and a bottom, a right side and a left; it must, as is demonstrable in geometry, admit of being cut in different points, by an infinite number of straight lines; and all the difficulty of the composition of thought, therefore, remains precisely as before.† If it

* "By ascribing a sentient principle of an immaterial nature to the lower animals, I do not establish anything from which it may be inferred that animals are destined to a future and immortal existence.—Christian divines have always maintained that the souls of men were created. What has begun may cease to exist. There is then nothing in the nature of souls, abstractedly considered, which precludes the supposition, that if some survive the body others perish with it; and this may be, if any one prefers to think so, the lot of the brute creation. The celebrated Bishop Butler has, however, suggested some reasons, which appeared to him to favour the opposite opinion."—PRICHARD on *Vit. Princ.* pp. 62, 63.

"It is extremely improbable, as Baron Cuvier observes, that sensation exists in any class of beings which are entirely destitute of the power of self-motion, because there would be no conceivable object or utility in such an endowment."—*Ibid.* p. 65.

"The considerations now adverted to, afford a convincing proof, to my own mind at least, that plants, and likewise those animals which are not capable of locomotion, are devoid of sensation."—*Ibid.* pp. 66, 67.

† Dr. Cudworth has some acute remarks on this subject.—"If souls be extended substances, consisting of more points [than one], one without

be supposed so completely divested of all the qualities of matter, as not to be extended, nor consequently divisible, it is then mind, which is asserted under another name, and every thing which is at all important in the controversy is conceded; since all which can philosophically be meant by the immaterialist, when the existence of mind is asserted by him, is the existence of an indivisible subject of all those affections which constitute the variety of our thoughts and feelings. If the materialist be unwilling to admit the word mind, in allowing the reality of a simple, unextended, and consequently indivisible subject of our various feelings, he may be allowed any other word which may appear to him preferable; even the word atom or particle if he choose still to retain it. But he must admit, at least, that in this case, in the dissolution of the body there is no evidence, from the analogy of this very bodily dissolution itself, of the destruction of any such simple particle as that which he finds to be necessary for the explanation of the phenomena of thought."—Dr. T. BROWN, *Lectures on Mind*, Lect. xcvi. p. 646.

"It is vain to say [that is for the materialist to say], in the hope of obviating this irresistible objection from the felt unity of the being which we term self,—that our thoughts and feelings are not qualities of the particles as they exist simply, but of the whole congeries of particles as existing in one beautiful piece of living mechanism; for this is only to repeat the very difficulty itself, and to assign the insuperable difficulty as a deliverance from the insuperable difficulty. The whole of which materialists speak, whether they term it a congeries, an organ, or a system of organs, is truly nothing in itself. It is, as I have said, a mere word invented by ourselves, a name which we give to a plurality of co-existing objects, not a new object to be distinguished from the heap. A thousand atoms near to each other or remote, are only a thousand atoms near or remote.—There is no principle of unity in them: it is

another, all concurring in every sensation, then must every one of those points, *either* perceive a point and part of the object only, or *else* the whole. Now if every point of the extended soul perceive only a point of the object, then there is no *one* thing in us that perceives the whole, or which can compare one part with another. But if every point of the extended soul perceive the whole object at once, consisting of many parts, then would there be innumerable perceptions of the same object in every sensation: as many as there are points in the extended soul. And from *both* those suppositions it would alike follow, that no man is one single percipient or person, but that there are innumerable distinct percipients and persons in every man."—*Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. pp. 66, 67.

the mind considering them that gives to them all the unity which they have, or can have.

"In considering the result of a combination of parts, we are too apt to confound the multitude of separate effects with that single great result to which we give a particular name. Thus melody is the result of a few impulses, which a bow gives to the strings of a violin; and we consider this melody as one effect, when in truth it is one only as a *feeling of our mind* that is simple and indivisible, not as a state of compound and divisible matter. All that is not mental, is a multitude of effects, a multitude of particles of the sounding body, of the interposed air, of the vibratory organ alternately approaching and receding.—The properties of the co-existing atoms in this whole are the properties of the parts; and if the qualities, states or affections of the parts were laid out of estimation, nothing would remain to be estimated as a quality, state, or affection of the whole.

"The distinction which I have now made is one with which it seems to be peculiarly important, that your minds should be fully impressed; because it is to indistinct analogies of this sort, that the materialist, when he has no other retreat, is accustomed to fly for shelter. The very analogy of melody to which I have now alluded is a favourite example. It is one effect, though resulting from the state of a number of particles; and if music flow from a material organ, it is said, why may not thought? If, indeed, what alone is properly termed music, the sensation or series of sensations that follow certain affections of the sensorial organ, that which is felt every moment as *one and indivisible*, were itself one organic result, a state of the divisible organ, and not of a substance that is by nature indivisible, then indeed every thought might likewise be material. But in asserting this, the materialist begs the very point in question, assuming without proof what he yet professes to attempt to prove. It is evident, as we have seen, that what alone is one, in all the multitude of effects from which melody results, the musical delight itself, is not the state of the musical instrument, nor of the vibrating air, and as little is it proved to be a state of any number or particles of the brain. It is one result indeed, but it is one only because it is an affection of that which is in its own nature simple; and till we arrive at the *sentient principle* itself, there is no unity whatever; but a multitude of states of a multitude of vibrating particles. When the materialist then adduces this, or any other example of

resulting unity, as illustrative of organic thought, all which you will find to be necessary, is simply to consider *what it is* which is truly one. in the result that is adduced as one, and you will find in every instance, that the point in dispute has been taken for granted in the example adduced to prove it; that there is no real unity in all the material part of the process, and that the unity asserted is truly a mental unity, the unity of a mental feeling, or the unity of a mere name for expressing briefly the many coexisting states of many separated and independent particles which we have chosen to denominate a single mass."—DR. THOMAS BROWN'S *Lectures on the Mind*, Lect. xcvi. pp. 644, 645.

BISHOP BUTLER.

"All presumption of death's being the destruction of living beings, must go upon supposition that they are compounded; and so, discernible. But since consciousness is a single and indivisible power, it should seem that the subject in which it resides, must be so too. For were the motion of any particle of matter absolutely one and indivisible, so as that it should imply a contradiction to suppose part of this motion to exist, and part not to exist, *i.e.* part of this matter to move, and part to be at rest; then its power of motion would be indivisible; and so also would the subject in which the motion inheres, namely, the particle of matter: for if this could be divided into two, one part might be moved and the other at rest, which is contrary to the supposition. In like manner it has been argued, and, for anything appearing to the contrary, justly, that since the perception or consciousness, which we have of our own existence, is indivisible, so as that it is a contradiction to suppose one part of it should be here and the other there; the perceptive power, or the power of consciousness, is indivisible too; and consequently the subject in which it resides; *i.e.* the conscious Being. Now, upon supposition that living agent each man calls himself, is thus a single being, which there is at least no more difficulty in conceiving than in conceiving it to be a compound, and of which there is the proof now mentioned; it follows, that our organized bodies are no more ourselves or part of ourselves, than any other matter around us."—BUTLER'S *Analogy*, pp. 21, 22.

"We have no way of determining by experience, what is the certain bulk of the living being each man calls himself;" (he means, on the *supposition* that it were material;) "and yet, till it be determined that it is larger in bulk

than the solid elementary particles of matter, which there is no ground to think any natural power can dissolve, there is no sort of reason to think death to be the dissolution of it, of the living being, even though it should not be absolutely indiscerptible."—*Ibid.* p. 24.

"Strange perplexities have been raised about the meaning of that identity or sameness of person, which is implied in the notion of our living now and hereafter.—The notion of some amounts, I think, to this,—that Personality is a transient thing :—whence it must follow, that it is a fallacy to suppose that our present self will be interested in what will befall us to-morrow. For if the self or person of to-day, and that of to-morrow, are not the same, but only like persons, the person of to-day is really no more interested in what will befall the person of to-morrow, than in what will befall any other person.—The bare unfolding this notion, seems the best confutation of it. However, I add; this notion is absolutely contradictory to that certain conviction, which necessarily and every moment rises within us.—All imagination of a daily change of that living agent, which each man calls *himself*, for another, or of any such change throughout our whole present life, is entirely borne down by our natural sense of things. Nor is it possible, for a person in his wits, to alter his conduct, with regard to his health or affairs, from a suspicion, that though he should live to-morrow, [or, it might be added, live for ten years to come,] he should not, however, be the same person he is to-day. And yet, if it be reasonable to act, with respect to a future life, upon this notion that personality is transient, it is reasonable to act upon it, with respect to the present.

"But though we are thus certain that we are the same agents, living beings, or substances, now, which we were as far back as our remembrance reaches, yet it is asked, whether we may not possibly be deceived in it? And this question may be asked at the end of any demonstration whatever : because it is a question concerning the truth of perception by memory. And he who can doubt, whether perception by memory can in this case be depended upon, may doubt also, whether perception by deduction and reasoning, which also include memory, or indeed whether intuitive perception can. Here, then, we can go no further. For it is ridiculous to attempt to prove the truth of our faculties, which can no otherwise be proved, than by the use or means of those very suspected faculties themselves." —BUTLER, on *Personal Identity*, pp. 357—366, appended to *Analogy*. (Abridged.)

DR. T. BROWN.

"If there be, as it has been already shown that there must be, intuitive truths, and if we are not to reject, but only to weigh cautiously, the belief which seems to us intuitive, it will be difficult to find any which has a better claim to this distinction, than the faith which we have in our identity, as one permanent being, capable of many varieties of sensation and thought.—It is universal, irresistible, immediate. Indeed so truly prior and paramount is it to mere reasoning, that the very notion of reasoning necessarily involves the belief of our identity as admitted. To reason is to draw a conclusion from some former proposition; and how can one truth be inferred from another truth, unless the mind which admits the one be the mind which admits the other? In its order, as much as in its importance, it may be truly considered as the first of those truths which do not depend on reasoning, and is itself necessarily implied, perhaps in all, certainly in the greater number, of our other intuitions. I believe, for example, without being able to infer it by any process of reasoning, that the course of nature in future will resemble the past; and since all mankind have the same irresistible tendency, I have no scruple in referring it to an original principle of our nature. In taking for granted this similarity, however, in the order of succession of two distinct sets of phenomena, I must previously have believed, that *I*, the same sentient being who expect a certain order in the future phenomena of nature, have already observed a certain order in the past.

"The knowledge of our minds as a substance, and the belief of our identity during successive feelings, may be considered as the same notion, expressed in different words."—*Lectures on Mind*, Lect. xiv. p. 80.

BYRON.—ROCHESTER.

"They who accuse Byron of being an unbeliever are wrong; he is *sceptical*, but not unbelieving: and it appears not unlikely to me that a time may come when his wavering faith in many of the tenets of religion may be as firmly fixed as is now his conviction of the immortality of the soul,—a conviction that he declares every fine and noble impulse of his nature renders more decided. He is a sworn foe to materialism, tracing every defect to which we are subject, to the infirmities entailed on us by the prison of

clay in which the heavenly spark is confined. '*Conscience*,' he says, 'is to him another proof of the divine origin of man; as is also his natural tendency to the love of good.'" — COUNTESS BLESSINGTON'S *Conversations of Byron*, p. 105.

There are some remarkable coincidences between the views of the late unhappy Lord Byron and those of the well-known Earl of Rochester. Some sentiments expressed by the former (in a letter to the present writer which is before the public,) are parallel to those which Bishop Burnet records of the latter. He, also, often confessed, that he thought consistent believers in religion, "the happiest men in the world," and said, "he would give all that he was master of, to be under those persuasions." (*Passages of the Life and Death, &c.*, 1680, pp. 68, 69.) After mentioning some remarkable 'presages' which Lord Rochester had observed, the Bishop adds, "These things, he said, made him inclined to believe to soul was a substance distinct from matter; and this often returned into his thoughts. But that which perfected his persuasion about it, was, that in the sickness which brought him so near to death before I first knew him, when his spirits were so low and spent that he could not move nor stir, and he did not think to live an hour; he said his reason and judgment were so clear and strong, that from thence he was fully persuaded that death was not the spending or dissolution of the soul; but only the separation of it from matter."—*Ibid.* pp. 20, 21. (Compare the statement of Boerhaave, mentioned above. p. 182, and the full account in *Encyc. Brit.* Art. Boerhaave.)

APPENDIX IV.

COLLECTIONS RESPECTING THE MIND OF THE LOWER
ANIMALS AND THE QUESTION OF ITS FUTURE EX-
ISTENCE ; WITH A DISSERTATION ON THE OPINIONS
CITED.

BENTLEY.

" IF brutes have immaterial souls, they'll say, then they must be either annihilated, or immortal. This objection supposeth the being of God ; and God can as easily annihilate as create. Or, if they be immortal, what need we be concerned about it ; 'tis only by the good pleasure of their Maker, who doth all things for the best. And if they be bare engines and machines, I admire and adore the Divine artifice and skill in such a wonderful contrivance. But I shall deny them, that they have any reason or sense, if they be nothing but matter. Omnipotence itself cannot create cogitative body. And 'tis not any imperfection in the power of God, but an incapacity in the subject ; the ideas of matter and thought are absolutely incompatible. And this the Cartesians do themselves allow. Do but convince them that brutes have the least participation of thought, or will, or appetite, or sensation, or fancy, and they'll readily retract their opinion. For none but besotted atheists do join the two notions together, and believe brutes to be rational or sensitive machines."—BENTLEY, at *Boyle's Lecture*, Sermon. ii. pp. 29, 30.

DR. GREW.

" Of a man, that he is *animal rationale*" [a rational or reasoning animal], " is so far from being a definition, that 'tis hardly a good mark. In that brutes have a sort of phantastick reason. Upon which account 'twere a better title to say he is *animal intellectuale*."—*Cosm. Sacra*. Bk. ii. c. 5, p. 54.

An eminent and Christian physician observed, in conversation with the writer, who was consulting him as a patient, "Dogs have a brilliant *imagination*, but no judgment." This may perhaps be equivalent to the "phantastick reason" assigned to brutes by Dr. Grew; but it is remarkable how *all*, or almost *all*, the terms given to the human mind and its actings, are in turn assigned to them in different writers.

"The vital principle, which we call mind, is that which hath the power of thought.—The two general species of mind are phantastick and intellectual; the organ of phancy is the brain.—The images of phancy [are] according to the nature of the organical parts of the brain. The acts of phancy are vital; and therefore altogether distinct from the figure, position, or motion of the said images, or anything else hereunto belonging; but imply a power both of using and making these images; as will hereafter appear. The power and use of phancy is great, even in brute animals, in which it is the chief faculty. Most of them have a good memory, and withal some kind of foresight."—"They work not electively or upon proposing to themselves an end of their operations. And men themselves do many things, which though materially the means to a certain end, yet formally, that is, in the intent of the doer, they are not.—Their operations are without disquisition. A bird never tries by way of essay, to make or mend her nest."

"We see mad people, in whom phancy reigns, to run upon some one action, as reading, or knitting of straws, without variation. And that which depends upon a diseased phancy in men, may be the effect of a natural one, in other creatures."—GREW, *Cosmolog. Sacr.* Bk. ii. c. 3, pp. 41, 42.

"We must of necessity have recourse to something superior to the brain or any organism; and that is unto phancy. The power of memory and foresight, or the thought of past and to-come, proves the same. Without which (that is, the vital principle called phancy,) body, howsoever qualified, could no more produce one single thought than make a world."—*Ibid.* pp. 46, 47.

The above limitation of the ingenious physician, "A bird never tries by way of essay," &c., seems quite contradicted by the subjoined account of the swallow;* and also by the following observations of Locke.

* "A nobleman of great accuracy and good sense informed me that a pair of swallows built their nest under the arch of a lime-kiln. At the

LOCKE.

"Birds learning of tunes, and the endeavours one may observe in them to hit the notes right, put it past doubt with me that they have perception, and retain ideas in their memories, and use them for patterns. For it seems to me impossible, that they should endeavour to conform their voices to notes (as it is plain they do) of which they had no ideas. For though I should grant sound may mechanically cause a certain motion of the animal spirits, in the brains of those birds, whilst the tune is actually playing, and that motion may be continued on to the muscles of the wings, and so the bird mechanically be driven away by certain noises, because this may tend to the bird's preservation; yet that can never be supposed a reason why it should cause mechanically, either whilst the tune was playing, much less after it has ceased, such a motion in the organs of the bird's voice, as should conform it to the notes of a foreign sound, which imitation can be of no use to the bird's preservation. But which is more, it cannot with any appearance of reason be supposed (much less proved) that birds, without sense and memory, can approach their notes nearer and nearer by degrees to a tune played yesterday; which, if they have no idea of in

time the nest was constructing, the heat of the kiln was great; the nest however, was nearly completed, when the heat caused it to crumble, and fall to the ground. A second and third were built in the same spot, both of which shared the same fate; a fourth was then built, which stood perfectly well, although the heat of the kiln had by no means abated; and in this nest the swallows hatched and brought up their young. The following year another nest was built on the same spot, and stood the same heat of the kiln, in which they also reared their brood; and so in the third year. The fourth year they did not appear, and had probably been destroyed." The author's chief comments are these: "The swallows must have discovered and worked up a sort of clay that would stand heat; they must have kept in recollection not only the fact that the earth they commonly used would not stand heat, but also the sort of earth or clay that was requisite, and the necessity of their making use of it in that particular place."—JESSE'S *Gleanings*, Second Series, pp. 97, 98, abridged.—"I have since met with a passage in Aristotle's *History of Animals*, which shows how the skill of the swallow had been observed (though not to the same extent) by that extraordinary man. After saying that the proceedings of animals resemble human art, he adds, "One may see even more in the smaller than in the greater [animals] the exactness of intelligence; as, for example, among birds in the tent-making or hut-building [*σκηνοποιητικα*] of the swallow. For she has the same process [as man] in mixing straw with mud; she interweaves the mud with straw-motes, and if mud be wanting, she wets herself and rolls with her wings upon the dust. She proceeds also like men in laying the harder materials undermost, and making the dwelling of a size fitly proportioned to her own."—ARIST. *Hist. Anim.* T. i. p. 552, Ed. Camus.

their memory, is now nowhere, nor can be a pattern for them to imitate, or which any repeated essays can bring them nearer to. Since there is no reason why the sound of a pipe should leave traces in their brains, which not at first, but by their after endeavours, should produce the like sounds; and why the sounds they make themselves should not make traces which they should follow, as well as those of the pipe, is impossible to conceive."*—LOCKE, *Essay*, Book ii. c. x. § 10. p. 73, folio ed.

Locke proposes a limitation of the mental acts of animals in a different and perhaps more distinct form.

"If it may be doubted, whether beasts compound and enlarge their ideas to any degree, this I think I may be positive in, that the power of *abstracting* is not at all in them; therefore I think we may suppose, that it is in this that the species of brutes are discriminated from man. For if they have any ideas at all, and are not bare machines (as some would have them) we cannot deny them to have some reason. It seems as evident to me that they do reason, as that they have sense; but it is only in particular ideas, just as they received them from their senses. They are the best of them tied up within those narrow bounds, and have not (as I think) the faculty to enlarge them by any kind of abstraction."—LOCKE, *Essay*, Book ii. c. xi. § 11. pp. 76, 77, folio ed.

DR. THOMAS BROWN.

"That man can reason without language of any kind and consequently without general terms (though the opposite opinion is maintained by many very eminent philosophers), seems to me not to admit of any reasonable doubt; or if it required any proof, to be sufficiently shown by the very invention of the language which involves these general terms, and still more sensibly by the conduct of the uninstructed deaf and dumb; to which,

* Several instances of a kind not dissimilar, in the dog and the elephant, have been adduced at pp. 168, 169. Had it been my object to show the multiplicity of such instances, and to entertain the reader,—rather than to seek the general conclusion which should be deduced,—I might have offered many others; and some, perhaps, more amusing than convincing. As when Porphyry tells us, "At Carthage we nurtured a tame partridge, which in process of time not only caressed and sported with us, but uttered a sound corresponding to the sound of our voice: and, as far as it was capable, answered us." He mentions also, "a lamprey which used to come to the Roman Crassus when he called it by name; so that Crassus exceedingly lamented its death."—*De Abstinentiâ*, p. 98, Taylor's Transl.

also, the evident marks of reasoning in other animals—of reasoning which I cannot but think as unquestionable as the instincts that mingle with it,—may be said to furnish a very striking additional argument from analogy.”—*Lectures on the Mind*, Lect. xlv.

“Dr. Brown considered the duties which we owe to the brute creation, as a very important branch of ethics, and had he lived, he would have published an essay upon the subject. He believed that many of the lower animals have the sense of right and wrong; and that the metaphysical argument which proves the immortality of man, extends with equal force to the other orders of earthly existence.”—*Life*, by the Rev. Dr. Welsh, p. 460.

CROUSAZ.

A foreign author of some note appears to have had views somewhat similar, but also to have underrated the *difficulties* of this question, when he says, “I think all the actions of animals are easily explained, by supposing they have a *soul* capable of *some ideas* of material things, of sensations and passions, without reflection.* They do not improve themselves by reasoning. Being wholly taken up with one idea, they follow it immediately, for they cannot be diverted from it. A bee, a beaver, are necessitated to follow a small number of ideas, with which they are entirely taken up.”—CROUSAZ, *Art of Thinking*, Vol. i. pp. 400, 401, Translation. (Compare *Grew*, p. 241, above).

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

“Touching the sensitive natures, there have been two extreme opinions.

“The opinion that depresseth the natures of sensible crea-

* I do not adopt or prefer the word ‘soul’ in speaking of the immaterial principle or mind of the lower animals. We shall see it, indeed, frequently employed by Christian writers (merely as a synonym of mind); but it would seem very preferable to reserve it as appropriated to the human mind, and to theological or religious uses. This is said not in forgetfulness of the remarkable fact, that the words נֶפֶשׁ נְשָׁמָה and פְּנֵי are applied in Scripture (Gen. i. 20, 24, 30; comp. ii. 7, Rev. viii. 9; xvi. 3) to the lower animals, and that Rev. viii. 9, might have been in our version rendered, “the creatures which were in the sea, that had souls,” as literally as xvi. 3 is rendered, “every living soul died in the sea.” This fact (we may observe in passing) has surely as much weight in favour of an immaterial principle in all living creatures (comp. Matt. x. 28) as anything alleged from Scripture can have against it.

Nevertheless, the appropriation of words to special uses, is one of the privileges of copious and exact language: and though it may sometimes favour error, it appears on the whole very advantageous to truth.

tures below their just value, rendering them no more but barely mechanisms, began by Descartes ; but this supposition, as it gives not at all a tolerable explication of the phenomena, so if it did, it would easily administer to a little more confidence and boldness, a temptation to resolve all the motions of the reasonable soul into the like supposition, only by advancing the engine or *automaton humanum*, into a more curious and complicated constitution ; for he that can once suppose that the various modifications of matter and motion, and the due organization of the bodies of brutes can produce the admirable operations of sense, phantasie, memory, appetite, and all those instincts which we find in brutes, is in a fair way of resolving the operation of the reasonable nature into the like supposition, only by supposing the organization of the latter somewhat more curiously and exactly disposed and ordered ; as much above that of brutes, as theirs is above that of vegetables. It is true, the organization of the human and animal body, is certainly fitted with the most curious and exact mechanism imaginable. But that the principle that sets on work these organs, and worketh by them, is nothing else but the modification of matter, or the natural motion thereof thus or thus posited or disposed, or the bare conformation of the organs, or the inclusion or expansion of any natural inanimate particles of elementary fire, is *most apparently false*, even to the view of any that observes or considers impartially. It is impossible to resolve perception, phantasie, memory, the sagacities and instincts of brutes, the spontaneousness of many of their animal motions, into those principles, nor are they explicable without supposing some active determinate power, force, or virtue, connexed to, and inherent in their spirits or more subtle parts, of a higher extraction than the bare natural modification or texture of matter, or disposition of organs. No man therefore that hath not abjured his reason, can undertake the defence of such a supposition, if he have but the patience impartially to consider.

“—The other extreme opinion seems to advance the animal nature too high, at least, without a due allay of their general expression ; namely, those who attribute reason and a reasoning faculty or power to animals as well as to men.”—Sir MATTHEW HALE, *Prim. Orig. Sect. i. c. 2. pp. 48—50*, abridged.

“As the vegetable nature hath a kind of shadow of the sensible nature, so the sensitive nature hath a kind of shadow of the truly rational nature ; their reason is but a

low, obscure, and imperfect shadow thereof, as the water-gall is of the rainbow ; and proportionable to their imaginative reason is their animal language."—*Ibid.* p. 52.

"The actings of the mind or imagination itself, by way of reflection or introspection of themselves, are discernible by man distinctly, but at least not distinctly by brutes."—*Ibid.* p. 55.

"The dog hath been beaten for taking the meat out of the dish, and the next time he sees it there, though he be hungry, yet he dares not venture, for his imaginative memory makes the past strokes as present to him as if he felt them."—*Ibid.* p. 56.

"As we see in brutes, besides the exercise of their faculties of sensitive perception and imagination, there are lodged in them certain sensible instincts antecedent to their imaginative faculty, whereby they are predetermined to the good and convenience of the sensible life, so there are lodged in the very *orasis* and constitution of the soul [of man] certain rational instincts," &c.—*Ibid.* p. 61.

"Though, as before is said, these little animals [insects] have faculties conformable to the sensitive life, so that we may plainly discover, at least in many of them, the faculties as well as the organs of sense, phantasy, memory, common sense, appetite, passion, local motion, yet the more perfect and univocal animals have greater strength and perfection in their faculties, their phantasie and memory more exact, their appetite more perfect and free ; if I may so call it, they are capable of discipline, which those smaller animals are not : there is great variety, complication and curiosity in the state, frame and order of their faculties.—So that for the constitution of their souls (the principle of their faculties and motions,) there is required a more curious, elaborate and elevated composition and fabric than in these minute animals."—*Ibid.* Sect. iii. c. 6. p. 281.

"The fowls and fishes are not of an equal perfection in their natures to the brutes or terrestrial animals : for these have certainly a more digested constitution, greater variety and curiosity in their bodily texture, and a higher spirit and soul, of nobler instincts, and more capable of discipline than the fowls or fishes."—*Ibid.* p. 303.

"The animal faculties of the brutal soul are far more perfect than those of others ; their phantasies and memories refined ; they have greater and more lively images of reason ; and more capable of discipline than either fowls or fishes."—*Ibid.* p. 304.

But he states, even concerning "perfect brutes,"——
 "their souls are not of a self-subsisting nature; they cannot exist out of them, but begin with them, and die with them."—*Ibid.* p. 321.

BONNET.

"If the lower animals have souls, their soul is as indivisible, as indestructible by second causes, as the soul of man: a simple substance can neither be divided nor decomposed. The soul of the animal therefore can perish only by annihilation; and I do not see that religion announces in express terms that annihilation; but I do see that it celebrates the immense treasures of the Divine Goodness."—BONNET, *Palingenesie Philosophique*, T. ii. p. 77.

"I shall here again lay down a principle which will not be contested by those who have meditated much on the perfections of the Deity; it is this—that His will tends essentially to good, and to the greatest good.—From this principle, so consoling and so fruitful, my heart rejoices to deduce a consequence, which appears to flow naturally from it; namely, that animals in a future œconomy will be divested of their mischievous qualities, and will only retain those qualities of their anterior state which may be perfected in accordance with that higher condition for which they were originally created. I believe that in the design of that Immense Goodness which manifests itself to us by displays so various, so numerous, so affecting, the ultimate destination of the tiger was not to thirst for blood and live by carnage. His cruelty is, so to speak, foreign to that which constitutes properly the basis of his being: it is derived only from his actual temperament, or that gross structure of which he is to be divested, and which has a direct relation only to the present state of our globe. But the soul of the tiger has powers or faculties which approach very nearly to intelligence, and which are not indissolubly linked with his mischievous qualities. His instinct is much developed; his senses give him a multitude of perceptions and divers sensations, which he more or less compares.

"The future evolution of that minute *organic* body, to which I suppose that his soul is united, will unfold all those powers which are at present as if concentrated or enveloped, and will elevate the tiger to the rank of thinking beings. The formidable animal, after this metamor-

persons will appear a new creature, having less resemblance to the former than the butterfly has to the caterpillar."—*Ibid.* I. ii. p. 74—76.

HARTLEY.

"These creatures" (the larger animals) "resemble us greatly in the make of the body;—also in the formation of their intellects, memories, and passions, &c. And if there be any glimmering of hope of an hereafter for them, if they should prove to be our brethren and sisters in this higher sense, in immortality as well as mortality, in the permanent principle of our minds as well as the frail dust of our bodies, if they should be partakers of the same redemption as well as of our fall, and be members of the same mystical body, this would have a particular tendency to increase our tenderness for them."—*Obs. on Man*, Vol. II. p. 231.

—"It may be objected to some of the arguments here alleged for a future state, that they are applicable to brutes; and therefore that they prove too much. To this we may answer, that the future existence of brutes cannot be disproved by any arguments, as far as yet appears: let therefore those which favour it be allowed their due weight, and only that. There are, besides those common to all animals, many which are peculiar to man, and those very forcible ones. We have therefore much stronger evidence for our own future existence than for that of brutes; which again is a thing very analogous to our circumstances.—It is something more than mere curiosity, that makes benevolent persons concerned for the future welfare of the brute creation; and yet they have so much to do nearer home, by way of preparation for a future state, that it would be a great misuse of time to dwell upon such speculations." *

"The doctrine of transmigration may be considered as an argument for the future existence of all animals in one view; though a most pernicious corruption of the practical doctrine of a future state in another."—HARTLEY, on *Man*, Vol. II. p. 404.

DR. CUDWORTH.

"But as for that supposed possibility of their awakening again afterwards in some other terrestrial bodies, this seemeth to be no more than what is found by daily expe-

* For their own sakes, or for amusement, doubtless it would be so.

rience, in the course of nature, when the silkworm, and other worms, dying, are transformed into butterflies. For there is little reason to doubt, but that the same soul, which before acted the body of the silkworm, doth afterwards act that of the butterfly, upon which account it is, that this hath been made by Christian theologians an emblem of the resurrection."—CUDWORTH, *Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. p. 151. And see BARCLAY, p. 225 above.

DR. BARCLAY.

"Though a presentiment of immortality be deeply interwoven in the human constitution, and [the truth of it] most clearly revealed in the New Testament, yet this testament affords not a hint that the animating principles of plants and animals are to be dissolved along with their bodies. As to animals particularly, several visions of St. John in the Apocalypse would imply the contrary. But if reserved for a future estate, and destined, like man, in a new heaven or a new earth, to animate new bodies, and of different materials, who will presume to say to the Omniscient and the Almighty, that after fulfilling His purposes here, they can answer no other purpose hereafter?—May they not be reserved as forming many of the customary links in the chain of being, and by preserving the chain entire, contribute there, as they do here, to the general beauty and variety of the universe? Besides, —though some individuals of the human species, in that blessed state, may no longer feel any interest in them, yet to others of more contemplative minds, may they not be a source of not only of sublime but of perpetual delight?" &c.—BARCLAY'S *History of Opinions on Life*, pp. 398, 399.

WARBURTON.

"I think it may be strictly demonstrated that man has an *immaterial* soul; but then the same arguments which prove *that*, prove likewise that the souls of all living animals are immaterial; and this too without the least injury to religion.* An *immaterial* soul therefore being *common* to the whole animated creation, and it being something *peculiar* to man in which the Image of God consists, I conclude the historian [Moses, Gen. i. 27] did not here teach anything concerning an *immaterial* soul.

* "See Dr. CLARKE against Mr. COLLINS, on *The Soul*; and the *Enquiry into the Nature of the Human Soul*."

—This preëminence [of man] consisted not in his having an immaterial soul, for that is common to the whole animal creation. Now reason is peculiar to man : it consisted therefore in reason."—*Divine Legat.* Vol. iii. p. 353, Book vi. § 3. ("Reason" is here used in the highest sense).

BISHOP BUTLER.

"But it is said these observations are equally applicable to brutes : and it is thought an insuperable difficulty that they should be immortal, and by consequence capable of everlasting happiness. Now this manner of expression is both invidious and weak : but the thing intended by it is really no difficulty at all, either in the way of natural or moral consideration. For, first, suppose the invidious thing designed in such a manner of expression, were really implied, as it is not in the least, in the natural immortality of brutes ; namely, that they must arrive at great attainments, and become rational and moral agents ; even this would be no difficulty : since we know not what latent powers and capacities they may be endued with. There was once, prior to experience, as great presumption against human creatures, as there is against the brute creatures, arriving at that degree of understanding which we have in mature age. For we can trace up our own existence to the same original with theirs. And we find it to be a general law of nature, that creatures endued with capacities of virtue and religion, should be placed in a condition of being, in which they are altogether without the use of them, for a considerable length of their duration as in infancy and childhood. And great part of the human species go out of the present world before they come to the exercise of these capacities in any degree at all.* But then, secondly, the natural immortality of brutes, does not in the least imply, that they are endued

* The good bishop's implied remonstrance with those who are 'offended' [scandalized] at such a possibility, may be seconded by a hint of Sir THOMAS MORE. After sharply condemning, in his *Utopia*, the doctrine of materialists, he says, "There are many among them, that run far to the other extreme : though it is neither thought an ill nor unreasonable opinion, and therefore is not at all discouraged. They think that the souls of beasts are immortal ; though far inferior to the dignity of the human soul, and not capable of so great a happiness."—(P. 185, Bishop Burnet's translation.) If I seem by this citation to brand the opinion as "Utopian," I would observe, that this can make little against it ; for who has not heard the term applied to just opinions, important designs, useful and benevolent endeavours,—quite as freely as to notions and schemes which are really chimerical?

with any latent capacities of a rational or moral nature. And the oeconomy of the universe might require that there should be living creatures without any capacities of this kind. And all difficulties as to the manner how they are to be disposed of, are so apparently and wholly founded in our ignorance, that it is wonderful they should be insisted upon by any, but such as are weak enough to think they are acquainted with the whole system of things."—BUTLER'S *Analogy*, pp. 29, 30.

EULER.

"The perception of sensations is an act of the soul's spirituality; for a body can never acquire ideas."—*Letters*, Vol. i. p. 368.

"Other events depend on the soul, united to the body of men and animals, and are no longer necessary, as the preceding, but result from the liberty, as from the will, of these spiritual beings."—*Ibid.* p. 334.

"The dog that barks when he sees me, is certainly convinced that I exist; for my presence excites in him the idea of my person." "Even the meanest insects are assured that bodies exist, out of them, and they could not have this conviction, but by the sensation excited in their souls."—*Ibid.* p. 375.

REV. JOHN WESLEY.

"But will 'the creature,' will even the brute creation, always remain in this deplorable condition? God forbid that we should affirm this, yea, or even entertain such a thought! While 'the whole creation groaneth together,' (whether men attend or not), their groans are not dispersed in idle air, but enter into the ears of Him that made them. While His creatures 'travail together in pain,' He knoweth all their pain, and is bringing them nearer and nearer to the birth, which shall be accomplished in its season. He seeth 'the earnest expectation' wherewith the whole animated creation 'waiteth for' that 'final manifestation of the sons of God;' in which they themselves also shall be delivered (not by annihilation; annihilation is not deliverance) from the (present) bondage of corruption into (a measure of) the glorious liberty of the children of God."

"Nothing can be more express. Away with vulgar prejudices, and let the plain word of God take place. 'They

shall be delivered from the bondage of corruption into glorious liberty ;' even a measure, according as they are capable, of 'the liberty of the children of God.'—As a recompense for what they once suffered, while under the 'bondage of corruption,' when God has 'renewed the face of the earth,' and their corruptible body has put on incorruption, they shall enjoy happiness suited to their state without alloy, without interruption, and without end.

"May I be permitted to mention here a conjecture concerning the brute creation? What if it should then please the all-wise, the all-gracious Creator, to raise them higher in the scale of beings? What if it should please Him, when He makes us 'equal to the angels,' to make them what we are now,—creatures capable of God ; capable of knowing, and loving, and enjoying the Author of their being? If it should be so, ought our eye to be evil because He is good? However this be, He will certainly do what will be most for His own glory." (Compare *Bonnet*, p. 247 above).

"If it be objected to all this (as very probably it will),—'But of what use will those creatures be in that future state?' I answer this by another question,—what use are they of now? If there be (as has commonly been supposed), eight thousand species of insects, who is able to inform us of what use seven thousand of them are? If there are four thousand species of fishes, who can tell us of what use are more than three thousand of them? If there are six hundred sorts of birds, who can tell of what use five hundred of those species are? If there be four hundred sorts of beasts, to what use do three hundred of them serve? Consider this ; consider how little we know of even the present designs of God ; and then you will not wonder that we know still less of what He designs to do in the new heaven, and the new earth."*—*Sermons*, Vol. ii. pp. 128—131. Quoted in *Wesleyana*.

Whether this pious writer had at all in his view the following passage of Cudworth, I know not ; but his opinion may certainly derive support from that learned man's

* Dr. Southey states, "He entertained some interesting opinions concerning the brute creation ;" and after quoting parts of the above passage, adds, "Some teacher of materialism had asserted, that if man had an immaterial soul, so had the brutes : as if this conclusion reduced that opinion to a manifest absurdity. 'I will not quarrel,' said Wesley, 'with any that think they have. Nay, I wish he could prove it ; and surely I would rather allow them souls than I would give up my own.' He cherished this opinion because it furnished a full answer to a plausible objection against the justice of God."—SOUTHNEY'S *Life of Wesley*, Vol. II. pp. 189—192.

arguments which follow : and I think Dr. C., though he offers them in the character of a Pythagorean, appears to have a strong leaning to the expectation here contended for.

DR. CUDWORTH.

“Now how extravagant soever this hypothesis *seem* to be [*i.e.* the hypothesis stated in the citation, p. 171 above], yet is there no question, but that a Pythagorean would endeavour to find some countenance and shelter for it in the Scripture ; especially that place which hath so puzzled and non-plussed interpreters (Rom. viii. 19—23).—Where it is first of all evident, that the [κτίσις] creature, or creation, spoken of, is not the very same with the τέκνα or υἱοὶ τοῦ Θεοῦ, the children or sons of God, but something distinct from them. Wherefore (the Pythagorean will add), it must of necessity be understood either of the inanimate nature only, or of the lower animal creation, or else of both these together. Now though it be readily acknowledged that there is a prosopopœia here, yet cannot all those expressions, for all that, without difficulty and violence, be understood of the inanimate creation only, viz. that this hath ‘earnest expectation,’ that it is now made subject to ‘vanity,’ frustration and disappointment of desire, and to ‘corruption’ and death, and that ‘not willingly,’ and yet ‘in hope,’—and that it doth in the meantime ‘groan and travail,’ &c. till it be delivered. In the generations and corruptions of senseless bodies—there is no hurt done to anything, nor any real entity destroyed, all the substance of matter still remaining entirely the same.—And they who would have the meaning of this place to be, that all such mutations in inanimate bodies shall at length quite cease,—these groaning in the meantime to be delivered from such restless motion, and to be at ease and quiet,—by taking away all motion, would thus, *ipso facto*, petrify the whole corporeal universe.

“—Neither indeed can those words ‘for the creature itself shall be delivered,’ &c. be understood of any other than animals ; forasmuch as this liberty of the children of God here meant, is their being clothed, instead of mortal, with immortal bodies ; of which no other creatures are capable, but only such as consist of soul and body. Wherefore the Pythagorean would interpret this place, that in the manifestation of the sons of God, then shall the creature (the lower animal creation) have its certain share in the felicity of that glorious time, and partake in some measure

of such a liberty, by being freed in like manner from these their gross terrestrial bodies, and now living only in thin aerial and immortal ones ; and so a period put to all their miseries and calamities by Him who made not death, neither hath pleasure in the destruction of the living, but created whatsoever liveth to this end, that it might have its being and enjoy itself.

“ But, however, this much is certain, that brute animals, in this place, cannot be quite excluded ; because the *παντα κτιστος*, the whole creation, will not suffer that ; and therefore a Pythagorist would conclude it a warrantable inference from this text, that that whole rank in the creation, of irrational and brutish animals below men, shall not be utterly annihilated in the consummation of things, or future renovation of the world, quite stripped of all this furniture, men being then left alone in it ; but that there shall be a continuation of this species or rank of being. And also that the individuals themselves shall continue the same, forasmuch as otherwise there would be none at all delivered from the bondage of corruption. And, lastly, that these very souls of brutes, which at this time groan and travail in pain, shall themselves be made partakers of that liberty of the children of God ; since otherwise they should be parturient of nothing ; groaning not for themselves but others.——

“ There is, indeed, no *absolute necessity* that these souls of brutes, because substantial, should therefore have a permanent subsistence after death to all eternity ; because though it be true that no substance once created by God will of itself ever vanish into nothing, yet it is true also, that whatsoever was created by God out of nothing, may possibly by Him be annihilated. Wherefore when it is said that the immortality of the human soul is demonstrable by natural reason, the meaning hereof is no more than this, that its substantiality is so demonstrable ; from whence it follows that it will naturally no more perish or vanish into nothing, than the substance of matter itself : and not that it is impossible either for it, or matter, by the Divine power to be annihilated. Wherefore the assurance that we have of our own souls’ immortality must depend upon something else besides their substantiality, namely a faith also in the Divine goodness, that He will conserve in being, or not annihilate, all such substances created by Him, whose permanent subsistence is neither inconsistent with His own attributes nor the good of the universe, as this of rational souls unquestionably is not ; they having both morality and

liberty of will, and thereby being capable of rewards and punishments, and consequently fit objects for the Divine justice to display itself upon. But, for aught we can be certain, the case may be otherwise as to the souls of brute animals devoid both of morality and liberty of will, and therefore incapable of reward and punishment; that though they will not of themselves naturally vanish into nothing, yet having been created by God in the generations of the respective animals, and had some enjoyment of themselves for a time, they may by Him again be as well annihilated in their deaths and corruptions; and *if this be absolutely the best*, then doubtless it is so."—CUDWORTH, *Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. pp. 146—150, 152, 153 (abridged).

The passage thus commented on by Wesley and Cudworth has received a variety of other interpretations; but not one of them appears altogether satisfactory. The Rev. R. Anderson, in a recent exposition of the Epistle to the Romans, observes—"In the interpretation of such a passage as this, there is place for what Tertullian calls 'a learned ignorance'" (p. 212).—And again, on the words 'it shall be *delivered* from the bondage of corruption, &c.' "This language seems to convey the mysterious truth, that the restitution of the creature shall be like the resurrection of the dead. And here, as I have said, there is place for a *learned ignorance*" (p. 215).

Dr. CUDWORTH elsewhere writes—"But if there be any such, who, rather than they would allow a future immortality or post-existence to all souls, and therefore to those of brutes, which consequently must have their successive transmigrations, would conclude the souls of all brutes, as likewise the sensitive soul in man, to be corporeal, and only allow the rational soul to be distinct from matter; to these we have only thus much to say, that they who will attribute life, sense, cogitation, consciousness, and self-enjoyment, not without some footsteps of reason many times, to mere organized bodies in brutes, will never be able clearly to defend the incorporeity and immortality of human souls, as most probably they do not intend any such thing. For either all conscious and cogitative beings are incorporeal, or else nothing can be proved to be incorporeal. From whence it would follow also, that there is no Deity distinct from the corporeal world. But though there seem to be no very great reason, why it should be thought absurd, to grant perpetuity of duration to the souls of brutes, any more than to every atom of nature, or particle of dust that is in the whole world, yet we shall

endeavour to suggest something towards the easing the minds of those who are so much burdened with this difficulty, viz. that they may, if they please, suppose the souls of brutes, being but so many particular emanations or effluxes from that source of life above, whensoever and wheresoever there is any fitly prepared matter capable to receive them and to be actuated by them, to have a sense and fruition of themselves in it, so long as it continues such; but as soon as ever those organized bodies of theirs, by reason of their indisposition, become incapable of being further acted upon by them, then to be resumed again and retracted back to their original head and fountain."*—CUDWORTH, *Int. Syst.* Vol. i. p. 153.

"But let those aerial vehicles of the souls of brutes go for a whimsey, or mere figment; nor let them be allowed to act or enliven any other than terrestrial bodies only, by means whereof they must needs be immediately after death quite destitute of all body; they subsisting nevertheless, and not vanishing into nothing, because they are not mere accidents but substantial things; we say, that in this case, though the substances of them remain, yet must they needs continue in a state of insensibility and inactivity, *unless perhaps they be again afterwards united to some other terrestrial bodies.* Because though intellection be the energy of the rational soul alone, without the concurrence of body, yet it is the energy of the sensitive always conjoined with it, sense being, as Aristotle hath rightly determined, a complication of soul and body together, as weaving is of the weaver and weaving instruments. Wherefore we say that if the irrational and sensitive souls in brutes, being substantial things also, be after death quite destitute of all body, then can they neither have sense of any thing, nor act upon any thing, but must continue for so long a time in a state of insensibility and inactivity. Which is a thing therefore to be thought the less impossible, because no man can be certain that his own soul in sleep, lethargies,

* Dr. HENRY MORE leaves, in like manner, the question of their future life undetermined. "It is objected—that, by this manner of reasoning, the souls of brutes will not only subsist,—but also live and enjoy themselves after death. To which I dare boldly answer, that it is a thousand times more reasonable that they do, than that the souls of men do not.—But this controversy is not so easily decided. For though it be plain that the souls of beasts be substances really separated from their bodies, yet if they have but one vital congruity, namely the terrestrial one, they cannot recover life, &c.—We will briefly therefore conclude, that from the mere light of reason it cannot be infallibly demonstrated, that the souls of brutes do not live after death, nor that it is any incongruity in nature to say they do."—*On the Soul*, pp. 302—307,

and apoplexies, &c., hath always an uninterrupted consciousness of itself.—There is little reason to doubt but that the sensitive souls of such animals as lie dead or asleep all the winter, and revive or awake again at the approaching warmth of summer, do for that time continue in a state of inactivity and insensibility. Upon which accounts, though those souls of brutes may be said in one sense to be immortal, because the substance of them and the root of life in them still remains; yet may they in another sense be said also to be mortal, as having the exercise of that life, for a *time* at least, quite *suspended*. From whence it appears that there is no reason at all for that fear and suspicion of some, that if the souls of brutes be substantial and continue in being after death, they must therefore needs go either to heaven or hell.”—CUDWORTH, *Int. Syst.* Vol. iv. pp. 150, 151.

LEIBNITZ.

“Sennert and Sperling have not ventured to admit the continued existence and indestructibility of the souls of the lower animals; although they acknowledge them to be indivisible and immaterial. But this was because they confounded indestructibility with immortality, by which latter we understand, in man, not only that the *soul*, but also that the *personality* subsists: that is to say, in affirming that the soul of man is immortal, we mean to affirm that to subsist, which constitutes him the same person, retaining its moral qualities, preserving the consciousness or internal reflective sentiment of what it is; which is what renders him capable of punishment and of reward. But this continuation of personality, does not take place in the souls of the lower animals. Therefore I would rather say, they are imperishable, than term them immortal. This mistake, however, appears to have been the cause of a great inconsistency in the doctrine of the Thomists and other good philosophers, who acknowledged the immateriality or indivisibility of all souls, without avowing the indestructibility of all; to the great prejudice of the doctrine that the human soul is immortal. John Scotus, that is, the Scot, (which was meant by his name of Hibernian—Erigena), a celebrated writer of the times of Louis le Debonnaire, and of his sons, was for the preservation (permanency) of all souls; and I see not why there should be less inconvenience in attributing permanency to the atoms of Epicurus or of Gassendi, than to all sub-

stances truly simple and indivisible, which are the only and true atoms in nature."—LEIBNITZ, *Theodicée*, T. i. p. 137, Amst. 1734.

"It is on account of the supposed injustice of the sufferings of the lower animals, that many Cartesians have wished to prove them to be only machines—"quoniam sub Deo justo nemo innocens miser est:" because no innocent being can be miserable under a ruler such as God. The principle is good: but I do not think that it can be inferred from it, that the lower animals have no feeling; because I believe, that properly speaking, perception does not suffice to cause misery, if it is not accompanied by reflection. It is the same as to happiness. Without reflection there can be none.

'O fortunatos nimium sua qui bona norint.'

"It would be quite unreasonable to doubt that those animals suffer pain: but it appears that their pleasures and pains are not so lively as those of man: for as they do not reflect, they are not susceptible either of the chagrin which accompanies pain, nor of the joy which accompanies pleasure. Men are sometimes in a state which brings them near to the animals, where they act by instinct only, and by the mere impression of sensitive experience; and in this state, their pleasures and their pains are very slight."—*Ibid.* Tom. ii. p. 135.

DR. SAMUEL CLARKE.

"Though all sensible creatures have certainly in them something that is immaterial, yet it does not at all follow either that they must needs be annihilated upon the dissolution of their bodies, or else that they must be capable of eternal happiness as well as man. This is just such an argument as if a man should conclude, that whatsoever is not exactly like himself can therefore have no being at all.—Certainly the Omnipotent and infinitely wise God may, without any very great difficulty, be supposed to have more ways of disposing of His creatures than we are at present let into the secret of. He may indeed, if He please, annihilate them at the dissolution of their bodies (and so He might if He thought fit, annihilate the souls of men; and yet it would be nevertheless true that they are *in their own nature immortal*). Or He may, if He pleases, without either annihilating them or suffering them to fall into a state of entire inactivity, dispose of them into *numberless*

states, concerning the particular nature of which we are not now able to make the least conjecture.”—(*First Defence*, Vol. iii. p. 763, folio, 1738). To his opponent who commented on the above, he thus defends it: “Your disjunction is still imperfect, when you say, they must either necessarily be annihilated some time or other, or else be capable of eternal happiness as well as man. For though they should never be annihilated, yet why must they needs be capable of eternal happiness as well as man; any more than their present subsisting implies that they must needs be capable of the *expectations* and *conditions* of eternal happiness as well as man? But what is all this to our purpose? Cannot God, if He pleases, cause them to perish at the dissolution of their bodies? Or cannot He, if He pleases, annihilate them at any other time, when He shall so think fit? Or cannot He, if He pleases, without ever annihilating them at all, dispose of them into states suitable to their particular natures; which yet may, in no propriety of speech, be styled a capacity of eternal happiness, as that of man is?”—(*Second Defence*).—*Ibid.* p. 795.

—In his *Fourth Defence*, he writes, “Where you have repeated the same things again, (as for instance, in that poor objection drawn from our ignorance of the manner how God will dispose of the souls of brutes), instead of repeating my answers, I have only referred to them as they stood in my former *Defences*; which is ultimately appealing to the judgment of the intelligent reader.”—*Ibid.* p. 889.

DR. WARDLAW.

On Eccles. iii. 21. “‘Who knoweth the spirit of man, that goeth upward, and the spirit of the beast that goeth downward to the earth?’”

“My own opinion is (and it seems amongst other grounds to have some support from the passage before us, in which the same term is used for the spirit of the beast, and for the spirit of man) that the immaterial thinking substance in man and brute, is in its essential properties the same; that all created existence, spiritual and corporeal, being alike dependent for its continuance on the power which imparted it, it arises entirely from the will of the Creator, (and not from any difference between spirit and matter, as if the former were in its own nature indestructible), that the soul or thinking principle in man is destined to immortality, whilst that of the brute terminates its distinct

and conscious existence when the spark of animal life has been extinguished. To draw with precision the boundaries between the operation of instinct and the exercise of reason, has many a time been attempted, but never with any success; and often on this subject (a subject in many respects highly curious and interesting) have men deluded themselves by words and names; ascribing to instinct in brutes, actions which evidently possess all the distinctive attributes of rationality, and which, without hesitation, they impute to reason in men.

"Now as all created existence of every possible description, must be dependent, entirely and unceasingly dependent on the life-giving God, I can perceive no heresy in the belief, that the same kind of spiritual essence should in brutes be destined to cessation, and in man to a continuance of existence; any more than in the belief (which we know to have the direct countenance of revelation, and which is immediately connected with the other) that the corporeal part of the man and of the brute, though alike doomed to the dust, is in the former destined to restoration, and in the latter to permanent corruption."—*Lect. on Eccles.* Vol. i. pp. 150, 151. 2nd edition.

DISSERTATION

ON THE OPINIONS CITED CONCERNING THE MIND OF THE LOWER ANIMALS.

AFTER thus presenting the views of eminent writers, it seems but ingenuous that I state the real inferences to which, by the comparison of their opinions, my own mind has been conducted. We have seen Bentley, Hale, Grew, Cudworth, Butler, Euler, Clarke, Warburton, Leibnitz, Stewart,* and others,—men obviously of quite different schools, professions, and habits of thought,—all concurring in the firm assurance that the self-moving vitality of animals cannot be material or compounded. From this I think follows clearly,—what only some of those writers have explicitly inferred, and one appears to deny, †—that this vitality may and will *subsist* after the bodies of the creatures die, *unless* the Creator, determining that it shall not, withdraw the support on which its subsistence depends : in other words, that it is not, as the order and condition of its being, dissoluble and mortal. ‡ It has indeed been sometimes argued—this does not at all prove that it will or can subsist as *vitality*, as a sentient vital principle ; for, in like manner, all the bodily parts of the creature subsist ; yet not its bodily life.—But the argument assumes the very fact which we dispute, that life *was* a *bodily* property or function. We contend that the body never had life in any other sense than that it was *possessed, used, actuated*, by the living, vital (immaterial) principle. Its compounded parts were the *instruments* of vitality. True, they subsist. They are not destroyed ; but they were dissoluble, and they are dissolved. The vitality or spirit *was not* compounded, therefore not dissoluble. It subsists *as* vitality ; *unless* God has annihilated it. Give it, if you please, the name of an atom ; (meaning by that word *something* really

* See Appendix III.

† Sir MATTHEW HALE, p. 247, above.

‡ No more than this—so far as I know—is generally affirmed concerning the *human* soul, by those modern theists who urge its unity, indissolubility, and self-consciousness, as *among* the arguments for immortality.

one and indivisible ;) it is not the less vitality or spirit. If there be essentially vital, sentient, cogitating, individual atoms, these are so many *mental* atoms or minds.*

Their individuality and essential qualities are not lost by the dissolution of the bodies which they animated. Were we certain that they can in no way feel or act, apart from all matter,—it is impossible for us to know that all matter *is* detached or disunited from them by the dissolution of the exterior body.† An interior and invisible particle, or assemblage of material particles, may remain essentially combined with them. And other corporeal accessions may take place, or corporeal systems be provided, in which a new order of acts and perceptions shall ensue.

It is not however at all necessary to infer, that in all these changes of the living principle (supposing the Deity to ordain or permit them) reminiscence of the former state, consciousness of identity, is possessed. We can by no means conclude, that this consciousness is so inherent and essential a quality of spirit, (even of the *human* spirit,) as to be inseparable from it; nor capable of suspension. For in some kinds of trances, of idiocy, or of mental disease, and in the earliest days of infancy, appearances indicate the reverse. The *consciousness* of a human spirit, as well as the *existence* of such a spirit, must be the result of continued divine agency. We can conceive that a human spirit might exist, and yet, by the omission of a divine act, its consciousness not be called forth: or that it might be gifted with consciousness, and then by the suspension of a divine act its consciousness be interrupted or cease, while its existence remained. This indeed is what we conceive (whether correctly or not) to occur, in the first days of infancy, and in the lowest state of imbecility.—That which has been said of consciousness, might also be said of moral accountableness.

Let it be next observed, that with regard to living creatures beneath us, it is doubtful whether the lowest classes of them do *at all* possess consciousness; and whether even the highest have a *clear self*-consciousness, or consciousness of identity. This point has been little touched on (as far as I can discover) by the writers above cited. Sir Matthew Hale dubiously glances at it, when he says, "The actings

* See Dr. Brown, p. 234, above.

† We "can find no difficulty in allowing that a particle as small as a particle of light, may just as easily be the depository, the organ, and the vehicle of consciousness, as the congeries of animal substance which forms a human body or brain," &c.—PALEY, *Evidences of Christianity*, *sub. fin.* abridged.

of the mind or imagination itself, by way of reflection or introspection of themselves, are discernible by man distinctly, but at least not distinctly by brutes."—(p. 246, above.) Cudworth seems, cursorily and by implication, to admit that they have "consciousness" (p. 255 above); Leibnitz altogether to deny it, (p. 257.)—It is certainly very difficult not to ascribe to the more sagacious a *kind or degree* of self-consciousness. Many of their acts appear strongly to intimate this. In short, that may be said of the elephant, the ant,* the bee,† which has been said of the dog;—it is a "great mystery."‡ Still there seems to me no proof, even in these, of a *clear continuous* self-consciousness, or consciousness of identity; but the appearance rather of a semi-consciousness, obscure or by glimpses. It seems that their life (like that of infants) is more like a dream or trance than a waking self-reflective life;§ that the action of their mental faculty is not introspective.

Let us then assume (till the contrary be shown) that in which the common impression of mankind will probably agree with us; namely, the absence in animals of a clear continuous consciousness of identity, or self-consciousness; (which if it be granted of the most sagacious, will much more be allowed of those lower in the scale,) and let it be considered how this bears on the inquiry, *in what manner* their vital principle may be conceived to survive death. 'The spirit of a beast,' we shall suppose, 'goeth downward to the earth;' (whether endued or not with some material vehicle it is not now needful to inquire;) and, unless the

* Plutarch has elegantly (if extravagantly) said of the ant,—“Nature has no mirror so minute, of the greater and the fairer; in which, as in one pure drop, we find the representation (*εμφασις*) of all virtue; for there is friendliness, the social quality;—and there the image of manly fortitude, the love of labour; and there many traces (*σπέρματα*) of temperance, and many of prudence and justice.”—*Opp.* T. II. p. 967, Fo. Lut. Par. 1624.

† Virgil writes of the bee—“*Ingentes animos angusto in pectore versant*” (*Geor.* iv. 83), which Milton transfers to the ant: “—in small room large heart enclos'd.”—*P. L.* Bk. vii. l. 485.

‡ Mr. Coleridge observes in the dog “the dawning of a moral nature.” “We not only *value* the faithful brute: we attribute *worth* to him. This, I admit, is a problem of which I have no solution to offer.”—*Aids to Reflection*, p. 239. See also Dr. Welsh on the opinions of Professor Brown, p. 244, above.

§ The well known poetical description by the Greek chorus, of super-annuated age or second infancy,

“no better than a child,

The living day-dream wanders.”—*Æschyl. Agam.* v. 80.

may perhaps apply much more literally to the state of

—those “that in waters glide” and “those that walk”

“The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep.”

Creator see fit to annihilate it, is caused, at His pleasure, and at His time, to animate the form of a new creature; be it of the same or of a different kind. And thus it may successively animate organized bodies,—perhaps each of a higher and more perfect kind than the former,—while the Divine Being wills to sustain its existence. It is not naturally perishable: and as vitality is its essence, the not perishing means a continuance of vitality. But this ‘spirit of a beast,’ we suppose, even though it belonged to the most sagacious sort of animals, never had a clear continuous consciousness of its being and identity. Therefore although it has truly survived, it has not consciously survived. It was not clearly conscious of identity in its former life: still less can it be reminiscent of identity, in its new life.—This view nearly coincides with that of Leibnitz.* Whether it comes up to the views of Bonnet, Hartley, or Wesley, or that rather darkly intimated by Bishop Butler, I cannot tell. Probably not. They do not appear to have explained themselves on those parts of the question. But *this* view suffices, if I mistake not, to obviate the dangerous inferences deducible from the vague popular notion, that animals which are seen to know, to learn, to feel, to act, and to suffer, have no vital principle that is not *naturally* extinguished in death.

It suffices, first, to obviate the dangerous inference involved and loosely stated *in* that popular notion;—namely, that there may be mental action and emotion in a living being, and yet the whole being be naturally dissoluble, and all its capacities naturally destructible.

For on our supposition ‘the spirit of a beast’ subsists as truly after death as before, except the Divine power destroy it. It *is* vitality, and is still capable of perceiving and acting by means of a material vehicle; possibly, even without one.† It will probably animate, either immediately or at such time as the Creator shall ordain, a new body. Or if He be pleased to suspend His upholding energy, it will cease, or does cease, to *be*. Full consciousness of identity it never had; and, therefore, although in a new state it will be the same spirit, it cannot be consciously so, unless in any stage of future being, God be pleased to *add* self-consciousness to its other qualities, which seems not improbable.

* See p. 257, above.

† This last is altogether unlikely; but that it is impossible, seems rather assumed than proved by Dr. Cudworth, p. 256, above.

Secondly, this view of things suffices to obviate the perplexing conclusion, that there may occur, in the whole sentient being of an innocent creature, an excess of suffering.* We do not dwell on the consideration, which Leibnitz apparently suggests, that suffering, when unaccompanied by consciousness of identity, must be comparatively light. The fact probably is so, and the probability is consolatory: but we have no means to estimate the degree of alleviation; and to conjecture it to be very great, would tend to blunt compassion by a most questionable theory. It would be only better than the speculations of the Cartesians. Besides, *let* suffering with an imperfect self-consciousness be comparatively light: still it may happen in certain instances far to exceed enjoyment, which is (by the supposition) proportionably imperfect. Take the too familiar case of a *very* young bird or mouse, long tormented before it is killed by its enemy the cat.

But if we grant a continuation of vitality after death, wherever the Divine wisdom and justice shall ordain,—(‘and one of them shall not fall on the ground without your Father’)—then, whatever the excess of suffering, there is no difficulty in conceiving it amply compensated and overbalanced. Nor is there any need, in order to this compensation, of that kind of enjoyment which is accompanied by consciousness of identity. Enjoyment not so accompanied, but of the same indistinct and imperfect nature with the precedent suffering, would of course overbalance it “in kind,” and that immeasurably as to degree, in a state or states of being indefinitely prolonged. The creature, by our supposition, had not a clear self-consciousness in suffering. It suffered really, but yet as in a sort of dream and somnambulism (if any simile can give us an impression of such a mode of subsistence).—And the dream of enjoyment, though without reminiscence, in a subsequent life or lives, may reduce the prior one of suffering to a vanishing fraction. There would be no force in objecting—that the compensation avails nothing, either in the first state or in the subsequent states, because it could neither be prospectively reckoned on, nor subsequently understood and realized. This would be reasoning against the value of the arrangement, from a defect essential to the mind or vitality which is the subject of it; and would in

* That such a conclusion has been painfully “perplexing” to some minds,—however others may overlook or evade the fact, or be insensible to what it involves,—cannot be doubted.—See p. 167, above, and p. 252 note).

effect be to arraign the Creator for *forming* any spirit unendued with a consciousness of identity. There can be no *conscious* compensation, none either desired, hoped for, or realized as such, where there is no consciousness of identity in the mind or spirit ; but there may be nevertheless a real compensation, in an excess of enjoyment of the *same* character with the antecedent suffering, which is all that the mind or vitality is susceptible of—the only compensation possible to the sentient being, while it is what it is, and no more.

Several objections to these views may be anticipated, even from those who are disposed to treat them with candour. One will probably be grounded on the great difficulty we have in believing or admitting the existence of *spirit*, as actuating the most minute and meanest animate organization of matter. The supposition may be (and has been) put in a ludicrous form, so as to excite repugnance to it, as a notion both absurd and degrading. But even when this is avoided or overcome, I am far from being insensible to the difficulty of steadily regarding it as a fact : a difficulty, I suppose, not altogether superable ; for (as Paley has remarked)—“Imagination is the mere slave of habit.”—Yet when this difficulty or reluctance is examined and confronted, what solid ground for it remains ? Why should it be more wonderful that there is one individual *somewhat*, not material, actuating the frame of each microscopic animal, than that there are a vast number of cohering organized *somewhats* which *are* material, composing every such animal ? Why *more* wonderful that there is a multitude of indivisible immaterial substances just *equal* to the multitude of co-existing microscopic living creatures, than that there is an *unspeakably greater* multitude of material particles adjusted to frame those same creatures ? Why is the subsistence of a single and simple somewhat, called vitality or mind, in such an insect, far less readily admitted than the combination and accurate structure of innumerable parts in the same insect ?

The reasons appear to me to be these ; first, an illusion about magnitude and parvitude : which makes it more difficult to believe that minute animals are actuated by an immaterial principle, than that the greater are so. But let us suppose our own sun inhabited,—an orb (according to some) of 888,000 miles in diameter ; which would therefore much more than fill the whole *orbit* of the *moon* ; that being only 480,000 miles.* It cannot be absurd to suppose,

* Professor HALL'S *Exercises in Astronomy*, p. 31.

that the size of those who dwelt on it might be proportionate to its own ; and if so, *man* would be, in *their* view, minute. We have only to suppose a still greater and not improbable excess of bulk in some other orb and its inhabitants, in order to reduce him, in *their* view, to *microscopic* dimensions : and—if they were liable to the same deceptions of the imagination,—they might find it as difficult as we do in another case, to overcome the fallacy which would make it scarcely credible, that creatures so minute as *we* should have a spiritual nature.*

But the second reason is, I apprehend, still more deeply seated. It consists in some notion of the *uniformity* or *parity* of spirit, derived from our similar views concerning matter. Matter is the general and inclusive name for substances and combinations the most diverse ; for all which is not spirit. And perhaps common opinion as well as abstruse theory, may account all matter to be of the same original or ultimate quality ; its differences being the results of composition or organization merely. Thus we have no repugnance to speak of a particle of dust, a globule of air, a diamond or emerald, a human eye, or brain, or figure, under one and the same name of Matter. And the less so, because we feel that mere matter, even in its most precious combinations, is of low intrinsic value, as being passive and dissoluble.

But the consequence of all this has been, that we insensibly transfer to our notion of spirit (the inclusive name for all which is *not* matter) the attribute of parity or sameness, or at least of great similitude. Then, as it is a first prin-

* The following passage from the work of a distinguished foreign mathematician illustrates this point in a stronger form ; though its direct subject is different, namely, infinite divisibility.—“To remove the difficulty which we experience in conceiving so great a multitude of parts in any very minute quantity,—let us conceive of a man of such enormous magnitude, that his bulk should as many times exceed our own, as the whole globe of the earth exceeds that very minute quantity. Such a man would have the same difficulty in conceiving a vast multitude of parts in the whole earth, that we have in conceiving it in that minute quantity.

“The small and the great are so in respect to each other [*magnum et parvum respectiva sunt*] ; and we might augment, by the same rule or process, the series of yet greater men to immensity above us, or diminish their size beneath us ; and the same objects which should be to the senses of the former utterly invisible, would, on the contrary, appear to the latter to contain an immense extension and multitude of parts.”—BOSCOVICH *De continuitatis lege*.—Romæ, 1754. This citation supplies me with an unexpected comment on what has been said of magnitude at p. 32 above ; and another very brief one may be offered from Cudworth, who denominates ‘mere extension or magnitude,’ ‘the lowest of all beings, and next to nothing.’—Vol. iv. p. 75.

ciple (the essential distinction between matter and spirit) that spirit cannot be compounded as matter can, this idea that all spirit is a *uniform* or *like* thing, as all matter is held to be, makes us averse to ascribe it to lower creatures, and especially to the lowest ; since this would imply a near similitude, if not parity, in the most essential respect, with all beings above them. But this indistinct notion, of there being parity or similitude in all spirit or vitality, can have no real ground. Why should not spirit, in its simplicity and indivisibility, have as many *kinds* (and not mere degrees) of inferiority and excellency, as matter has in its varied combinations? Why may not the spirit of a microscopic insect differ much more, and far more essentially, from the *spirit* of a man,—though each is *spirit*,—than a mote of dust or a pebble differ from the noblest mountain, or most magnificent cathedral, or statue, or gem,—though each is *matter*; and each a congeries of matter? We are sure, moreover, of an infinite difference between created spirits and the Divine. And we find in this great fact a peculiar, and as it appears to me, conclusive ground, for presuming that there are immense, although finite differences among themselves. I have said peculiar, because in relation to original differences in matter, it is evident that no such analogical argument could be alleged.

A second objection to the views here offered, may be this : that by speculations concerning self-consciousness, which suppose the existence of inferior spiritual natures unendued with it, we may shake the doctrine of the conscious identity of the human spirit in a future state ; and also that of moral accountableness. But I observe, that, even apart from the decisive statements of Scripture, nothing can be more clear and undeniable, than that a consciousness of its being, and of its identity, is the most intimate attribute of the human mind,* the strongest, deepest, and most uniform of intuitive truths. The opinion that lower animals have, and will have no proper self-consciousness, can no more affect our belief that we do, and shall possess it, than our knowledge that they have no proper faculty of speech can unsettle our assurance that we *have that* faculty. No one who admits the being of his spirit, and that it possesses self-consciousness now, can have the least shadow of reason for so inferring that it will be deprived of this quality in any state of existence. The same may be said of moral responsibility.

It may be objected, thirdly : the *Scriptures* are generally

* See pp. 280 and 287, above.

understood to affirm or imply that the vitality of the lower animals, is extinct at death. If such were the fact, it would be strange that this should have escaped the notice of the writers above cited, most of whom held the Scriptures in high veneration; and all of whom would have seen it necessary to obviate such an objection. I conclude, however, that it was this impression which led the excellent Sir Matthew Hale, after contending for the mind of brutes, to *assert* its extinction. (See p. 247, above). But I know not where in the Bible such a statement or implication is to be really found.—Eccles. iii. 21,—on which text alone, I apprehend any stress can be laid, is a passage of uncertain interpretation. The Arabic version in the polyglott (as rendered into Latin) translates it thus: “Et quis novit utrum spiritus ipse hominis sursum ascendat, et an spiritus ipse jumenti in ima terre descendat!”—*i.e.*, “and who knoweth whether the spirit of man ascends upward, and whether the spirit of the beast descends into the lowest parts of the earth?”—So the Syriac (in the Latin rendering) “Et quis sciat *an*,” &c. And the Vulgate, “Quis novit *si*,” &c. The Greek Septuagint version is like the Vulgate, and the Latin version of the Targum, or Chaldee paraphrase (in the polyglott) gives the same meaning. Luther likewise has so rendered the text.—The Rev. Dr. Wardlaw indeed, and some other good expositors, consider Solomon here to declare “that the spirit of the brutes, instead of outliving their bodies, is destined to perish with them,” and my former remarks on this text are modified, in consequence of strictures from Dr. W. in a new edition of his valuable *Lectures on Ecclesiastes*. I thanked him for their moderate and friendly tone, and still more for his very kind remarks on the general character of this “Dream.” But it still appears to me, that, as several versions give a very different turn to the passage, our own (while, if equally probable, it may be well preferred, as yielding a more edifying sense) cannot be taken as a safe basis of argument.

Supposing, however, our version be the right, it would follow that Solomon meant to correct the popular opinion of his countrymen, that the spirit of man first went ‘downward’ (*i.e.*, to a subterrene region), which opinion is held by good divines to be at least conceded to in various representations of Scripture, particularly in Isa. xiv. 9, and 1 Sam. xxviii. 11—14. (See Campbell, *Prelim. Dissert. to Gospels*. *Dissert.* vi. pt. 2, on Hades—Vol. i. pp. 186—192, &c.) Bishop Lowth refers to texts in Job, the Psalms,

Isaiah, and Ezekiel, and observes that the sacred poets adopted this popular opinion in order to be the better understood. (*Prælect. vii. de Sac. Poes. Hebr. T. i. p. 65*, edit. quart.).

The text would then, I apprehend, have to be expounded thus :—"Who has been enlightened to know, or who, if so, is seriously and solemnly attentive to it, that the spirit of man, which is commonly imagined to descend to Sheol or Hades within the earth, really goeth upward to the heavens, while the spirit of the beast goeth downward to the earth?"

There would, however, be nothing, as I conceive, in the words, even thus rendered and expounded, with which the opinions advanced above, pp. 36—41, are absolutely at variance.—True, the words so rendered and explained, point out a marked difference between those spirits, and between their primary destinations. But that has also been done in the above passages. (P. 41).—True, moreover, Solomon's words, so far from conveying any hint that these several spirits may at length, in some transitive state, be found in the same region, would, in *our* version, tacitly favour the contrary opinion. Still, I cannot see that they *deny* anything ulterior. They speak of what first follows on death, and carry us no further. But be it that my idea of their ulterior *local* destination (after "some unknown interval," p. 40) is a mere unsupported fancy, which is all that it claims to be,—there appears to me, on the other hand, no reason to infer the *destruction* of the spirit of the beast from its "downward" destination. The heathen poets do not at all intimate the destruction of the Manes, when they describe them as "going downwards," into or beneath the earth, although that is also the destination of the *perishing bodies*. Nor do I think that the *contrast* expressed in the text compels us to this inference. The situation of creatures in different worlds or regions is necessarily in some sort contrasted; nor is it improbable that different orders of creatures should inhabit different worlds or regions, some within the earth, some in other spheres, either for a time or permanently; though we know by experience that they are often found in the same.—With regard to the language twice used in the 49th Psalm, vv. 12 and 20; He is like the beasts that *perish*,—although I believe, from its falling in with the common notion, the word is usually here understood to mean destruction,—all readers, even of the English version only, must know that

similar terms are often applied to the death of man ; (see Exod. xix. 21 ; Numb. xvii. 12 ; 1 Sam. xxvi. 10 ; Ps. lxxviii. 2) ; nay, in this Psalm itself, ver. 10.—And who, even from the verses *in question*, infers the annihilation or destruction of the human soul ? But in reality, these words concerning brutes (vv. 12 and 20) do not clearly bear the version given.*—Let it further be observed, that I entirely believe, with Dr. Wardlaw, all existence to be “unceasingly dependent on the life-giving God,” and therefore most readily admit that it *may* “in brutes be destined to cessation.” Although I have in the foregoing pages *imagined* its continuance, and have here *argued* this to be not improbable, I am far from holding or proposing it as an article of *faith*. It is offered to those who *may* need it, as a solution for the painful problem of innocent suffering. If any preferable solution be adduced, this can of course be dispensed with ; and if this appear untenable, doubtless we must bow to the mystery, and wait for light hereafter.

A fourth objection may possibly be offered, by some persons both devout and learned, not to these remarks merely, but to many parts of the present volume. They may censure it as mingling Pythagorean and Platonic notions with “the Gospel ;”—judging all this to savour of “philosophy and vain deceit,” or “of science falsely so-called.” But if those warnings were really applicable to the use and investigation of such fragments of truth as are found among heathens and unbelievers, one would wonder to find St. Paul himself, who wrote them, using, in a sermon, the words of the heathen poet Aratus, and the stoic poet Cleanthes. By the form of his reference it would seem that he had both in view. Acts xvii. 28 : “As certain also of your own *poets* have said, ‘For we are also His offspring.’”——That there are valuable fragments of theological and moral (as well as philosophic) truth, in the writings of heathen antiquity—whether struck out by reason, or drawn from traditional revelation,—cannot be questioned.† It is sometimes profitable to select “from the mass of error the portions of truth,” or even of probable opinion, “which are disguised by and confounded with it :”‡ and those seem incautious advocates and servants of revealed religion who would reject that part of its foundations which is laid in natural theology, and even in

* Compare the Septuagint, Vulgate, and Luther.

† See Horsley, p. 172, and Cudworth, p. 221, above.

‡ Daubeny.

heathen supports of it ; however imperfect, and however misapplied, those structures might be. The "Abbey Church" of Bath is not the less firm or the less sacred, if it stand partly—as is supposed—on the ancient foundations of a temple of the sun. It would be the less firm if those stones were undermined and cast away ; stones good and solid, though laid down by builders full of error.—A judicious and pious writer observes—"I have noticed with concern, in some excellent Christians, indications of a sentiment almost akin to a morbid feeling, when they have witnessed any attempts to establish moral and religious obligations upon the basis of reason ; as if all such endeavours were prompted by a wish to diminish the supreme authority of revelation."—And he appositely quotes Locke :—"He that takes away reason to make way for revelation puts out the light of both."*—But my general motives for the previous collections, as well as for remarks on this branch of the argument against materialism, and on the whole argument itself, appear in the Introduction, and in the pages to which I have there referred. It is hoped, that when candidly and justly weighed, they will not by thoughtful Christians be accounted slight or insufficient.

* Walford on *The Manner of Prayer*.

THE END.





